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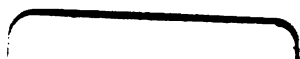
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HARTLEY NORMAN.

A Tale of the Times.

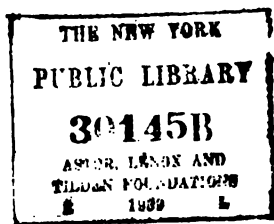
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NEW YORK:
RUDD & CARLETON, 130 GRAND STREET,
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R. CRAIGHEAD,
 Printer, Stereotyper, and Electrotyper,
 Carlton Building,
 181, 83, and 85 Centre Street.

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HARTLEY NORMAN.

CHAPTER I.

A GLIMPSE OF THE INMATES OF A TENEMENT HOUSE.

"HALF-PAST six o'clock, and Hartley has not returned. What can have detained him? Perhaps there is an arrival from Europe," thought Mrs. Norman, "and an extra has been issued." She laid aside her work, and walked towards the door, opened it and stepped out. It was a clear, quiet, starlight night. Having regarded the heavens for a few minutes, she bent her head as in the attitude of listening, but apparently without any satisfactory result; for in a short time she re-entered the room and shut the door. She lifted a tin tea-kettle from the little stove, refilled it with water, as its contents had

nearly evaporated. She next removed a small plate of toast to a distance, which had been shrivelling before the fire for some time: then, with a tired and anxious countenance resumed her work. The rasping of the needle as it flew in and out,—the ticking of the wooden clock on the mantel-piece,—and the singing of the tea-kettle, as it slowly simmered on the stove, were the only sounds that broke on the otherwise perfect stillness of the apartment.

The wooden clock warned eight o'clock. She again rose and replenished the fire in the stove which was getting low,—looked at the tea-things which had been on the table for three hours, saw that all was in order,—opened the door, and again looked out on the still, calm night, and listened: a low humming sound of the distant city alone reached her ear. She gently and slowly shut the door, as if afraid disappointment would make her impatient, and again took up her work. But a few minutes had elapsed, when her practised ear caught a sound which caused her to suspend her needle at the thread's length from the garment she was making.

Very soon a confused murmur of several young voices came muttering through the night air. On a nearer ap-

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proach, distinct words made the "welkin ring:"—"Arrival of the Hibernia,"—"Two weeks later from Europe,"—"Extra Herald,"—"War with England,"—"The Boundary, 54-40,"—"Insurrection in Mexico," &c., &c.

Presently a dark-haired, bright-faced lad opened the door, and looking in, said, with a cheerful voice, "Mother, I will not be at home for an hour yet! Why, have you not had tea? Indeed, mother, I wish you would not wait for me; you know how uncertain I am in all my movements."

"I never care for eating unless you are here, Hartley."

"Well, ma', I must be gone now, or Bill Simmons and Peter Dick will have their stock-in-trade off their hands before me. Good-bye for a little while, mother."

The door closed; and, presently, the youthful voice was heard calling out at the end of the street, "Arrival of the Hibernia,"—"Anticipated war with England,"—"Defeat of Santa Anna,"—"Revolution in Nicaragua."

The mother suspended her needle to listen to the sound of her son's voice, which, in comparison to the other lads, who were proclaiming the same news, was sonorous and

musical; refinement and cultivation were perceptible in his language. As the sound died away in the distance, a deep sigh escaped her, and then, as if to drive away thought, she plied her needle with redoubled diligence.

The old wooden clock, which ticked with all the energy of a wood-sawyer employed by the job, was striking ten o'clock as she heard a step hurriedly approach the door. Hastily folding up her work, that her son might not see her thus employed at so late an hour, she met him with a cheerful smile.

"I am sure, Hartley, you must be tired, my boy, and hungry too. Have you had any dinner?"

"Oh, yes, indeed! I had a nice fresh roll for dinner; more, I dare say, than you have had, dear mother."

"You are young and growing, and require food more regularly than I do; but sit down now, and eat some toast, and here is a pitcher of nice milk for you."

"Sit down yourself, dear mother, and let me see you begin, and then I will be more satisfied to follow your example. Are you tired, mother?" continued the boy, with kindly anxiety on his countenance.

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"No, Hartley; but I am sure you must be, running all day long."

"Not at all, dear mother. The Hibernia was telegraphed about four o'clock, just as I was thinking of coming home; so I took one of the morning papers which I had not sold, and sat down on the steps of the office door, and read for an hour and a half, till the extra was published. They allow me to sit there if I am quiet; the other boys do not care much about reading, and spend their time in talking, and sometimes the talk ends in a dispute; then, a quarrel is sure to ensue, and they are driven off from the door."

While mother and son were partaking of their frugal meal, Hartley said, "There is a great deal in the papers to-day about California. Mother, if you are sure you are not tired, I should like to read some of the paragraphs to you, after supper. Oh how I wish I were older, and could go to California and dig up some of the gold, that you might no longer be compelled to work for a living, and might again enjoy some of those comforts to which you were accustomed, till my dear father's death. I feel old," said the boy, musingly. "If I only could

—if I only knew.” His lip quivered and he paused.

“It is not the labor to which I am compelled, nor the absence of the luxuries, or even the necessities of life, that would cost me one anxious thought, Hartley ; it is the want of means to give you a liberal education, and advance your interests in the world, my boy, that cuts me to the heart, and renders me sleepless.”

“Mother, you need not let that grieve you, for I read in the papers not long ago, that a self-educated man was always more thoroughly educated for all practical purposes, and was generally a more useful and estimable member of society than one crammed by the united scholastic wisdom of a university. I have thought a great deal on this subject lately, dear mother, and even from my small experience I should judge that a self-educated man must have a better knowledge of men and things in general, and business matters in particular, than one who is immured within the walls of a college for half a score of the best years of his life, stepping the same tread-mill of academical routine that our grandfathers trode, when they wore steeple-crowned

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hats and tie periwigs—sitting at the feet of so many Gamaliels, who are little better than learned asses in the great game of life, ignorant as babes of the commonest concerns—well enough in their way, mother dear, but not to my taste. Give me action, no learned leisure for me.”

“I know, Hartley,” said his mother, “that a self-educated man, when gifted with that subtile thing called genius, can taste ambrosia here, sip nectar there, and drink deep of empyrean springs of knowledge, fresh from the heart of nature; no second-hand ideas—but pure and unsophisticated as the breath of the Great Source of Thought—the prompter of every good and great sentiment or action. But for common every-day, work-a-day life, a common, sound, and sensible education is requisite. The Almighty has given you some talents which must be cultivated by scholastic wisdom, *without* the walls of a college, since you dislike being immured within ~~the~~ precincts. You have industry and energy, which ~~circum-~~stances have strongly developed; you have ambition and quick discernment, and all that is wanting to ensure your success in life, is a good sound education, and that

you must have, and, by the blessing of God, that you shall have."

"Why, mother darling, I am the envy of all the news-boys in the city. I am looked upon down town among our craft as a little Solomon. They come to me every day for explanations of the different paragraphs they read, and the other day a sentence in French occurred in an extra, and one of them asked me if I could interpret its meaning, which I did readily. Now, mother, I do not mention my accomplishments by way of boasting, which I think decidedly foolish, seeing I did not teach myself. All I know, I owe to you, dear mother. But have no uneasiness on the score of my education, I am far above and beyond others of my sphere in life."

"Your sphere in life! You never knew the sphere in life in which you were born."

"Well, mother, I know enough to teach me, that integrity and uprightness have not always the ball at their feet, and that it is positively disreputable to lack wealth. Knaves and fools are successful and popular in this world, just in proportion to the ballast of that dross they carry. But now you have finished washing up the

tea things—if you are sure you are not tired—Are you tired, mother?” inquired he anxiously.

“Not at all, Hartley.”

“Well, then, come and sit down while I read you one or two articles from the ‘Tribune’ about California.”

Mrs. Norman took up her work and complied. The old indefatigable wood-sawyer on the mantel-piece, that worked by contract, struck twelve o'clock, ere the reading, and the running commentary which was kept up between mother and son, on the different paragraphs read, were finished.

“Mother, I was fourteen three months ago, when I am fifteen you must pack me off to seek my fortune. Peter, Dick, and a number of our boys are going in the spring, and I will be left alone at this humdrum business.”

A deep sigh was the only response. Hartley rose and sat down on the arm of his mother's chair, encircled her waist with his arm, and pressed his lips to her cheek. This was the first time he had talked of leaving her; she felt for the moment as if the blood was freezing in her veins,—but quickly rallying (for Mrs. Norman was no weak mother), her eyes were suffused with tears, but

a faint smile was on her lips. A few minutes elapsed before she could command her voice sufficiently to speak ; then she said—

“Many changes may occur in a year, Hartley, which may render it unnecessary for you to go from home, to seek your fortune, as you call it. Many men have become rich and influential quite near home, and why not you?”

“When I see you wasting your feeble strength in toiling for daily bread, and watch you hour by hour grow weaker, and more unfit for the deadly struggle—for, mother,” said the lad in a low unsteady voice, “life is a contest with death to such as you and me—so that, I think, I may be excused for wishing to become soon rich ; the Almighty will look at the motive, and pardon the sin, if it is a sin ; and the marvellous stories which I daily read in the newspapers of the wonderful discoveries of untold treasures lying waiting to be gathered, by the hand of the enterprising—not to speak one word of the strong propensity I have for seeing foreign countries, and looking on the mighty deep, all this I might crush with a slight effort, or wait for a more convenient season ; but,

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mother, the necessity is urgent. When I see and know that the want of money alone stands between us and happiness, that this want of money is sapping your life-blood. And when one has the will—and a way has been pointed out, as if by the finger of Providence, where a plentiful supply can be gathered in a short time, in a very short time, remember, mother, and all that is wanted to surmount the hill of difficulty intervening is a stout heart and a willing hand—both of which I flatter myself I possess. But you are tired and pale, dear mother; I fear I have troubled you to-night, but I will say no more now. Good night, mother darling." He kissed her and left the room.

When the door closed on her son, Mrs. Norman pondered over the conversation which had just occurred between them. She foresaw all—a long separation, a conflict of many years. More suffering and privation, for both, and the brave, strong young heart surmounting them all.

"The Almighty fits the back for the burden," thought she, "and when He *gives*, He will most assuredly require His own, with usury. He did not endow my son with

that quick perception, that untiring energy and perseverance, and that indomitable courage which grapples with obstacles and never desists until they are levelled, unless He had work for him to accomplish. But to be separated! Perhaps never to meet again until we meet in heaven. Oh! how can those bear separation who have loved and suffered as we have suffered? God help us, God help us," she repeated, slowly and with passionate earnestness. Her prayer was heard, and the burden lightened, for that night her sleep was sound and refreshing.

Next morning, before day dawned, Hartley stood at his mother's bedside to say good morning, as he always did before going down town for the newspapers.

"It is earlier than usual, is it not, Hartley?"

"Yes, dear mother; I forgot to tell you last night that Mr. Shaver, in Fifth Avenue, told me to bring him his papers every morning as soon after seven as possible; so I must hurry down town for the papers, and hurry up again, to execute his order. Yesterday was rather a prosperous day, mother. I made six and sixpence, besides a sixpence one of the 'Times' clerks gave me

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for running an errand. I expect to be at home soon to-day, dear mother, and have a long time at lessons. What shall I do for you before I go, mother? The stove is lighted, a pail of fresh water is brought, and the kettle is put on the stove. Do you want anything for breakfast?"

"No, Hartley, not this morning. God bless you, my son."

Mrs. Norman then arose, and set about her daily avocations: that is to say, after preparing and partaking of a scanty breakfast, she put her small house in order, and drawing her everlasting work-basket to her side, began to stitch, stitch, stitch.

While she was outwardly thus employed, her mind was busy, like a great number of thoughtful persons who live much alone, in conjuring up images and holding imaginary conversations with impalpable forms,—those sort of people who inhabit castles in the air, and composed of something of the same material of which dreams are made, but none the less visible to the mind's eye, although possessing no tangible form. A curious fact connected with these colloquies is, that no sound

ever reaches outer air ; all is silent, yet eagerly speaking ; all is still, yet intensely active. This mental company (if we may be allowed the expression) seemed to afford Mrs. Norman much gratification, for a happy smile soon illumined her care-worn but beautiful face. Let us leave her thus bodily and mentally engaged, and look back a few years on her past history.

CHAPTER II.

WANT THE MASTER OF MANKIND.

MRS. NORMAN is by no means singular in her abstraction, as we find upon reflection. Those philosophers who take upon themselves the Herculean task of explaining and accounting for every occurrence under the sun, so that not only the fixed laws of nature, but even her whims and caprices, are analysed and propounded with most elaborate minuteness ;—these great men also possess the faculty of absenting themselves from the body and denuding themselves, for a time, of the small stock of senses with which nature has endowed them—look upon objects with their bodily eyes, without any sense of perception being conveyed to the inward vision ; have ears to hear, yet no sound reaches the intellectual organs ; literally, the spiritual essence is not

at home: gone to call on the occupants of Les Chateaux en Espagne, mounted on their high horses of the Pegasus breed. In these ethereal abodes most of their time is spent, propounding and theorizing abstruse airy nothings, trying to give shape and tangibility to transcendant transcendentalism. On descending from these airy heights, they palm off their probabilities on plain, matter-of-fact wights (who make a common and intelligible use of their senses, take a work-a-day view of things in general and men in particular), as intelligence pure from the empyrean springs, as simple as A, B, C, and as plain as the nose on one's face.

Now, if it would but enter into the heads of some of these wiseacres, while visiting these far-off regions, to discuss the heterogeneous embodiment of qualities in the species man, and tell us how many scruples of common sense go to the pound of bombast; how many tons of argument are requisite to clear away the cobwebs of inveterate prejudice; to how many gills the warm and impetuous feelings must be simmered down in the world's great cauldron, ere the anger that sinneth not is attained; and how many times the noble and generous

impulses of humanity must be tried in the world's fire, ere the statures of perfect men are completed. Much convenience would arise from thus classifying the ingredients of which man is composed; and A. No. 1, or Z. No. 3, stamped on the sleeve or back, as the individual case might be, would place conjecture beyond a doubt, and save cart-loads of erroneous conclusions.

If an institution of this kind could be gotten up, how many heartaches would be avoided; from how many disappointments would mankind be saved—all apples of discord would be turned into golden fruit—and instead of groping in the dark, lucid modes of carrying on the great game of life would be adopted; and as a case in point, Jonathan Schemerhorn would have known better than to have refused his daughter Anna to Hartley Norman, when he asked her in marriage. Mr. Schemerhorn could educe no reasonable objections to the match, for Mr. Norman was sprung from one of the oldest and best families in the land, in length of purse Mr. Schemerhorn's superior, and in business talents unsurpassed. But the old gentleman, with an obstinacy peculiar to people whose mental ingredients are unhappily mingled, or in-

jured in the tempering, refused to see any good quality in Mr. Norman, and positively refused to receive him as a son-in-law. The young people, however afflicted at the arbitrary parental decree, were married, judging that they would be much more miserable separated, than they could possibly be united, even without a father's benediction; and for five years enjoyed uninterrupted felicity.

The sixth year of their marriage was a memorable one in mercantile annals, it tried the calibre of all men's minds,—and the soundness of their business relations. Whether from an overstocked market, or from unprofitable speculation—whether from a surplus of unemployed specie, or a superabundance of paper circulation—whether it was the mismanagement of stock-jobbers, or the imprudence of railway companies—whether the cotton crop failed or the sugar crop was overabundant—whether from Mexican bonds or the Cuban loan—whether importing and exporting were carried to the pinnacle of rashness—or trading on borrowed capital or on no capital at all—whether any one, or all of these reasons together, were the cause of this financial distress, we do not pretend to say:—but certain it was that poli-

tical economists were nonplussed at the overwhelming commercial crisis. Rich wiseacres, who saw the storm afar off, selfishly, or prudently as the case might be, withdrew their capital, and carefully locked it up in safe coffers—put their hands in their pockets, and kept them there, and calmly looked on during the commercial storm.

House after house went down, that had long stood on a firm mercantile foundation. Bankers, brokers, merchants, agriculturists, and artisans, were alike involved in one common ruin.

The firm of which Mr. Norman was head, bore up long with astonishing vigor, notwithstanding the heavy losses it was daily sustaining. At last human efforts were exhausted, it was useless to contend longer with the almost universal insolvency by which they were entangled. The firm of Norman & Co. failed. Mr. Norman's once opulent fortune was irretrievably swamped, not a pittance remaining; and as misfortunes never come alone, a few weeks after his failure he sickened and died, leaving his wife and two children, penniless and defenceless. The youngest of the two, a daughter, soon

followed its father to the grave, and the mother, with her remaining child, took shelter in a tenement house in Fourth Avenue, where, for several years, she maintained herself and son by her needle, forgotten by her former associates, and disregarded by her wealthy relatives. Forgotten and disregarded! Of course—she was poor.

The people by whom she was now surrounded, belonged to a different order in the body politic, from that in which she had always moved. "Labor," says a good man, "is the poor man's property," and though Mrs. Norman had no such inheritance either by birth or education, she showed no airs of superiority; she never boasted of her antecedents; uttered no complaint, but toiled willingly and courageously like one of themselves for her support; always had a kind word to say to them in passing, and not unfrequently gave timely succor in sickness and distress. By these little acts of benevolence she gained their affections, and commanded their respect, for they intuitively knew, that, although among them, she was evidently not of them. Such as she, generally kept such as they at arm's length; but she no sooner heard of their suffering than she hastened to their succor,

spoke kind and soothing words—such words as only come from hearts that have ached, and when addressed to aching hearts act like a balm.

The uneducated rarely reason, but are guided almost entirely by impulse. Mrs. Norman, by her deeds of charity, drew out their very best feelings—she was hal-
lowed in their eyes, and kind offices flowed in upon her a hundredfold. A tap at the door—

“Mrs. Norman, I am going to the pump—let me bring you a pail of fresh water.” “Mrs. Norman, I am going down stairs for my milk, shall I fetch up yours?” Such offices as these were of daily occurrence, and were accepted with gratitude, as she knew they were the spontaneous effusions of kind and grateful hearts.

“The poor have ye always with you,” says our Saviour, but we will perceive that it was not among the actually poverty-stricken, in its strictest sense, that Mrs. Norman took up her abode, but among that industrious, but illiterate and unrefined class, who maintain law and order in their dwellings, who work for daily maintenance, and when in earnest generally succeed.

For the first three or four years of her widowhood

Mrs. Norman's exertions were barely sufficient to pay the rent of her small apartments and meet her other trifling expenses; and many a time a morsel of dry bread had sufficed for a whole day's sustenance. But hope pointed to her son Hartley for relief, and the index became more palpable and plain every day. It was soothing to the mother's aching heart to watch the growing tendencies of the manly little lad, and many a silent prayer was offered to the Giver of all good, that her son might not only be her succor and support in her declining years, but that he might promote His ends on earth and be distinguished for benevolence. No shining qualities were asked, no prominent position, only a competency and an inclination to promote God's glory on earth.

Hartley was in his fifth year when his father died. Well he noted, and long he remembered the change between his present home, and the one to which he had been accustomed. His large dark flashing eyes seemed sometimes to look into his mother's heart, and without question or comment he appeared to understand all. He was the germ of a thoughtful, strong-hearted man,

already grappling with the world for what it owed him—a maintenance.

Among the children of the neighborhood was a boy, about two years Hartley's senior, who made a few shillings a week by selling newspapers. Mrs. Norman had rendered timely and essential service to Peter Dick's mother, in a case of severe sickness, and Peter was sent to keep Hartley company while his mother was absent attending Mrs. Dick; by this means the boys became intimate. Occasionally, during the following winter, Peter would go and play with Hartley after his newspapers were disposed of. Such a companion was of essential service to a boy of Hartley's thoughtful disposition and sedentary habits, as he seldom left his mother's side, except to go on an errand to the neighboring stores. Peter, without being at all vicious, had a thorough knowledge of the boy world, and initiated Hartley into its mystic craft, with tolerable success, as we shall see. On the other hand, Hartley taught Peter to read more fluently than he did, and loaned him his books. Although he found it impossible to communicate the refinement of thought and action which was intuitive in

himself to Peter, whose good-natured, but rough and coarse manner was impervious to polish.

When Hartley had attained his ninth birth-day he had laid in a tolerable stock of knowledge for a lad of his age: his attainments equalled, if they did not surpass, boys who had enjoyed every advantage in education. His instruction was given while his mother plied her needle, and many hours, that would otherwise have been passed in bitterness, were thus made pleasant.

She encouraged his love for knowledge, and supplied all his requirements from her own well-stocked mind. She was surprised at his aptness in acquiring information, and the eagerness he displayed in search of it induced her to teach him the French language, of which she was a proficient, and with equal success: when not engaged in actual study, he was reading or asking questions, seated in his favorite place at his mother's knee.

As he approached his tenth year a change came over the lad—he would often sit silent for a long time, with his large, dark, thoughtful eyes, either intently watching his mother's fingers, as they plied the needle, or gazing at something in the furthest corner of the room.

One day his mother glanced at him occasionally between her stitches, as he sat in one of his reveries. She had long been painfully aware that his clothes, although free from holes, being mended with many a patch, were decidedly too short and too scant for his growing limbs; and his worn shoes afforded no protection to his feet. A pair of new shoes had long been in contemplation, but the money she hoped to spare to buy them was always needed for rent, or coal, or something that was essentially necessary to keep body and soul together.

The needle flew in and out, as the mental resolve was ratified, that whatever else was dispensed with, Hartley should have a pair of new shoes with the money she would receive for her present work.

He seemed unusually still this afternoon. Many thoughts appeared to be revolving in his young mind. She thought he looked thinner, paler, and more crushed and saddened than usual.

"Do you feel well, Hartley? Why are you so sad and quiet, my boy?"

"I am quite well, mother."

"Would you like to go and play an hour or two with Peter Dick this evening?"

"No, mother, not this evening; but I wish you would let me go down town to-morrow morning with Peter, I shall be back by eleven or twelve o'clock—in time for lessons."

"But what will you do while Peter goes round with his papers?"

"I will look about me, mother; I dare say I will find amusement. Peter leaves about six o'clock."

The mother reflected for a few minutes. The lonely quiet life he led was unnatural at his age. He would become moped if she kept him thus constantly tied to her apron-string. She was sure she could trust him, and that no evil influence would gain ascendancy over him.

"Well, Hartley, if you would like to go, you may," said Mrs. Norman. "But Peter must promise to take care of you."

"I shall just run across and tell Peter to call for me in the morning then," said Hartley.

When he returned he asked his mother if she wished

him to put on the tea-kettle, and set the tea things on the table.

"No, Hartley, I think I will not take tea to-night; I am very busy; but there is a roll and a cupful of milk in the closet, which I placed there for your supper."

Hartley said nothing, but he sat down with his elbows on his knees, and his face hidden in his hands.

"Light the lamp, my son, I can see no longer."

He arose and did so. Placed a chair at the table for his mother, which she hastily occupied, as if afraid to lose one moment, saying, "Now shut the shutters, Hartley."

Little was said during the evening. Hartley read, but his mother was too busy to listen.

The clock struck nine.

"Hartley, eat your bread and milk, and go to bed, my son, you wish to get up early, you know."

"Mother, you must eat half of this bread and milk, or I will not touch it."

"I am not hungry, Hartley. I could not swallow it if I were to try," said the mother. "Eat it all, it is not much."

"No, mother, not one mouthful until you have eaten half."

The mother hastily snatched a mouthful of the roll,—
"I cannot eat more, I am too busy."

Hartley took a small piece and left the remainder lying on the table. He rose, kissed his mother, and retired to bed.

The mother continued to stitch away till far in the night. Next morning early, Hartley went to her bedside, to say good morning.

"Eat that piece of bread you left last night, before you go out, Hartley, and when you come back I shall have some breakfast for you. The shirts are finished; I shall carry them home early, so do not be long away."

CHAPTER III.

CHOOSES A PROFESSION.

As soon as Mrs. Norman thought her patrons in Fifth Avenue would be visible, she set out with her bundle of work. Her thin shawl and shabby calico dress were ill calculated to protect her from the weather, which was cold and damp.

After an absence of three hours, she returned, loaded with another bundle. She sat down and drew a heavy sigh: presently her eyes were raised in silent prayer, and then with a brighter and more hopeful countenance, she arose from her seat and busied herself with household matters. The fire was rekindled, some provisions bought and prepared, which Mrs. Norman sat down to eat, looking tired and exhausted as if nature had been overtaxed. She seemed old at this moment; and yet she was not thirty.

About twelve o'clock Hartley returned. He had never been so long separated from his mother before. She put aside her work as he entered, and hastened to prepare him some breakfast.

"Mother," said he, "I have had something to eat."

Mrs. Norman turned to look at him as he spoke; and the question "Where did you get it?" was on her lips, but there was something in his looks which arrested her words. Exercise had brought a color to his pale cheek, and his whole face was glowing with pleasure.

"How much good the walk has done you, Hartley," said she, with an affectionate smile, as she gazed at his changed appearance.

"Mother," said the boy, "I have something to tell you, but you must promise not to be displeased. I have been thinking for a long time," continued he, speaking very fast, "that I ought to do something towards maintaining myself. I see you working every day, and spending your strength to gain a living for us, and when I have expressed a wish to do something too, you say I must wait till I am older—until I have a good education, and then I will be able to work for both you and myself."

But, before that day arrives, you will have worked yourself into the grave, dear mother, unless I can find some means to prevent it. Now, the only plan I could think of was, to ask some storekeeper to take me to run errands; so I asked Firken, at the corner grocery, one day, if he wanted a boy: he told me I was too young. I then went to Mr. Staytape, the dry-goods man, but he had just hired one. I even went and asked Neatsfoot, the butcher, to employ me in taking home the meat, for I have often heard you say that no occupation can disgrace a man provided it is honest; but he said I was altogether too little for any use. Finally, Peter Dick's business came across my mind. I asked Peter if he thought I could sell newspapers like him, and make some money?

"Peter was very kind and good-natured about it, and said there was nothing to prevent me, and offered to get me a few newspapers at first, just to try my hand, and, if I sold them, I could pay him. I have sold all, mother, and paid Peter, and look, I have all that left—two shillings and three-pence, besides a penny I spent for a roll, for I was dreadfully hungry. The first money I ever

earned in all my life; it looks nicer than other money, mother, does it not?" This he spoke in a tone of pleasantry, for he knew that her first impressions would be mortification and grief.

Mrs. Norman stood mute with astonishment, for some moments; at length she said, "What have I to do with pride—it is God's will that I should be thus humbled."

"No humbling in the matter, dear mother," said Hartley, "you know you have often told me that a man may do any honest thing for a living. It remains with him to do honor to his occupation; to ennoble his work, however mean. You have also said, that it is not necessary to bring one's mind down to a level with a mean occupation. You told me, not long ago, that labor was our only riches, and that we must do what we could, not what we would. I think, on the whole, your occupation of sewing for a living, is meaner than selling newspapers; for, in the one, the health is undermined, whereas the other gains health and strength of body.

"Let us, then, put all thin-skinned pride in our pockets; at least, for the present. The case is urgent—work or starve. I will grapple with the fell fiend, 'Want,' on

his own terms—work or die. I would rather perform the meanest drudgery, than live the life we have been living, for some years past, any longer. Mother, do not despise the day of small things in me.”

“But, Hartley, you were born to other things than hawking penny newspapers about the streets. By birth, you have no superiors on this continent; your ancestors were the noblest in the land.”

“With all due deference to my ancestors, but I never could see clearly what good they ever did me, or to what use I could ever put them. They seem to me the veriest stupes in creation, who would fain deter one from making an honest living. Only listen to the twaddle of our ancestors, and they will lead you into the slough of despond, and never leave you until you become one of themselves—a phantom, a skeleton! But I am not to be vanquished by any such scarecrows; I shall follow no such will-o'-the-wisps. Our clergyman told us two or three Sundays ago, that all kings sprang from beggars, and beggars from kings. The resemblance struck me at the time, that we, now, that is, you and I, dear mother, have reached the state beggary, in the wheel of fortune,

from our kingly ancestors; the lowest round of the ladder, at present; by-and-by, we may begin to mount up, and become kings again, and look down even upon our ancestors! Who knows, mother? Glorious fun it would be to look over the heads of our grandee forefathers." The boy gave a sunny look towards his mother as he spoke.

"I never heard you talk so before, Hartley—what can possess you?"

"A spirit of desperation, or it may be a spirit of resurrection has been instilled into the dry bones—time will show, mother, but certainly a change has come over me since morning—since—let me see the precise time, mother dear. Oh yes, since I sold the last of my papers, and counted over the net profits—two shillings and three pence, and a penny for my roll; since that hour I have felt an influence quite galvanic pervade my whole nature, and by the blessing of the Supreme, from vending penny newspapers, I shall march on to fortune first, to influence next, and lastly to fame and honor. Mother, we shall do credit even to our ancestors."

The mother felt that she had lost her child-boy for

ever; the patient, uncomplaining, obedient, loving child-boy: and there had come home to her, a shrewd, quick-witted, ingenious old head on young shoulders, one that was fast making for empire over himself first, and then over all around him. Dire necessity had prematured the boy's intellect. She could not endure the change—and looked vexed and dispirited.

"Mother," said Hartley, in a winning tone of voice, such as had unconsciously influenced her many a time, "do you not think it is right that I should try to make a few pence daily, and thereby lessen the burden which is weighing you down day by day—dimming your eye—making your cheek pale and wan—and old before your time. I remember when you had such a pretty pale pink on your cheeks, mother," and the boy seated himself on his mother's lap, and put his hand caressingly on her cheek. "Now putting pride and ancestry out of the question, am I not right in trying to bear a little share of the burden? I would have told you my plan last night, mother, but I did not know whether I would succeed or not, or whether I was competent to learn my new trade. You would have been amused, dear mother,"

continued he with a merry laugh, "if you could have seen my first effort at offering my wares for sale, in a voice scarcely above a whisper."

"Peter was very kind; when we got our newspapers, we started towards the South Ferry; every boat that landed, 'Papers, sir; papers,' cried Peter—I kept by his side, and as one gentleman took from him, another would come to me. Then he went to one omnibus door and thrust me to another. Success emboldened me, and in an hour's time, I am certain you would have laughed to hear me bawling out the papers, in a clear merry voice as if I had been accustomed to the business all my life. The shy fit may seize me again to-morrow morning, but familiarity will bring confidence. Tell me now, dear mother, that you think I am doing right, from your own judgment; but do not conjure up the reflections of our fossil ancestors, nor dig up their dead bones, nor quote their antiquated notions, and set them in array against me: only tell me what *you* think."

"Well, Hartley, however much my feelings and inclinations may be mortified by your present occupation, my judgment must pronounce that your motives are

right. Labor is honorable, and may God keep you always in his fear. He who trusts Him has no real care; govern well your own spirit, and remember, that self-conquest is the grandest achievement of a human being. Compared with it

“ ‘The laurels that a Cæsar reaps, are but as weeds.’

“I quite agree with you, we will let our ancestors rest in peace; and uninfluenced and unaided, fulfil our destiny, labor. Bless you, my boy.”



CHAPTER IV.

THE CHURCH OF THE EXCELSUS.

ONCE upon a time (so runs the fable), the Founder of the Corporation of Blacksmiths forged a woman. He was so proud of his handicraft that he introduced her to his peers in full conclave assembled. Each presented the maiden with a gift, in pretty much the same manner as the children of our high functionaries are presented with coral bells, caudle cups, silver mugs, knives, forks, spoons, etc. But the president of the board of these upper seven, wishing to bestow upon her a gift befitting his high station, presented her with a trunk, filled with all kinds of fine things. The Dean of the Guild was so enchanted with the complimentary manner his ingenious production had been received, that he called her Pandora, the Gifted. It so happened, that one day, as

Pandora was playing with her box, the lid flew open and its contents were scattered to the four winds of heaven. Only one of all the valuable gifts remained; and well it was for Pandora that even this one was saved—or poor, and miserable, and naked she would have been through life. This celestial gift was a treasure in itself, and it has been sacredly handed down to posterity in all its pristine lustre. It possesses the virtue of promising whatever is ardently desired, and as all wish to attain Good, the boon is held at an alluring distance, but always in view. This lantern of immortal Hope is always kept burning on the pilgrim's path to brighten and cheer the track: sometimes the oil is almost exhausted, but anon it is replenished, and burns more brilliantly than ever: sometimes it seems far off in the distance, a speck scarcely perceptible; and then again its clear joyous beam almost dazzles. Hope attends the human race with untiring fidelity, and with an impartiality that is truly divine. She, it is, that lends incentives to action, gives strength to the aspiring, however high his aim. She is by the side of the man of business, bidding him calculate on incalculable profits; upon the

hearth of his home, prophesying riches and honor for his children; walks with him by the way-side, raising towering constructions to be reached by-and-bye. Near at the time of prayer, whispering aspirations for the right hand and the left, in the Kingdom to come. She soothes the sorrowing, binds up rent hearts with healing balm, throws a halo of sunshine over the path of the traveller. Who talks of last hopes? There is no such thing—"Hope shall to full fruition rise." Sweet gift! even thou hast been maligned and called a cheat and a deceiver, although thou hast commanded the race, to hope against hope, and a few obey thy mandate.

Day after day did Mrs. Norman, and her son Hartley, awake with the dawn, to the painful struggle for daily bread; and at night, weary and worn both in body and mind, retire for a few hours' repose;—such repose as the "heavy laden" only know, when every bone and fibre rests, when not only the dead weight of the body, but the spirit within, seems to compress its case, to secure space for its own ease. Around their isolated existence, flowed the tide of human life, with ceaseless activity, making strange, and sometimes jarring sounds; but they

had no apparent part in the great chorus : and if blotted out entirely from the rôle of life, would never have been missed ; so truly insignificant was the part assigned to them in the grand play.

Yet strange !—Hope, high as heaven and bright as a noon-day sun, ever buoyed them up, and lent such elasticity to their minds, that had the foremost rank then been assigned them in the grand drama,—the honor would have not only found them prepared and competent, but they would have distinguished their parts.

Mrs. Norman, who had hitherto taken shop-work, which paid her at the rate of one dollar per dozen for shirts, had been recommended to some of the dilettanti of Fifth Avenue, as worthy of patronage ; and for the same amount of labor, received at least triple remuneration. This gave a stimulus to exertion, if we may dare call that by such a name, which prompted her to rob herself of half her rest—the only real bodily comfort she had.

“ Finished at last,” said she, as she cut the thread from a piece of work, folded it up, and put it among a goodly pile lying at her side, and hastily prepared to go home with the bundle as it was getting late. “ No use waiting

for Hartley—he will be tired when he does come, as he has been out all day. I will go alone,” was the mental resolve.

She rang gently at a very handsome house in Fifth Avenue. After a considerable time, a man-servant opened the door. She made known her errand, and was told to stand in the hall till his return. While so doing, she was peeped at by a young gentleman through the glass door which led into the library, scrutinized by two young ladies over the staircase, and stared at by several domestics, who seemed to pass and repass only for the diversion of looking at her. At length the order came for her to walk up-stairs into the nursery.

When Mrs. Norman entered the apartment, she found Mrs. Shaver, her three daughters, and a young lady, who report said was about to become the daughter-in-law of the house, assembled discussing dress.

It was Saturday night, and it seemed that a more than ordinary interest was manifested in the costume to be worn by these ladies next day at church: so engrossing was the topic, that although all saw Mrs. Norman enter the room, only one of the ladies took time or trouble to

give her a patronizing nod of recognition. A moment after, she was forgotten by all.

"Well," said one of the young ladies, "if Lawson sends home my white bonnet, I shall wear my pale blue moire antique to-morrow;—and if she does not send it home, I declare I shall never have another bonnet from her while I live. I shall patronize Madam' Dupois, and I shall do all in my power to get my friends to leave her, and go elsewhere for their hats."

"You may do as you like, Ellen," said Miss Shaver, "but for my part, I shall never wear a bonnet made by anybody else, as long as Lawson is considered the most fashionable milliner. Dupois' bonnets are perfect frights—whereas Lawson's have a *je ne sais quoi* style about them, which even Paris bonnets do not always possess. You may do as you please—but *I* patronize Lawson."

"And as for me," said Mrs. Shaver, "I would be ashamed to be seen in a bonnet that had not Lawson's sign-manual upon it."

"I would never confess that I wore a bonnet made by anybody except Lawson," said the daughter-in-law elect.

"What are you going to wear to-morrow, Susan?" said Miss Shaver, turning to her younger sister.

"My crimson and black flounced dress, straw-colored crape bonnet, and Brussels lace collar and sleeves," answered Susan.

"Well," said Mrs. Shaver, "if you are going to wear your crimson, Susan, I shall wear my sea-green double-skirted gros de Naples. I intended to have worn my crimson velvet, but your silk kills my velvet, being of a brighter color."

"Oh, mother!" said Miss Ellen, the youngest and the blonde, "I wish you would not wear that sea-green silk, for my pale blue moire antique looks faded near it."

"It does not much signify," said the mother, "as entering a church is not like entering a room together. You need not walk in immediately after me. Besides, if Lawson does not send home your new white bonnet, as I have no idea she will, I suppose you will not wear your blue moire antique."

"Oh, it will be too provoking if she does not send it," said the young lady pettishly. "I have set my heart

upon it. The white hat I have is too shabby for the church of the Excelsus; it would do perfectly well for any church in the city, except Excelsus. What o'clock is it?" demanded she quickly.

"Almost nine," was the response.

Suddenly turning round, she said, addressing Mrs. Norman: "Mrs.—— what is your name?"

"Norman," replied Mrs. Norman.

"Well, Mrs. Norman, will you be so kind as to go to Miss Lawson's on your way home? Where do you live?"

"In Fourth Avenue, ma'am."

"Miss Lawson lives in Park Place; 'tis a little out of the way, but no matter. Tell her I *must*—remember, *must*—have my bonnet by church-time to-morrow. I shall sit up till past twelve to-night, but if she really cannot finish it to-night, to send it without fail to-morrow morning. Tell her it is quite indispensable; I *must* have it. Call on Monday for more work. Do not forget to go to Lawson's."

"This work comes to two dollars and a half," faintly suggested Mrs. Norman.

"Ah, well, you shall be paid on Monday. Remember Lawson."

The poor disappointed Mrs. Norman walked slowly out of the handsome, comfortable, warm house into the cold damp atmosphere. She was two miles, at least, from Park Place, and Park Place was at least three miles from her own dwelling. It was just nine o'clock; to-morrow was Sunday; no money, no provisions in the house. She walked on slowly, being weak from over-exertion, through all the back streets, avoiding Broadway, as its flaunting splendors only made her feel sadder and more desolate. At length she reached Miss Lawson's, and delivered her message to the forewoman about the bonnet.

"It is impossible to finish Miss Ellen Shaver's bonnet to-night," was the response. "Tell her it is utterly impossible," said the woman, in a very decided tone, hurried out of all propriety.

"I will not return to Miss Shaver's to-night," said Mrs. Norman, and she turned to go. Slowly and wearily she walked down Chatham Street homewards. The City Hall clock struck eleven as she entered the Bowery.

The stores were nearly all shut, except a few grocery and grog shops, on the corners of the streets. A few persons passed and repassed, but none had such a leaden step as she.

Hartley met her at the corner of the street.

"Mother, is that you? Where have you been? I have been almost distracted about you. I went to the Shavers', to see if you had been detained there, and they told me you had left there more than two hours ago. I have suffered great suspense. I did not know what to think." He drew her arm gently within his, and led her home, placed her in her chair near the fire, took off her bonnet and shawl, and then prepared her a cup of tea, and sat down beside her to watch her, and render any little attention necessary.

Hartley had been more fortunate than his mother in obtaining provisions. On his return home he had rummaged the cupboards, ascertained what was wanting, and provided in the best manner his limited means would allow; so that, when his mother recovered in some measure from her fatigue, she smiling, asked, "What kind fairy had spread so comfortable a repast for them?"

He replied, "This has been one of my bright days. I made almost a dollar, and our supper is delicious; I dare say the misery I endured before your return has enhanced its sweetness. You look better now, dear mother. You were so pale when you came in."

Early on the following Monday, Mrs. Norman repaired to Fifth Avenue for the work she had been promised. Mrs. Shaver wished her to make some alteration in the skirts she had taken home on Saturday; "but," she suggested, "suppose you sit down here and alter them, instead of lugging them home and back again."

While employed with the skirts, Miss Ellen came into the room and sat down.

"Oh," said she, addressing her elder sister, "I am so sorry I did not go to church yesterday, in my pink bonnet. I missed the *debut* of Mrs. James Furbelow, who appeared at church, for the first time, in a magnificent purple silk, with flounces figured with velvet, and a beautiful white lace bonnet, with a wreath of violets. Tom says the lace it was made of did not cost one cent less than two hundred dollars, and he

should know. I declare if it is as exquisite as Susan and he say it is, I shall make Lawson take back the one I ordered last week, and have one like it. I missed seeing Julia Vudbelle's mantilla also; she has just arrived from Paris with a splendid wardrobe. Mrs. Basvie's real Brussels lace flowers, too, were worth a glance; you did not tell me about them, Nannie."

"No," said Miss Shaver, "I was so much occupied watching the manoeuvres of Kate Unwon to engross the attentions of the rich Mr. Rattle, who stupidly stumbled into their pew instead of ours, which I know was his intention, that I saw nobody and heard nothing all the time of the service. But I will cut her out, you will see if I don't."

"This is Mrs. Unwon's reception day. Come, Nannie, I dare say we will see Mrs. Furbelow's bonnet there," said Ellen.

"That is your motive for going. Well, I have another."

CHAPTER V.

THE ASTOR PLACE RIOT.

It was afternoon before Mrs. Norman had finished the alterations in the garments, and with a bundle of new work in her arms, she left the Shavers' house and hurried through Washington Place towards Broadway, wishing to make a purchase before she returned home. Her thoughts, intent on the business she had on hand, distracted her attention from what was going on around her, so that, on turning the corner into Broadway, she found herself in the midst of a crowd of men who appeared greatly excited. All the shops were shut around, and there was no place of refuge within reach. She tried to turn back, but that she found impossible. Dragged onwards, borne along by an irresistible pressure from behind, and several times lifted from her feet,

she perceived that the great centre of attraction was Astor Place.

At length two or three pistol shots were fired by persons quite close to her; the fire was immediately returned by a volley from the opposite side of the street, and two men dropped close beside her. The confusion and uproar which ensued were terrible. The dense pressure alone enabled her to keep an upright position. The rabble now pushed towards the Fourth Avenue, and at this point she found, to her infinite relief, that the crowd was not so great, having outlets in the various converging streets.

She struggled with all the energy of desperation to free herself, but in vain, and her feeble cries for help were lost in the tumult of the stormy passions raging around her. Presently the pressure again became more violent, and another volley was fired by the opposite party; this exasperated those about her to phrensy; they rushed forward, uttering horrible yells, and Mrs. Norman was driven against a lamp-post, around which she threw her arms and held on with all the tenacity of which she was capable.

Here, pushed and bruised, her senses would have forsaken her, but for the strong necessity of exertion in self-defence.

The crowd suddenly drew off to an opposite point, and weak and trembling, she slowly disengaged herself from the stragglers, and directed her steps towards her own door, which was not far off.

As she was about to enter the house, her eyes were attracted to a woman, lying close by the pump, a few yards beyond, apparently lifeless. She advanced towards her, and recognised Mrs. Judd, an elderly woman, who occupied an attic-room of the house in which she lived.

Mrs. Norman raised her head, and found the blood was flowing freely from a wound in her neck. She looked round and called for help, but the yelling and shouting of the mob in the street, completely drowned her voice. She sought one neighbor after another. All had deserted their dwellings. Hartley too was gone. Something must be done, and that quickly, for the poor old woman was bleeding to death. Mrs. Norman again advanced towards her, and tried to raise her. In so

doing the poor creature opened her eyes and recognising Mrs. Norman, feebly requested that she might be taken up stairs.

The crowd was again advancing. Another discharge of fire-arms in their direction; in another minute both would be swept away by the mad human tempest that was fast rolling towards them.

One glance sufficed to show Mrs. Norman the situation in which they were placed, and with the energy of despair, she took Mrs. Judd by the arms and dragged her inside of the door. The living mass rushed past like wild animals blinded by passion. The open door had been noted by some of the rioters, and its sheltering advantageous position immediately comprehended; in one second the lower hall was completely filled. The two women were rudely pushed aside and thrust to the wall. Mrs. Norman feebly supporting Mrs. Judd, who had again lost consciousness, endeavored to call the attention of the men around her to the wounded woman's situation, and begged them to carry her up-stairs to her apartment, but her entreaties were unheeded.

At length the crowd gave way; the struggle having

been again diverted to another point, and Mrs. Norman contrived to drag Mrs. Judd out from among those who still remained in the hall, and step by step slowly surmounted, she reached her own rooms, which she no sooner entered than she locked and bolted the doors. She then raised the wounded woman in her arms, and gently placing her in her own bed, applied remedies to staunch the blood.

While thus occupied Hartley came to the door. He only saw his mother, and uttered an exclamation of gratitude for her safe return. "But what is the matter? Mrs. Judd!"

"Hartley, Mrs. Judd has been shot by those miscreants in the street; run for Dr. Quincy, he is the nearest surgeon, bring him with you immediately," said Mrs. Norman hurriedly. "I am afraid she will bleed to death. Keep out of the crowd."

When the doctor arrived, it was ascertained that Mrs. Judd had been shot through the collar-bone, the ball having passed through the fleshy part of the neck—the loss of blood had been immense. The doctor said that her recovery would be very doubtful, and even under

the most favorable circumstances it would be slow and protracted. To move her would be impossible for some time to come.

Here was another misfortune; the office of sick nurse was added to the already overtasked strength of Mrs. Norman, and the subject of all this additional trouble, was a person whom both she and Hartley regarded with indifference, if not dislike, from the selfish, unsympathizing manner she had always manifested towards them and all the neighborhood.

Mrs. Judd was one of those individuals, who, though scrupulously correct in all her dealings with her fellows, yet showed no desire to reciprocate a kindness, or cultivate those friendly dispositions which render neighborhood agreeable. She was by no means scrupulous in asking favors, but none could ever record a benefit returned. There was such an excess of selfish prudence and circumspection in her whole conduct, that at one time, when the district was visited by a severe sickness, which threatened to become epidemic, she shut herself up in her house, and only emerged from it, to procure necessaries for her own comfort, or for the support of

life. If, at such times, a neighbor met her on the stairs, or in the hall, her anxiety to pass without coming into contact was so palpably apparent, that the usual greetings, dictated by common politeness, were either unheeded, or repulsively acknowledged on her part; and the indifference she manifested at that time for their welfare, was neither forgiven nor forgotten by the little circle inhabiting the tenement house.

When Hartley was a little boy Mrs. Judd had frequently called him up-stairs to her assistance. At one time she wanted a pail of water, at another a loaf of bread, or a bundle of fire-wood, or a cent's worth of milk. Occasionally she would reward him with a piece of bread sprinkled with molasses. Once she gave him a whole cent, but that paid for a great many days; in most instances the pay was put off till next time, which little boys generally think never comes.

When Hartley became a newsboy, she invariably came down-stairs every afternoon, to inquire if Hartley had an unsold newspaper, that she might just glance over it for ten minutes. She never entered the house

except to ask a favor. "Can you lend me a candle, Mrs. Norman? I forgot to get some when I was out;" or, "My tea has given out, lend me a making, until I get a supply;" or, "Be so good as give me the loan of your umbrella for half an hour," which she invariably kept for four or five hours; or, "Can you lend me your rubbers, Mrs. Norman? mine are worn out."

All this and much more, was patiently tolerated by Mrs. Norman, from the refined sentiment of obliging, and natural suavity of disposition. None of her other neighbors would stand Mrs. Judd's *Jewing*, as they called her meanness, for they all affirmed that she was rich; but whether that was the case or not, she had evidently some means of support, with which they were unacquainted; and as all mysterious things assume shape and importance when cogitated and brooded over by morbid imaginations and uncultivated minds, this matter of Mrs. Judd's income, had long been a favorite topic of conversation in the neighborhood, and just in proportion as the subject was unfathomable to them, so did they dislike and mistrust its possessor. To such a degree was this prejudice carried, that, had the close-

borough system been embodied in her person, the animosity they manifested towards her could not have been much heightened.

The object of all these suspicions and conjectures, had long been painfully aware, that the attention of the little community was fixed upon her, with hostile eyes. Mrs. Norman alone partook of none of these vulgar prejudices. She could easily believe that an elderly woman, like Mrs. Judd, might possess a small income, and have enough to do to make the two ends meet. But even to Mrs. Norman, with all her womanly gentleness, and charitable disposition, Mrs. Judd was an object of repugnance, from the selfish and unsympathizing traits of character, she had always evinced.

Such was the individual, who was now lying dangerously wounded, sheltered under Mrs. Norman's roof. For several days the balance between life and death was held with equal poise; a rude breath would have "kicked the beam." At last some favorable symptoms appeared, and a fortunate termination was anticipated; but still fever clung to the patient, so as to baffle all the skill of the physician. After some time, Dr. Quincy

conceived that the mind had something to do in retarding his patient's recovery. Taking Mrs. Norman aside, he inquired if she were aware of any cause of uneasiness, as he was now certain that Mrs. Judd's protracted illness proceeded from mental anxiety alone.

Mrs. Norman quite agreed with the doctor, and mentioned that several times she had risen in the night, to ascertain if she wanted anything, or suffered pain, for her mutterings and moanings quite distressed her.

"You must endeavor to find out the cause of her trouble, Mrs. Norman, and try and soothe her, or you may have her on your hands for weeks yet, and then only get rid of her by burying her."

"Easier said, than done," said Mrs. Norman, "she is not of a communicative disposition, I assure you, doctor. However, I will endeavor to do as you advise.

An opportunity soon occurred, for no sooner had the doctor left than the muttering commenced.

"What is the matter, Mrs. Judd?" said Mrs. Norman, gently advancing towards her bedside. "The doctor tells me, you must keep yourself very quiet, and not think of anything that would annoy or vex you in the

least, or your recovery may be protracted for months yet. If there is anything I can do to make you more comfortable, tell me; and, if it is in my power, I will do it. Perhaps I can inform your friends of your situation; there may be some one you want to see, some one with whom you could confer, who would——”

“Friends! who are my friends? I have none; I never had any; I told you so before. You can do nothing more for me that you have not done already. Mrs. Norman, did you say that my room up-stairs was locked up safe, and the key under my pillow?” ..

“Yes,” said Mrs. Norman, passing her hand under the pillow and pulling out a key. “There, it is safe and sound, you see.”

Mrs. Judd eagerly clutched the key, saying, “Oh, if I were only well enough to get up-stairs.”

“If that is all you want, perhaps the doctor will allow you to be carried up to-morrow,” said Mrs. Norman.

The sick woman lay quiet for some time (a most unusual occurrence for her), as if soothed by the prospect just held out to her. Towards evening she called Mrs. Norman to her bedside, who was busily engaged

preparing the evening meal, previous to Hartley's return.

"I have been thinking, Mrs. Norman, that if agreeable to you, I should like to board altogether with you, and give up my room up-stairs. I pay six dollars a month rent, besides the trouble and expense of keeping myself. Now if I were to give you two dollars and a half a week—and three dollars for the time I have been sick, for you have had some extra trouble"—

A very great deal, thought Mrs. Norman.

"And if you could let me have the bed-room that Hartley occupies, this arrangement might be a benefit to both parties. For to tell you the truth, since I have been sick, I do not feel as much courage to live alone as I used to have; and besides Hartley's readings in the evening amuse me."

"Well, we will talk about it, when you get better," said Mrs. Norman, who did not relish the idea of having a person always near her, who manifested such disagreeable traits of character; and who, besides, would prove a constant source of care from her age and infirmities—as the accident she had met with,

had evidently shaken her nerves and shattered her frame.

Whether the soothing kindness she had experienced or the promise of a change from the lonely life of an outcast, to become one of a family; or whether some secret care had been allayed or charmed away; we know not, but Mrs. Judd slept without a moan that night, and next day the doctor pronounced her decidedly better.

In another week she was allowed to get up, and the restlessness she manifested to go up-stairs to her own apartment, induced Mrs. Norman to promise that when Hartley came home to dinner, he and she would endeavor to support her up-stairs, where she was left alone at her own request for some hours.

CHAPTER VI.

NEWS OF THE GOLD REGIONS.

THE winter had set in unusually severe; wind, rain, and snow storms, had succeeded each other for some time, the short dark days were rendered more dismal by a long succession of what the sailor terms "falling weather," and the long dreary evenings were no way enlivened to Mrs. Norman, by the presence of Mrs. Judd, who either sat perfectly still in her arm-chair in the corner, or held soliloquies with herself, totally regardless of the presence of others. She had now been living with Mrs. Norman for several months, and although her eccentricities had ceased to alarm, but little pleasure was felt in her society. Habit could only make the hard, sharp, and thorny woman bearable.

It was Hartley's custom to leave the house every

morning before daylight; to walk a distance of three long miles to the offices for the daily papers, and many more were traversed ere he disposed of his wares, and his day's work was ended.

Previous to setting out, he every morning made a fire in the stove, brought water from the neighboring pump, filled the tea-kettle and placed it on the fire, ate his bread and milk, which his mother always placed ready for him the previous night, and then went to his mother's bedside, to kiss her and bid her good morning.

After his departure, Mrs. Norman rose, prepared the morning meal, and called Mrs. Judd. Breakfast finished, and the house regulated, the needle was resumed and busily plied, until dinner called for her attention. Mrs. Judd so seldom spoke to her that she often forgot she was present, and the words which occasionally met her ears, were of such a desultory and irrelevant nature, as entirely to preclude the idea of their being addressed to her, being merely the outpourings of an overburdened spirit, indicating great unrest within, though all was seemingly calm without.

Such a characteristic was no enigma to Mrs. Nor-

man, for she, too, lived mostly within. Mrs. Judd's presence, therefore, was no restraint upon her plans and projects,—upon her airy castles, in which Hartley always figured as grand Chatellan. When vehement warm thought, found utterance in words, no explanation was asked, no startling emotion betrayed attention. Thus each gradually became accustomed to the vagaries of the other.

“What a blessing it is,” thought Mrs. Norman, “that that woman is no talker. I could not have tolerated her for one week had she been so. We apparently take as little notice of one another as if each were invisible to the other. If I am not mistaken, she has been a Tartar in her day, for all she appears so quiet and passive now. I dare say her life has been a ‘fitful fever,’ if one knew the truth. She has swayed an iron sceptre, but when and where? been a despot, in her own petty way. The latent sparks of a towering spirit flash from her eye even yet, when you get a glimpse of it. Her physiognomy portrays the grovelling grub, nothing winged, nothing soaring. How strong and vigorous her mind is, yet evidently earthly

and troubled. Even now she looks as if she could carry all before her. I am afraid she does not possess the one thing needful, or she would not look so unquiet and vigilant; there would be some indications of holy hope, beaming in her troubled eye. But whither are my thoughts wandering, and who made me her judge?"

Then again, at the opposite side of the room Mrs. Judd would sit, for hours at a time, contemplating with her deep sharp eyes, the calm gentle countenance of Mrs. Norman. "How singularly beautiful she is," thought Mrs. Judd; "she is unlike all I ever met before; it is not her features, for I have seen more regular beauties. What can make that woman so different? Is it her humble and subdued bearing? No, for she has shown indomitable courage, in facing, singly and alone, the ills of life. Ha! it is the light emanating from the spirit within,—but I—I walk in darkness." This last sentence she uttered aloud. "She wears the badge of humanity—suffering. But it decorates her; its sublimating effect covers her as with a halo of light and loveliness. Sorrow crushes

some, and destroys others, but look at her! There is a well-spring of happiness within, which I verily believe no suffering or privation could quench; and what am I?" she said aloud—"Dry bones. Remorse is a slow but sure poison. I ought to have known better than pursue the course I have taken, and I did know better. Oh, if I could plead ignorance, ignorance would be bliss. But no,—I—knew—better."

Such were the opinions which these two individuals had formed of each other, but neither expressed their private convictions.

Hartley usually made his appearance at dusk, with two or three unsold newspapers in his pocket. He would then help his mother to prepare the evening meal, purchase what was wanting for the household, trim the lamp, replenish the stove, draw Mrs. Judd's arm-chair into a warm corner, place his mother's in a comfortable position near the lamp, and his own opposite her, then draw out his papers, and read article after article, often stopping to hear his mother's comments and the pertinent remarks of Mrs. Judd, who now occasionally joined in the conversation.

The gold regions of California had just been discovered, and the newspapers teemed with flaming accounts of Eldorado.

Emigration had not yet set thitherward, with the locust swarm which it soon after assumed. Wary, practical men paused, before issuing circulars, to form joint-stock companies for sifting gold-impregnated mountains, or draining gold-bedded rivers, unable to credit or conceive the fabulous account given of the auriferous territory. Adventurers only waited to ascertain that no trick or deception was practised, before becoming wanderers to the land of hidden treasures; and when the certainty was corroborated, the rough places indeed became plain, and the solitary places became peopled like ant-hills, and the usual concomitants of the human race, those little monumental hillocks, soon strewed the path, through which the tide rushed to this land of promise.

"Oh," said Hartley, one evening, at the commencement of this furor, after finishing a glowing description of the buried treasure, "I wish I were there, that I might try my fortune. Mother, you must let me go next Spring."

"You are too young, Hartley; besides, a living can

be obtained much nearer home. What do you think of being a lawyer?"

"No, mother, a sedentary life would not suit me: I have a roving venturesome disposition. Besides, in that profession I would have to creep up, step by step, and I would require a patron, and I detest patronage. Now, mother dear, in my case, it must be but one step to independence. You must quit sewing and working your life away—California for me, mother darling." So saying, he flung his arms round his mother, and affectionately kissed her.

"There is woe denounced against him who would become suddenly rich, Hartley," said Mrs. Norman, whose motherly feelings were beginning to take alarm.

"Yes, mother, if it were merely for the sake of possessing filthy lucre that I wished to become soon rich, then I can understand why the curse was pronounced. But——"

"That cap fits me," said Mrs. Judd, in a low tone from the corner.

"If I can, I will make a good use of my wealth," said Hartley, "I care not to what amount Providence may

entrust me, provided I have grace given me to spend it aright."

"There, again," said Mrs. Judd, from her corner, in an almost inaudible voice, and without looking towards them. "Grace given to spend aright. *I* knew how to spend aright, and would not: now, I cannot."

"Then, mother, I go in for riches; you know it is only one talent more, and an acquirable one too. So, mother, it is all fixed, is it not,—next Spring?"

The mother shook her head.

Night after night was the discussion renewed, and the newspaper paragraphs headed "Latest from California," were sought out and perused with an avidity that would have surfeited uninterested persons.

Both Mrs. Norman and Hartley, were surprised at Mrs. Judd's shrewd and intelligent remarks, about this quarter of the globe. Her knowledge of locality and position, were quite startling.

"Why, Mrs. Judd," said Hartley, one evening, "from the way you talk, one would suppose you had seen those places with your own eyes."

"So I have," said she. "My husband was a seafaring

man, and traded in those waters for several years. I almost always accompanied him; so you see I have reason to know the locality well."

This was the first time she had ever alluded to her past life, and the information took both Mrs. Norman and Hartley by surprise.

"If gold had been discovered earlier, you might have been a rich woman now, Mrs. Judd," said Hartley.

"What would it avail me, if I had not the disposition to spend it aright! It would have been a curse, rather than a blessing."

"You are right, Mrs. Judd," exclaimed Mrs. Norman. "It is an awful responsibility that same gift of riches, of which few who possess it ever think; for how few use the talent in the manner that Providence intended that it should be employed. Self-gratification, and self-aggrandizement, or worse still, the mean covetous desire of hoarding, is the first, and with too many, the only, aim of wealth."

"Too true, too true," said the old woman with a deep sigh, that seemed more like a groan. "I might have known that—and I did know it."

The mainspring of Hartley's feelings was a deep and abiding love for his mother, a principle, which had grown with his growth and strengthened with his strength. His lovely, sweet-tempered, self-sacrificing mother, stood first in his eyes in the scale of human beings, and he felt that if one gleam of sunshine were to light her path in life, it must emanate from him—for he was now her only dependence. The ardent desire of rescuing her from her present irksome life, was never absent from his thoughts by day, and filled his nightly dreams with golden tints. He had long resolved upon a more manly method of gaining a living, and the sea appeared to him the avenue by which he could soonest accomplish his wishes; but the thought of leaving his mother alone, deterred him from ever broaching this subject to her. But now that Mrs. Judd had so opportunely come to live with them, this one obstacle seemed providentially removed, although he knew the latter would be but a poor substitute for the affectionate greetings of a much-loved only son.

As he was meditating upon the best way of telling his mother his hopes and wishes, the discovery of gold

in California broke upon the community with the effect of electricity; he immediately changed his plan, and determined to proceed thither as soon as possible, in search of independence for her and himself. He had early developed much clear-sighted penetration, a resolute will, and an undaunted energy, and as the time drew on for bringing his talents into play, his spirit and resolution rose equal to the task.

CHAPTER VII.

PLANS AND PROSPECTS.

THE little family were seated by the fire; the newspapers had been read and listened to. Hartley, as was his custom, began talking of the future.

"When we are rich, mother, we shall have a comfortable brick house with a garden attached. The back room we must fit up as a library, with a small conservatory adjoining. I remember how fond you used to be of pottering among the flowers of the conservatory of the old house. Whenever I could not find you in your own room, or in the parlors, I always knew where to look for you. You like blue color best, mother. The curtains of your bed-room windows shall be blue damask, and—" A glance at Mrs. Judd's countenance made him remember her lonely and unhoused condition,

for he quickly added, "and there shall be a snug neat apartment next yours, called Mrs. Judd's room." These words of Hartley's, which breathed kindness and benevolence, touched a cord long silent in the old woman's heart, and two large tears slowly gathered in her eyes and fell upon her hand.

Mrs. Norman smiled as she listened to the sanguine plans of her energetic son; but when he became too eager, and his projects assumed shape and purpose, she would stop him and say, "We will not be happier than we are now, Hartley."

"Well, it will be a different kind of happiness, mother; it will be the happiness of repose."

"Sages say the happiness of exertion is preferable."

"Those wiseacres may say just what they please, but they never toiled as you have done, or they would not compare the two states; but when I come back from California——"

"Well, my son, when you are old enough to leave me, I hope I shall have strength given me to do my duty; but you are only a child yet."

"A child in years I may be, but a man in experi-

ence of the difficulties of life," said Hartley. "Only think what we suffered two years ago. It is better now, thank heaven. Mother, you forget I am in my fifteenth year."

"Still you are too young to go away alone, to push your way in a cold unfeeling world, among wicked and designing men. Remain with me until you have more experience, and are more able to cope with those by whom you will be surrounded."

Hartley felt that the time had now come for his mother to consent to his leaving her, and braced himself for the conflict.

"It is not for myself alone, but for you, dear mother. If I wish to leave you, it is only to put an end the sooner, to the slavish life you have led for the last ten years. Mother, I am fully persuaded that I shall do well; and I promise you that as soon as I have made a fair competency, I shall come home again, and go into business here. My youth will be a protection to me; my unprotected condition will prove a benefit; my unpretending deportment will be a safeguard, where a more formidable appearance would only provoke

attack ; and Mrs. Judd has kindly promised to remain with you until my return."

"Oh, Hartley, do not think of it yet. I cannot live without you."

"Let the lad go, Mrs. Norman," exclaimed Mrs. Judd. "You cannot hope to keep him tied to your apron-strings all your days, like a girl. I prophesy that he will be as rich as Croesus yet. Let him go, if he wishes. Why fight against him? Why cripple him in his endeavors to earn fortune and fame? The lad believes it his duty to go, and it is unwise to put one stumbling-block in his way. Do not thwart the young too much. They have a destiny to dree." Soliloquizing: "Oh, that I had allowed mine, to weave his web unmolested and undisturbed; he and his, might now have risen up and called me blessed. But now what am I? A cumberer of the ground. A barren fig-tree."

"For my part," continued she, aloud, "I will do what I can for him. I have a friend or two in Central America, to whom I will give him letters of introduction, and if they do him no good, at least they

will do him no harm. It is no bad thing to have even a respectable acquaintance, in the land where gold abounds."—Muttering in desultory sentences:

"It will be a good school for him: rough training, though. He'll make a spoon or spoil a horn—the first, I guess. He is not the stuff tools and fools are made of. His step is forward, and his eye is upward and onward. I saw that years ago. He puts me in mind of my own boy at his age. He'll make a way for himself, without introductory letters or patronage of any sort. They had better not try the patronage system with him; he won't stand it. He is like a young eaglet, he'll soar; men will hear of that young bird yet; I shall not live to see it, though. He'll pursue a different course from ours; we grovelled; there is nothing grovelling about him. What a grand mistake we made; we did not understand—say, rather, we would not understand—the main end for which life is given. What a mechanical, mean piece of business we made of it. If we had it to do over again, would we manage differently? I guess not. Why? Because we would not look to the end, nor understand the true

secret of living. We might have known better—and we *did* know better all along. It is too late now—too late,” she sighed heavily.

Mrs. Norman echoed the sigh; she perceived too well the turn matters were taking, and that it would be impossible to withhold her consent to Hartley’s departure much longer, especially as Mrs. Judd had voluntarily smoothed some of the difficulties in his path, and overruled all objections.

From that night a secret understanding seemed to have arisen between Mrs. Judd and Hartley. Mrs. Norman attributed the attraction, to Hartley’s anxiety to learn the Spanish language, which Mrs. Judd spoke perfectly, and to obtain all the information possible about California, from one who had actually trodden its enchanted precincts. As the spring advanced, the intimacy rather increased than diminished, for they were often closeted together for hours at a time.

CHAPTER VIII.

AFLOAT.

HARTLEY had latterly been in the habit of frequenting the docks of the California steamers with his newspapers, so that, in a few weeks, he became familiar with their names, their captains and officers. The regularity of his appearance on the dock, the promptitude he manifested in obeying the call, and his conciliatory manner, made him a general favorite with all the captains.

"Curly-head," said Captain W. of a Chagres steamer, "bring me 'the Tribune,' 'Times,' and 'Herald' every morning by nine. Do you hear?"

"Yes, sir," was the prompt and cheerful reply, and every morning regularly, Hartley was there with his papers, until the Captain sailed.

On his return to port: "Papers, sir; papers, Captain," greeted him on putting his foot on shore.

"Ha, Curly-head, is that you? Yes, give me the evening papers, and come in the morning as usual."

Next morning the Captain, who had some moments' leisure, while Hartley folded his papers, said to him, "I dare say you make quite a good thing of it—selling papers."

"No, sir; it may suit small boys to make a few shillings a day, but it does not become a strong able-bodied lad like me, to be hawking newspapers about the streets. I cannot pursue the business much longer. I want to go to California."

"The deuce you do, who is your father?"

"I have none."

"Had you ever a mother, then?"

"My mother is a widow, and I am her only son. She works hard for a living, and I think I could do better for her and myself, if I were in California."

"It is a hard life, my boy, and I would have you take a few more years to consider the matter," said the Captain.

He sailed for Chagres without speaking again to Hartley, except to ask and pay for his papers.

Four weeks after, he heard on the dock, that Captain W.'s ship was telegraphed, and that she was coming up the bay. He waited on the dock till dusk: and again he was at Captain W.'s side, offering evening papers.

"Why, Curly-head, you seem to be always the first to greet me, and the last to lose sight of me." Hartley had taken a liking to this Captain from his frank kindly smile, and as is almost always the case, the liking was mutual.

"Come to me to-morrow morning, my boy. What is your name?"

"Hartley Norman, sir."

Hartley was there betimes, but the Captain was pre-occupied and took no notice of him. Hartley watched the ship unload, saw it reloading. He marked with a jealous eye, the industry of the hands, as with officious dexterity they expedited operations, as if they too, were anxious to be off. He was sick at heart. The love of his occupation was gone: it no longer

interested, indeed it now disgusted him, in proportion as he felt the responsibilities of life, and the necessity there was for exertion. He felt capable of better things. His usual gaiety forsook him, and he became absent and distracted. An uncontrollable impulse drew him to the dock; there, leaning his shoulder against a post, forgetting that the bundle of papers under his arm were still unsold, his whole faculties were absorbed by the desire of reaching California, where a wider field would be given to his powers of intellect, and where he hoped, by the exercise of common industry and prudence, to obtain that competency for which he sighed.

He had set his heart upon going with this Captain W. too; but how to accost him again upon the subject, without being guilty of forwardness, was occupying his mind to the exclusion of every other subject, as he leaned listlessly against the post, with a bundle of unsold newspapers under his arm.

In this attitude he was seen by Captain W., from the deck of his ship, who watched him for some time, with much interest. His fine intellectual countenance was

sad and dejected; and it seemed to the kind-hearted sailor, that something was amiss with the usually cheerful and active lad.

"Ho, Curly-head, Hartley, what do they call you? Come here."

The boy started from his reverie on hearing himself called. When he appeared upon deck, the Captain greeted him with—

"What is the matter, my lad? You seem lazy and out of sorts; your goods hang heavy on your hands this morning, I think."

"I am sick of this business, Captain; I wish I could work my way to California. I can do a good many things that would be useful to you, if you will take me."

"What does your mother say to the plan?"

"She will give her consent before I go."

"I can only take you to Chagres, my lad, but how will you get across the Isthmus? that is the rub. It takes a scientific engineer to ford that fag end of creation, being neither land nor water, but a sort of betwixt and between. They say there is a path across, but so narrow, that few have been able to find it, and many die in the attempt."

"I shall find my way across; I know I will," said Hartley.

"If that is your belief, there is no use talking any more about it," said Captain W., with a smile. "I sail day after to-morrow, at twelve o'clock: if you are determined to go, you can come aboard. I'll take you, and bring you back again, if you do not like the look of things down south."

One grateful word of thanks, and he hastily left the ship.

"One more or less is no great matter," said the Captain, "I'll lend the boy a helping hand. It does seem a pity to see such a handsome lad as he is, selling newspapers."

"The day after to-morrow—to-morrow is Sunday," thought Hartley, I must look sharp.

Sunday had always been a day of enjoyment to Mrs. Norman and Hartley. Free from labor, and, comparatively, free from care, quiet and hallowed calm, possessed their minds. In childhood, Hartley had sat at his mother's knee, and with his hand locked in hers, had lisped hymns which her lips had taught him, and had learned

the great doctrines of our creation, fall, and redemption; told with the simplicity and fervid earnestness which good mothers know to adopt; and when, as he grew older, days of darkness came upon them, how was the Sunday longed for and enjoyed, as their only reprieve from toil and vexation.

Those best know what the rest of a Sabbath means, who have little or no leisure through the week to spare from the constant wear of body and mind, "to provide things honest in the sight of all men." What a perpetual struggle life is to some. Heaven, apparently, deals out blessings to them with a niggard hand—grudgingly bestows even food, to which all who work have a right. To such life is indeed a battle—a wasting weary warfare; waged from youth to old age. With whom waged?—with the world. Yes; but who goeth a warfare at his own charges? Who cannot have for the asking, the breast-plate of faith, and the shield of the Spirit? The possessors of these gifts, spread their wings with the dawn of the blessed Sabbath, to soar heavenward from this weary scene; and when the sacred hours have passed, and they are compelled to bend their gaze

to earth again, they do so with child-like patience and gentleness, knowing that Omnipotence holds every thread of the tangled web of life. Happiness inexpressible, to be able to look up and say, with meek and holy confidence, "The Lord reigneth." "Thou hast put gladness in my heart, more than in the time that the corn and wine of the wicked abounded." And this is but a faint emblem of the rest which remaineth for the redeemed, when death opens to them the portals of Heaven, and sin and sorrow shall be for ever left far behind. Our imagination can scarcely conceive a human being thus holy. It tries to grasp the image and make something tangible; but fleeting and shadowy ideas, prey upon the dazzling, evanescent form, and consume it in its conception.

The remembrance of these Sundays, and the communion of spirits which they then enjoyed, often recurred to mother and son in after years, when separated far and wide. Sweet memories! like visions of the happiness enjoyed by the blessed above, whose shadow so seldom traverses the earth, because the world groaneth in trouble.

We will throw a veil over the parting—better imagined than described—“Body and soul must part, fond couple”—widowed mother and only son parted.

How often his morning salutation was *almost* heard—his morning kiss *almost* felt—his familiar form at the door *almost* seen, or seated upon each chair, speaking, reading, silent. Many a trick did fancy play the mother, until experience taught her, he was gone. Oh, memory! thou well-stored granary of by-gone joys. How often does the hungry heart, travel to thy treasure-house, to partake of that which will only produce famine, and a languishing for the perfect gratification of every bodily sense. Familiar intercourse produces affection and dependence. So the heart feeds upon thy dainties, O blessed fruitful memory!

CHAPTER IX.

GOES ASHORE.

AMONG the passengers landed at Chagres, in February 184— was a tall, well-formed youth, with dark, curly hair, and an open intelligent countenance. He stopped to make some inquiries at the door of the principal hotel—then started off through the brushwood in the direction leading to that part of the town occupied by the natives.

He took a deliberate survey of each hut as he passed, but none seemed to answer the description of the one he was in search of. At length he addressed in Spanish an Indian woman who was standing at the door of a hut near him, and following her directions, he ascended a knoll to the left, covered on each side of the pathway with brush and shrubbery. A few minutes' walk brought him close upon a large, superior-looking hut.

A negro, with a considerable portion of white blood in his veins, lay asleep under a tall leafy tree. Our hero (for it was he) stepped lightly up to him and surveyed him attentively. The examination seemed to satisfy some pre-conceived notions of identity, for he scrupled not to accost him, and this time he used plain English. The negro started to his feet, on hearing himself addressed—a noble specimen of his kind, tall, muscular, and well made—nearly forty years of age.

“Is your name Benbow?” said Hartley.

“That is the name by which men call me in these parts.”

“Then you are the man I am in search of—I have a letter from Mrs. Martha Judd to you.” He put his hand in his pocket and drew out two or three letters, selected one, and handed it to Benbow.

“I have been expecting you for the last two steamers,” said the negro, or rather quadroon, as he took the proffered letter and broke the seal. After reading a sentence or two, he said, “Come into my cabin, Sir. You are welcome. How is Mrs. Judd?”

Benbow's hut consisted of but one apartment, with a

partition of osier work, covered with matting, dividing off a portion. The larger apartment, into which Hartley was ushered, had some pretensions to neatness: cane seats, of various shapes and sizes, were arranged round the room: a dark-colored wooden table was in the middle, a small bookcase, consisting of three shelves, of the same dark wood, hung by cords to the wall, and was filled with well-bound books. On the opposite side of the room hung an engraving of Washington.

Benbow stepped into his smaller apartment, which might be called the kitchen, and presently returned with a small tray loaded with delicious fruits and Indian cakes, which he placed before Hartley, inviting him to eat.

While Hartley thus regaled himself, Benbow retired to read his letter—the purport of which was, to see Hartley across the Isthmus, and place him in the hands of Senor Espagne in Grenada,—to have an eye on him as long as he remained in the country, and treat him as he had formerly treated her own son.

“When will it be your pleasure to set out, Mr. Norman?” inquired Benbow, on re-entering the apartment.

“As soon as possible,” answered Hartley. “Will it

suit your convenience to leave to-morrow morning?"

"Quite convenient:—indeed I have been in readiness for several days: as these diggings are not considered quite healthy for you Northerners, and Mrs. Judd informed me you were coming, some time ago."

"Well, then, I will just write a few lines to my mother and Mrs. Judd, and inform them of my safety so far. I will return to the ship with the letter, bid good-bye to the captain, and get my traps."

"Allow me to add a few words in your letter," said Benbow, "and I shall not write again till we arrive at Grenada."

The postscript which Benbow wrote, ran thus:—

"No tidings yet—I am certain they are not in the South. I will now try the West first, and then the East."

Three handsome mules were in readiness two hours before daybreak next morning, for the journey. After partaking of some delicious coffee and tortillas, Hartley, Benbow, and an Indian, of small, but well formed stature, called Harefoot, plunged into the thick forest—following no particular pathway—the passage among the trees

being tolerably free from brush and underwood for a considerable distance. The stars, which on their first setting out shone resplendently, were now paling; the moon was just sinking behind a western mountain; and the eastern horizon was streaked with rosy red, which gradually shaded off towards the zenith, to ethereal blue. Up sprang the glad sun, whose smiling beams diffuse light and joy, over every object on which it rests. Then the lazy mist had notice to quit, which it obeyed reluctantly, assuming all sorts of fantastic shapes, hovering fondly over an old grey rock, or clasping the trunk of a gigantic tree, whose leafy top was basking in sunshine—over and anon playing hide and seek, with the river below. The morning breeze, fresh from the ocean, came sighing through the dark canopy under which they rode, breathing invigorating coolness. The birds were just beginning to tune their voices, ere breaking out into their morning hymn, and universal nature was rousing all her energies, to join in the grand chorus.

The road for the last hour had gradually ascended, and the travellers were now climbing the brow of a steep hill; a deep valley, through which rolled a noisy and impetuous

stream, lay between them and the opposite eminence over which they were to pass.

Hartley continually stopped to look at the scene before him, with feelings of admiration mingled with awe; for although brought up in a city, he had a lively sense of the grand and glorious, which in some natures is intuitive.

"Before you reach Granada you will see far grander scenery than this," said Benbow.

"That may be," said Hartley, "but first impressions are always deepest, and I shall never, never forget the scenes upon which this morning's sun rose." So with a sigh he turned and followed Benbow down the steep, regretting, that memory alone would possess all that remained of the pleasure he had experienced.

"Oh, mother," thought he, "how I wish you could have beheld that sight, fresh and bright as it was, as if warm from the Great Creator's hand."

Half an hour's careful riding down the steep declivity brought them to the edge of the river, into which the mules plunged without urging, and two hours before noon they had ascended some miles up the shoulder of the opposite mountain, when Benbow, pushing aside

some branches of the tangled brush which grew on the left of the path, struck off the track, and Hartley found himself in a leaf-embowered pathway, so thick as to be impervious to the sun's rays, which were becoming uncomfortably powerful.

The transition from light to comparative darkness, and from heat to positive coolness, was so great, that our travellers were greatly rejoiced at the relief.

Ten minutes' ride brought them to an abrupt turn in the path, which the mules took with a sudden jerk, and immediately trotted into the entrance of an immense cave.

Here they all dismounted. Harefoot led the mules to an angle of the cave, where was another outlet opening on a rich plat of ground covered with green grass, and surrounded by a hedge of cactus in full bloom. Here he left the mules to graze, and returned to help Benbow in preparing breakfast. A fire was soon kindled in one corner, and water procured from a stream that bubbled through the cave. In a short time a calabash of coffee was produced, which, with dried beef, tortillas, and fruit from the small hampers which were borne by the mules, formed a delicious repast.

The meal dispatched, Benbow swung a hammock from the roots of a tree which protruded through the crevices of the rock, into which he directed Hartley to spring. Benbow and Harefoot stretched themselves upon some dried grass, and soon gave audible proofs of their transportation to the land of Nod.

The sun was midway down the western horizon, when the travellers awoke. A few minutes sufficed to catch and saddle the mules and resume their journey.

The route up the mountain was steep and rugged, and their whole attention was required to guide their mules, but towards sundown the travellers gained a flat table land, which stretched for some miles in front.

Hartley now placed himself by Benbow's side, and entered into conversation, which, from the difficulties of the path, had been almost suspended. He was naturally desirous of learning what sort of a person Senor Espagne was, to whom he had been, in a measure, consigned by Mrs. Judd; so, like an open, sensible youth, as he was, without any beating round the bush, he inquired of Benbow what reputation Senor Espagne bore in the city of Grenada.

"He is one of its wealthiest merchants, and his family is the oldest and proudest in Central America," answered Benbow.

"Yes, I am aware of that, but what standing does he take among men—oldest and proudest of families means nothing. Is he a gentleman? In short, is he churlish or liberal?"

"He is unmistakably a gentleman, and one of the first water too."

"So Mrs. Judd informed me. I supposed, as he belongs to one of the first families in the country, he would be a haughty, domineering despot."

"He is Spaniard, and therefore reserved," said Benbow, "but I am certain you will find him neither haughty nor domineering."

These snatches of information did not satisfy this youth, who had never been consigned to any stranger before, and was naturally a little nervous on the subject. Senor Espagne filled his imagination, as well as his cooler thoughts. Nothing but a full and particular account of his disposition, his capacity, his faults and failings, his whims and caprices, if he had any, could satisfy him.

"He is a Spaniard, and therefore reserved; not very satisfactory that," thought he. "I will try what beating round the bush will effect—a little cross-questioning may produce something more to the purpose."

"Are you a native of Central America?" inquired Hartley.

"No, young sir; I was born on a plantation in South Carolina."

"You emigrated here then?"

"No, I did not, I absconded—vulgarly called run away."

This was a poser. All Hartley's self-possession was entirely put to the rout. A long silence ensued, which was broken by Benbow.

"Did Mrs. Judd not tell you my history?"

"No," answered Hartley. "She only told me to trust you implicitly."

Another long silence.

"I *will* do it—who knows of what benefit it may be," soliloquized Benbow, and turning to Hartley, he said: "It is good moonlight, and we have a straight path before us of some miles, would you like to hear the

story of a runaway slave, to enliven the journey. It is not a very dainty dish to set before you, I must confess, but I offer it for want of better entertainment—I"—

Hartley expressed his wish to know his story, hoping to hear something that would bear upon Senor Espagne, the great autocrat of his waking thoughts, and the bug-bear of his dreams.

"As I said before, I was born on a plantation in South Carolina, and being a favorite with my master, he had me brought up and educated with his only son, who was of the same age. This son died at the age of twenty, of consumption—and the following year he died himself. I was inconsolable for his loss, being devotedly attached to him. In him I lost all I had on earth—master, friend, benefactor. A few days previous to his death, he wrote a letter to his nephew, who was a northern man, and his heir, desiring him to present me, and two female domestic slaves, with our free papers, and send us to Liberia. My master desired me to read the letter he had just written to him, for fear there should be any mistake—all was clear and comprehensible. He then requested me to seal it and place

it beside his will and other important papers in his secretary and lock it—all which I did in his presence.

“Two days after my kind master died, his nephew arrived from the North, accompanied by an attorney.

“I immediately presented him with the keys of the secretary, and he with the lawyer closeted themselves together for some hours.

“I had acted as head clerk on the estate, and was acquainted with all my master's affairs—as I answered and copied most of his correspondence—and several times they had recourse to me for information with regard to papers, etc.; but I soon perceived a marked change in the nephew's deportment towards me. Black looks, and gruff language, were all I received for attention to his comfort. I took it very ill, for I had never received an unkind look from my own master all my life, unless I deserved it. But the cause was soon apparent—and to make a long story short, the two women and myself were sold at Charleston as common slaves, one week after we had buried our dear master.

“One of the two women had acted as house-keeper after the death of my mistress, and to her I

became attached. It was agreed between us, that we should get married, before setting out for our homes in Liberia.

"You cannot conceive the rage and disappointment I experienced, when I found we were to be separated and sold. Although fifteen years have come and gone since that day—I shall remember it, ay, if I live to the age of Methuselah.

"This deed of injustice and tyranny had a bad effect on my disposition. I became so intolerably wicked, that I was a burden to myself, and a source of annoyance to all around me. I lived the life of the cursed upon earth, and indulged the feelings of a demon. It was some years ere I could kiss the rod that chastened me. But until that lesson was learned, memory must be extinguished within me, before I cease to regret my deep-dyed enormities—all the more flagrant, because I sinned against light, as I had been taught, and knew better."

Benbow remained silent for some time, and Hartley, unwilling to interrupt him, allowed him to indulge in his reverie. At length he said,

"Did you ever know what became of the girl?"

"You shall hear.

"Until the light broke in upon my benighted mind, that there is One above, who overrules every event for good, there was no wickedness I would not willingly have perpetrated. I hated my new master with intense hatred. I could have killed him with pleasure, and had even laid plans to accomplish this—when by some accident, I found out that he was very unhappy—he was miserable. The cause of his misery is of no consequence here,—but strange as it may appear, that discovery saved him, and prevented me from becoming a murderer.

"I knew that life to him was for ever embittered—so I was determined he should live. At the same time, I resolved to be as idle as possible, and he, on the other hand, was determined to have his value out of me, in some way or other—so that seldom a day passed that punishment did not await me. Each was leagued against the other, and the strife between us was continual. It was hard to tell which of us was worst—determined insubordination on my part, or heartless selfishness on the part of my master.

"Things had arrived at such a pitch, that I was

determined he should mourn my loss, either dead or alive.

“One day I made one of a gang, employed in loading a brig with provisions, lying in Charleston harbor. She was bound south, and was to sail next tide. Now or never, thought I. I wheeled the last barrel on board, as they were weighing the anchor, and the overseer was standing on the quay waiting to hound us to our lairs. It was almost dark, and he called us to jump ashore, which we did, walking quietly along towards our homes.

“On the corner of the first street we passed a few laborers, who had congregated there. I dodged behind them and walked slowly back to the quay, as if I had been told to do so. I jumped on board, and quietly seizing a rope, let myself down into the water. I knew there would be a hue and cry after me in a few minutes, and so I lay under the shadow of the boat at the stern of the brig, listening to the sailors weighing the anchor, which I thought was an everlasting operation.

“In half an hour, the overseer, followed by five or six of my fellow-slaves, arrived on the quay, and asked Captain Judd, the owner of the brig, if he had seen me.

He answered truly, in the negative, as he and the mate were below, when I went aboard, and the men were too busy to notice me. But the overseer insisted upon going on board to search. He looked fore and aft, below and above, and, before leaving, he looked over the sides. For one moment I thought he recognised me, for I saw the gleaming of his eyes. Woe had been to me if I had moved a muscle, or winked an eyelid.

“He left, the anchor was weighed, and the brig stood out to sea. By means of a rope, which was accidentally left attached to the little boat, and by which I let myself down, I held on for some time; but, finding that the force with which I was dragged through the water was exhausting, I cautiously lifted myself into the boat, and, lying down, soon fell asleep.

“About the middle of the second watch, I awoke: it was clear moonlight. The lighthouses were becoming mere specks, and the receding shore was dim. Two men were on watch pacing the deck, and one was at the wheel. I resolved to keep quiet until the master came from below, and so resumed my position at the bottom of the boat.

"Next morning, when discovery became unavoidable, I stepped upon deck as the captain was coming forward.

"In answer to his questioning I told him the truth; that I had run off from my master. He appeared very angry at first, and told me he must put back and deliver me up; that, unless he did so, he would be severely handled on his return to Charleston, for abetting a runaway slave.

"I told him if he was determined to give me up, that I would escape again, the first opportunity, or die in the attempt. But that, if he would employ me as a free man, I would ask little or no wages, and serve him faithfully.

"He left the deck for a minute, and going below, returned in a few minutes with his wife, who, from the first, felt favorably disposed towards me; but it would not have been politic in them to have yielded all at once. From my knowledge of human nature, I soon perceived that they were very well pleased at this addition to their crew.

"The captain commanded me to go aft, in a very rough tone, and not let him see my face again. At the

same time, the cook had private orders to supply me with a good breakfast, which was very acceptable, as I had had nothing to eat from noon the day previous.

"A new epoch now dawned upon me; my disposition changed for the better; my sulky, dogged temper fell from me, as the caterpillar doffs his chrysalis and dons his wings. I was obliging and grateful to everybody, and soon became a favorite. My allotted task was assigned me, which I quickly learned to perform satisfactorily.

"At length we arrived at the mouth of the Partook river, which I found was the destination of the brig, whither she was bound for a cargo of mahogany.

"The day before landing, Captain Judd called me forward and asked me if I were willing to make one of a party of mahogany cutters, which he was going to take some miles up the river.

"I immediately signified my willingness to go.

"'In that case,' said he, 'I will entrust you with heading the gang: your intelligence and sagacity will soon supply any deficiency of experience. The land which I have purchased the privilege of cutting, is

between forty and fifty miles from the mouth of the river Partook, on one of its tributaries. Serve me faithfully, and I will reward you liberally.'

"There was something so flattering in the confidence that Captain Judd was about to repose in me, that I felt quite elated. The undertaking also pleased me—it smacked of freedom. Savage mutiny and despair no longer controlled me. Yes, I *would* serve him faithfully, and work diligently, because he had flattered my self-esteem—he trusted me almost untried.

"Leaving Mrs. Judd and the mate at the mouth of the river, in charge of the brig, the Captain, myself, and a gang of twenty-five negroes, piloted by a young Indian, who joined us at the mouth of the river—our friend Harefoot there—embarked in small canoes, or dug-outs, and pursued our course up the river for several days. Sometimes we were obliged to land, and drag our craft through the matted and tangled wilderness, to avoid the rapids; at other times we paddled along under the thick foliage of overhanging trees, which formed a complete arch over our heads.

"On the fifth day we landed at the foot of a high

mountain, covered with thick impenetrable woods. A track was soon cleared for a considerable way up the mountain, where we pitched our tents, and erected huts for the laborers.

"Next day, Captain Judd and myself, marked the trees in our vicinity, and the chopping began. The effect was magical. Nature's solitudes seemed all at once peopled with innumerable inhabitants: the blows dealt by the muscular arm of the woodsman, were re-echoed incessantly by the surrounding mountains, and the affrighted beasts and birds fled from their lairs and nests, into those deeper recesses of the forest, where the foot of man has not yet obtruded.

"Our tale of timber was nearly completed. Captain Judd had returned to the brig, for a supply of provisions and more hands to assist in conducting the rafts on the river, leaving me in charge of the gang. He had been absent more than a week. During this time, I had employed the men in clearing a track to the river's edge. This done, the dragging and rolling of the timber commenced, and the work was progressing with great activity.

"One afternoon I had strayed from the party for a short distance into the wood, cleaving and hacking the tangled bushes that came in my way, more for sport than with any fixed intention. The wild animals, disturbed by my presence, stared at me for a moment, then turned and fled.

"Suddenly I became aware that I was standing on the edge of a precipice that overhung a deep gully. Long pendent vines, interspersed with rare and nameless flowers, drooped over the cliff to the depth of thirty or forty feet. The gigantic roots of the trees, which grew on the edge of the precipice, and fantastically protruded from the soil, served me as stepping-places, and holding on to the limbs and roots, I descended for fifty or sixty feet; when, looking up from my hanging position, I became aware that the rock over which I was partially suspended, was striped like a leopard, with broad streaks of shining yellow gold—the soil having fallen from the edge of the cliff, disclosing the precious ore.

"I took my knife from my belt, and leaning forward, scraped and cut away some of the creeping vines from the surface of the rock: there were the broad streams of

ore, mixed with the quartz and granite of which the rock was composed, and no mistake.

"I was no way elated by this disclosure, for cupidity was never my besetting sin ; but the spirit of discovery seized me, and I never rested, until I swung myself from branch to branch or slid from one rugged declivity to another, until I reached the bottom of the gully.

"A very little reflection showed me, that I had fallen on an old mine, evidently long abandoned—that much art had been used in concealing it—and that nature had soon perfected, what art had left undone. The size of some of the timber trees growing out of this excavation was gigantic, and must have taken between two and three centuries to reach the state of perfection in which I found them, even in this luxuriantly fertile, and preciously-maturing climate.

"I had sagacity enough to perceive that an effort had been made to conceal the mouth of the excavation by throwing up earth, which was covered with long grass matted shrubs, and brushwood, with here and there an immense tree, clustered with parasites, whose tendrils hung from the branches, to the ground in graceful festoons.

"I scrambled over all impediments, and found myself in an extensive concave hollow, where the rock overhead was striped with the ore, varying in breadth from half an inch to two inches in thickness. I dashed a piece of stone against a small angle on the outer edge of the excavation, and breaking off about a foot of the ledge, I soon beat the rock from the metal, and there remained in my hands a wedge of gold, with very little impurity, six inches long and from half an inch to an inch thick. This I secured about my person, and then thought of rejoining my charge. Finding it impossible to mount the ladder by which I descended, I was obliged to make a considerable circuit round the mountain, which I accomplished with difficulty,—so that it was nearly dark when I arrived at the clearing.

"The gang were in great consternation at my prolonged absence. Some had entered the bush in search of me,—and one of them (Harefoot) had actually struck upon my track. I blew my conch, and in fifteen minutes, all were assembled around me. I told them that I had entered the bush, and had to make a considerable circuit, ere I could find my way back.

"As I was falling asleep that night, Harefoot touched my arm and told me, that, while following my trail in the bush, he had struck upon a vein of gold, richer than any he had ever seen in the country, although he had seen a good many. I told him that I too had discovered it, and that, examining it had caused my detention. I requested him to conceal what he had just communicated to me, until the arrival of the Captain, and that we would then consult what was best to be done.

"I had taken a liking to this Indian from the first day of our acquaintance, and the magnetic feeling was sympathetic, for he lost no opportunity of manifesting a kindly disposition towards me, and subsequent events have amply proved his sincerity, and tried his fidelity.

"'What need telling the white man of our treasure,'" said Harefoot, "'we point to a good, they push us aside and seize it, and never say 'thank you.' They make us their hewers of wood, and drawers of water, they make stepping-stones of us to mount to fortune and then spurn us from them, like dross; nay, more, they have all but exterminated our race; they have left us few and feeble. We are like chaff before them, or stubble under their

feet. And what have they done for your race, I should like to know, that you should league yourself to them? Have not they made you their beasts of burden,—bought and sold you, like cattle in the shambles?"

"In few words, I explained to the excited man, the obligations I was under to Captain Judd, and that gratitude alone would make me keep faith with him. He understood me immediately, and no longer objected. Besides, continued I, we will make a fair bargain with him, and have equal shares, so that there can be no over-reaching.

"When Captain Judd arrived at the clearing, he found the timber all dragged to the water's edge and ready to be launched. Orders were immediately given to tumble in the logs for the first raft, they having been previously plugged and secured. Another raft was to follow in the morning, and while the woodsmen were busy plugging, I took an opportunity to whisper to the Captain, the discovery that had been made by the Indian and myself.

"It was astonishing to see with what celerity, he caught the meaning of my communication; a hint was enough.

He eagerly requested to be shown the spot. I beckoned Harefoot from the gang, and told him to guide the master to the hill. They were absent some hours. When they reappeared, Judd was pale and nervous; his eye was restless, and he spoke incoherently, as if his tongue were parched. In short, he was in a high fever of excitement, and for a time, had lost entirely command of himself.

"The second raft was plunged into the river, and some of the gang were about stepping into their canoes, to conduct it to the mouth of the river, when the Captain called out to stop. 'Tell Mrs. Judd to return up the river with you. No,' said he, 'that will not do; I must write; wait a few minutes.' He took writing materials from his pocket and commenced a letter to his wife, but, his hand trembled so, it was impossible for him to hold a pen. After many fruitless efforts, he called me into the hut, and told me to write to his wife, requesting her to return with the woodsmen, and bring such materials as I knew we would require in our new operation of mining. This letter was given to the head man conducting the raft, who was ordered to give the

timber in charge of the mate, and return immediately with Mrs. Judd.

“It was curious to note the different effects the discovery of this mine of wealth produced upon us three men, representatives of the white, black, and red races.

“Harefoot, the Indian, looked at it with cold indifference. He valued the treasure only because the white man valued and coveted it, and all he could keep from him, he would. Intrinsically, it was, to him, like so much dross; he could not eat it, he could not drink it, it could not warm his body if he were cold, and nature had given him no other wants.

“I, the negro, brought up and educated by and with the white man, duly appreciated and clearly comprehended the value of the great lever for obtaining power; but, being of the proscribed race, the bauble would never be within my grasp, were I to become as rich as Croesus.

“But, even to me, riches was by no means a despicable good; for, whatever people may say, there is a mighty difference between a rich negro and a poor one, although no candidate for worldly honors. Therefore, I

was content to be rich—yes—content, I think, that is the word that conveys my feelings.

“On the other hand, the white man, with all the strength of his moral and intellectual capabilities, comprehending the high destiny that ultimately awaits him, as ruler of all the races of men on this terrestrial globe, gave to the agent thus thrown into his lap, an undue preponderance. He virtually made a God of the instrument, fell prostrate and worshipped it. He literally cleaved to the dust (gold dust, to be sure), and became earthly. He lost sight of the great good—the means to the end.

“In less than a week, all the timber was launched, and the woodsmen gone, Captain Judd, Harefoot, and myself, stood on the bank, watching the progress of the last raft, until a bend of the river hid it from our sight.

“‘Now for the diggings,’” exclaimed Captain Judd, with a shout of ecstasy, none the less genuine, from being long suppressed.

“A compact had been entered into, that each was to receive a third of the net produce, which compact was faithfully kept, and ere Mrs. Judd arrived, we had

dug out some sackfuls of rich ore with very little alloy, smashing and bruising the quartz from around it, as we best could without proper tools.

"Ere the rainy season had commenced, we had collected countless wealth; but to the white man alone, it brought anxiety.

"The Indian, totally unacquainted with, and indifferent to, the conventionalities of civilized society, and the immense preponderance which the possession of wealth gives to individuals in the body politic, watched Captain and Mrs. Judd's care and anxiety on its account, with all the curiosity and wonder, which he would have bestowed, on discovering an unknown species of animal, or an unobserved trait or instinct, in a familiar one.

"Canoes were freighted with Captain Judd's and my portion of the precious ore, and deposited in the brig. We bade adieu to Harefoot with many kind wishes, and set sail for North America.

"Never did a voyage create so much anxiety. Life seemed cheap—even worthless in comparison to the safety of the gold. Captain Judd seldom slept—when he did snatch a few minutes' rest—(if uneasy half-con-

sciousness might be called rest), Mrs. Judd took her watch on deck.

"We arrived safely in New Orleans. A part of our gold was exchanged for bonds. I immediately sent a draft, to the full amount of my purchase money, to my former master in Charleston, and received my free papers in return. Thus I became an honest man, and a free one to boot.

"Philadelphia was the next port we made, where another portion of the gold was sold, and lastly Boston was reached, in which city, the Judds took up their permanent residence.

"To speak truly, I must now make some severe, although just strictures, on the conduct of Mrs. Judd at this time—for the arrows of her folly have entered her soul, and the barb will only leave her, when she enters eternity. But I must postpone the remainder of my narrative, for here is our resting-place for to-night. If you feel enough interested I will resume the thread of my story in the morning."



CHAPTER X.

MOUNTING THE HIGH HORSE.

Memory! Thy reign
Nor place can fix, nor power restrain,
All, all is thine.

WHILE our travellers are slumbering away the fatigues of the journey, let us take a retrospective glance of a life of fifty years. To the old, what a short, shadowy, misty dream, is that told tale; the warm hopes of youth long vanished—like the golden tinted clouds of a summer sunset—into impenetrable night; its towering ambition crumbled into dust and ashes. Their rôle among the living has nearly been acted out. Then rises the moonlight of memory on the night of life. The mind's eye turned inward, beholds the world of shades, peopled with kindred, friends, and foes. Their dead rise before

them, and their converse is with them. Who can meet their dead, even in memory, without some feelings of regret?—the scenes of mirth, and the scenes of sadness, in which they played conspicuous parts. How many pious and kind exhortations neglected,—how many duties omitted,—how many harsh words regretted,—how many meannesses committed—what shame and contrition of heart experienced, when thy dark curtain is unfolded.

Oh, memory! Who will dare sing thy pleasures? Even the pardoned, and those to whom no iniquity will be imputed, must stand silent and abashed, before thy all-penetrating, yet dim light.

Time shrinks into insignificance; its perishability is written on its pale, withered face. It is. It was. Time shall be no more. But the awful Past, recorded in the Book of Life, of whose pages we have faint, but perfect glimpses, from the dim lighted mirror of memory—shall stand out for ever in terrible reality. Therefore

“’Tis greatly wise to talk with our past hours,
And ask them what report they bear to heaven.”

Fifty years ago there lived on the confines of one of the thriving towns of Massachusetts, an honest and industrious pair. The husband, combining the lucrative trades of carpenter and farmer, had contrived to amass quite a fortune. The owner of ten thousand dollars, was looked upon in those days, as a sort of Hero, and worshipped accordingly. What a primitive, know-nothing, sort of people, our fathers must have been. Thank our stars, we know better! Ten thousand dollars! A sum to starve upon—a mere nothing. It would not keep one of *us* in cigars and white kids, much less an Avenue belle, in silk trains, and Lawson's bonnets.

The wife of Amos Macmurtrie, contributed her share towards the accumulation of this envied hoard. She kept three cows, whose milk and butter she sold for cash—no barter. She spun and knitted the yarn, produced by six sheep. She had a dozen fowls, whose eggs she bartered at a neighboring grocery, for tea and sugar, with which the family were regaled on Sundays as a treat. By such acts of frugality and industry, Mrs. Macmurtrie contrived to add no small share to the little heap.

An only daughter was the offspring of this worthy couple, and heiress of all their treasured wealth.

After a life unmarked by any event, except the accumulation of cents into dollars—dollars into tens—and tens into hundreds—death came to Amos Macmurtrie and Martha, his wife, within a few months of each other; and Martha, the daughter, found herself an orphan and an heiress of ten thousand dollars, and a farm of one hundred and ten acres, at the age of twenty-one.

The importance attending her situation, soon made itself manifest. Suitors sprang up like mushrooms, and their name was legion. But Martha, although naturally strong-minded, had one controlling weakness. The absurdities of the newly rich are always more glaring than those of habitués.

Martha's ruling passion was ambition. She believed herself competent to sit on the top bough of the social tree, and play her part with eclat, if not with dignity; but how to attain her end, was a problem she had not yet been able to solve, for her admirers were all of her own sphere in life, and therefore incompetent to act as partner in the brilliant rôle for which she believed her-

self destined, and they were consequently rejected. The only semblance of a gentleman of leisure in the parish, had remained impervious to all her efforts of attraction. For a whole year she had displayed costly dresses, flashy bonnets, and spurious jewelry, with a profusion that would have been triumphant with any ordinary girl of even moderate abilities. But Martha, had a tall, showy figure, and handsome features, with a dash of confidence in her bearing, that attracted the admiration of every youth in the parish church, except the one she wished to captivate.

At length, finding all efforts vain in that quarter, she resolved to bestow her hand, and her ten thousand dollars on Tony Judd, a good-natured, good-looking young sailor, mate of a brig which sailed out of Boston.

Tony's acquaintances congratulated him on his good fortune, but he himself was not quite so clear about it. He thought he saw as through a glass, darkly—a woman's-right woman; that is, being interpreted according to Tony,—a woman who would not allow her husband to smoke a cigar quietly, nor put his feet on a chair, nor wear a night cap, nor read *Punch*, nor Mrs.

Candle; and as for stepping out in the evening to have a pleasant chat with a neighbor, that would be considered high treason—to dare to presume to be happy in his own way, as the sin that can never be pardoned. In short, a woman who believed in petticoat government, and women who rule, are generally despots. All this was mirrored in the future, yet he could not resist the temptation of being master of a vessel. No use trying. It was impossible. “Some men have sold themselves for a smaller price than a captaincy,” thought he: “some have gone dirt cheap in comparison. Bumble, the beadle, for instance, who sold himself for six tea-spoons, a pair of sugar-tongs, a milkpot, a small quantity of second-hand furniture, and twenty pounds in money: a captaincy of a brig, is a lordship in comparison!”

So reasoned Tony; and he became the husband of Martha Macmurtrie, and captain of the brig “Martha,” which traded between Boston, Philadelphia, and Charleston.

Tony made several successful voyages, and, in a few years, doubled his capital. But his domestic presentiments were too soon realized: it was in vain he strove

for the mastery. He was like a fly in a spider's net; every struggle but rendered his thralldom more complete.

"I am the bee that made the honey," exclaimed Mrs. Martha, in one of their many altercations, "and I'll thank you to remember that."

"That may be," answered Tony; "but I am head bumble for all that."

"You head bumble," retorts spoza, in no gentle tones; "I should like to know wherein your head bumbleship consisted, before I made you captain of a brig?"

"I am going to sell the brig, Martha," said Tony, in a conciliatory manner, "and buy a ship. My profits will enable me to extend my business, and——"

"I think you might ask my leave to sell the brig, and *our* profits would sound better out of your mouth: a little modesty in addressing *me* would not be amiss."

"Well, anything you like;" answered the husband, and gave in for the ninety-ninth time.

The ship was purchased, and Tony took more distant voyages, and stayed longer from home; but even of this miserable comfort, he was deprived in a few years. Mrs. Judd sent her only son to school, broke up housekeep-

ing, rented her farm, and to save the expenses of boarding, went to sea with her husband.

Poor Tony, how dearly you paid for that whistle! The captaincy of that brig was the death-warrant of your liberty. After a few desperate struggles, he gave up the contest in disgust, and even on his own quarter-deck, Martha was head captain. It was curious to watch his dying struggles.

"Martha, I think I shall 'bout ship.'" They were doubling Cape Horn.

"Why?" she asked.

"We are running too far to leeward."

Tony, foolish man, had taught his wife navigation, as a pastime, in the first days of their wedded life; little thinking this knowledge would be used as an engine for his subjugation. She could take solar and lunar observations, as well as any man in the ship.

Martha walked upon deck, ascertained for herself, and the ship was tacked.

"The men have been wet through, for the last forty-eight hours: a glass of rum would put life into them, Martha."

"Not one drop shall they have, rest assured of that."

Thanks to that facile, servile slave, called "Habit," that keeps at our elbows all our life, like a second self, smoothing the disagreeables of life, Tony became accustomed to his chains, and even enjoyed life after his own fashion. He had a mate called Jim Wilson. Tony and Jim were neighbors' sons; they had played together, had gone to school together, had gone to sea together; but they did not marry heiresses together: here the similarity of their fortunes ceased. When Tony married, Jim figured as groomsman. When Tony became a captain, Jim became his mate.

Until now, these friends had enjoyed perfect unanimity and equality, but by this last turn in the wheel of fortune, Tony gained a decided preponderance in his favor. For some time no change was observed in Tony's conduct towards his mate; but presently, there was a slightly perceptible drawing up, on his approach.

Jim, in the simplicity of his heart, would sometimes address his captain, in the old familiar way; for, it is difficult to break a long contracted custom.

"Shall I hoist the spanker, Tony?" asked Jim.

"*Mr. Judd* out of your mouth, *now*, any way."

Jim stared at the consequential air, his former chum had assumed. But that was the last time Jim Tonyed his captain.

Mr. Judd, domineered over by Captain Martha, in his turn played the tyrant to his mate Jim: but here the tyranny ended; for the men did their duty under the quiet, but steady control of the latter. Jim was a sensible man, not given to ride a high horse. Had he married the heiress and become the captain, would he have mounted one? More than probable—it runs in the human family, like wooden legs—so Jack says.

CHAPTER XI.

"SHUNS FANCIED ILLS—CHASES AIRY GOOD."

NEXT morning, two hours before dawn, the travellers were on the *qui vive*, and at those intervals when the evenness of the road allowed, the history of the Judd family was resumed.

"When Mrs. Judd arrived at the diggings, and the immense treasure chest was disclosed to her view, one wild gleam of joy shot from her eyes, and then all was still and calm. Like deep water, which runs smooth, no outward demonstration, marked the intense gratification she felt: yet the undercurrent of her thoughts was agitated by the schemes of ambition she was planning. By this sudden acquisition of wealth, her most sanguine wishes were all at once realized; her sphere of action became immensely enlarged; her brightest dreams of

aggrandizement were fulfilled. She saw herself at the pinnacle of society, receiving homage from all who had not, like her, reached the goal.

"Mrs. Judd (for the captain was of the Potiphar order, a mere cipher in the body politic) launched out into what is called fashionable society; that is to say, she gave dinners, and parties, and balls; whose magnificence far outshone anything ever seen in our fast living, blindly speculating, and thoughtlessly extravagant age. Hosts of dear friends, the usual concomitants of wealth, flocked in upon her from all quarters, so that, even she was astonished at the number who were ready to do her homage.

"Yet all were curious to peer into the source of so much wealth. Some wondered if it were real; some if it would last; and many did not scruple to prophesy that it would soon take wings, and that some morning they would wake and find the Judd establishment missing, like Aladdin's palace. But no, the fine house remained stationary; neither did the horses and equipages prove myths, at twelve o'clock at night, for they were seen as large as life, at one and two in the morning, returning

with their mistress from balls and parties. Everything appeared tangible and substantial, so that the Sauls who dared to range themselves among the prophets, were fairly confounded.

"The old and respectable families in the neighborhood, began to think that an alliance with young Judd, the sole heir of so much wealth, would be a profitable speculation; and, as a preliminary step, the papas and mammas of marriageable daughters, became very dear friends of Mr. and Mrs. Judd. Where interest or ambition have ends to gain, it is astonishing to find into what narrow compass, pride can be squeezed and put into the pocket; and pedigree, is decidedly below par, when the family tree requires digging round and enriching with gold guano.

"Mrs. Judd's towering ambition was gratified. The Stourtevant, the oldest and proudest family in the country, courted an alliance with hers. This was the only thing wanted (as she informed her husband) to give solidity to their position in society.

"But the perversity of mankind, and especially of womankind (who can never let *well alone*), is extraordinary.

"One morning, Mrs. Judd astonished her husband by proposing another voyage to the Partook. The captain accepted the proposal with alacrity; it was just what he wished. He had long been heartily tired of the luxury and indolence which surrounded him, and any change would have been hailed with delight. That enterprise pleased him particularly, although he well knew that, had he been the first to propose such an expedition, the proposition would have met with a decided negative.

"It has been remarked by the keenest observers of human nature, that those who have once entered the seducing path of gold hunting, find it impossible to return to the sober ways of social life. Their better judgment is warped, their imaginations become diseased, and visions of the glittering metal are for ever before their eyes.

"But increase of wealth was not the only, although certainly the principal motive Mrs. Judd had in view by this voyage. Increase of power also actuated her. By appearing indifferent to the Stourtevant connexion she knew she would only be courted the more, and her importance enhanced accordingly.

"Young Judd, who was to accompany his parents, had private instructions from his mother, to go so far and no further, in his relations with Miss Stourtevant. 'Keep the family in tow, my son, until we look about us a little. Be polite and attentive, and all that sort of thing, but remember, no engagement, until we return from the south in the spring.'

"I was in the south, on private business, while these transactions were taking place in Boston. The truth is, I was endeavoring to find out the person who bought Rachel; resolving, if she were single, to procure her freedom, marry her, and settle among our own people. But all I could learn from her friends was, that she was bought by a Spaniard, and taken down south. I wandered about New Orleans for months; I spent three years in the different cities and towns of Mexico; but my search was in vain.

"During this time, I wrote occasionally to the Judds, and they to me. I was roving through Texas, when a letter from Mrs. Judd reached me, informing me of their intended voyage to the Partook, and requesting me to meet them in New Orleans. I believe that I felt glad at

the proposed expedition ; not that I desired more wealth, for I had more than I knew well what to do with ; but I was tired wandering up and down upon the earth, like a vagabond, without any fixed object or plan. I have heard of one Coelebs in search of a wife, with what success I never learned, but I am sure his wanderings never equalled mine ; and hitherto, my labor has all been in vain. It is strange, that none but the one real object of the affections, can ever satisfy the heart.

"I met the Judds in New Orleans, and in due time we anchored in the Partook. Harefoot was found, and, in company, we ascended the river as before. Huts were erected and operations began.

"It was not to be supposed, that young Judd, whose surname was Antony, from the fashionable education he had received, was going to dig and drudge in a mine, even although that mine was a golden one. He declared that 'he came for amusement, and amusement he must have. His father might grub, but he was not born for any such low work. The gymnasium was his proper exercise.' His mother laughed at his high spirit ; 'a sure criterion of a high destiny,' she said. Poor woman!

"He and I scoured the country round with our guns, in search of game. Such a life suited me, as I was miserable when at rest. Two or three weeks had been spent in this manner, when one morning, deviating from our usual path, we suddenly emerged from the wood and came upon a large Hacienda. A shallow stream almost encircled the extensive lawn, which was dotted here and there with magnificent forest trees. Cattle reclined under their shade, or fed leisurely on the green park. At the foot of a hill, which rose abruptly to the south, a short distance from the house, reclined a Spanish girl, and at her feet was seated a young Quadroon, sewing.

"Antony's attention was immediately fixed on the young lady, and he was already ruminating on the best manner of getting up a little innocent flirtation, *pour passer le temps*, as he expressed himself. While still looking at her, he addressed a question to me about the best way of introducing himself to her, when, receiving no answer, he looked towards me. I had, for a minute, lost all consciousness.

"My eyes were distended, and my face had become perfectly pale—almost white. This change of counte-

nance, in one of my complexion, startled Antony to such a degree (for he had never seen a colored man greatly moved before), that some moments elapsed before he found language to ask the cause of my perturbation.

“‘It is she!’ I exclaimed! ‘It is Rachel. I would know her among a thousand.’

“‘Who the deuce do you mean?’ inquired young Judd. An explanation was given in a few words.

“Thus accidentally, as it were, I recovered my long lost girl, whom, but an hour before, I despaired of ever seeing again. Since that time I have acknowledged and adored the inscrutable ways of Providence in men’s affairs; and although more than ten years have passed, since I again lost sight of her, and no trace of her whereabouts can be discovered, yet the former feeling of despair has never returned.”

“What! was she sold again?” exclaimed Hartley.

“No; not that. It is a dark and melancholy story. I wish it were told, since I have set myself to the task.

“I soon contrived to let Rachel know that I was in her vicinity. I will pass over our meeting, and confine myself to the essential parts of the story.

"By her means, Antony Judd frequently met the young Senora Espagne, and a very short time sufficed to convince him, that the innocent flirtation he had promised himself, was becoming a serious *affaire du cœur*.

"The young lady had been educated in a New York seminary, and was very prepossessing in person and manners. Young Judd's personal appearance was showy, and his conversation lively; totally different from the stately reserve of the native Spaniards, by whom she was surrounded, so that the affection became mutual.

"Antony saw with alarm, every evening on his return to the mine, the progress the gold diggers were making, in the heaps of metal lying ready to be transported to the ship. He requested me to say nothing to his mother about either the Senora or Rachel; so that it was not until the day fixed by the miners for departure, that he told his mother he had set his affections upon a young Spanish lady of noble birth, the daughter of the gentleman who owned the property from which they were digging the gold.

"Nothing can exceed the dismay and astonishment of Mrs. Judd, when her son made this declaration. All her

deep laid schemes frustrated just as they were about to be realized. The quarrel between them became violent. Fixed determination on the one hand, and disappointed ambition on the other, lent keenness to the contest.

“‘Marry a Spaniard—a foreigner—a nobody!’ said Mrs. Judd, with an expression of great disgust.

“‘There you are’ mistaken; she is somebody; she owns the mines of wealth out of which we have been helping ourselves without permission. And who are we, pray, that we should give ourselves such airs, and turn up our noses at a noble Spaniard?’ said Antony, getting greatly excited.

“‘Ungrateful boy! But you shall not marry her. You shall marry a Stourtevant, and found a family; upon that I am determined; so say no more on the subject.’

“‘I may found a family, but it will be in alliance with the Senora Hinda Espagne of Honduras, Central America—not with the daughter of an emigrant Dutchman.’

“‘For what have I been toiling for the last twenty years of my life but for your aggrandizement? For whom have I been planning (the father was out of the

question), but for your advancement in the world. With our immense wealth, and the Stourtevant influence, you might aspire to the highest position in our country, even the Presidency itself, through time. Marry a Spaniard! I will never consent to it—never! No Spanish wife shall ever be acknowledged by me,' said the infuriated mother. 'I'll bury you first,' she continued, with compressed lips and livid countenance.

"The altercation ended as most altercations do end, between such untamed spirits as Mrs. Judd and that of her son, by each being more obstinately determined to have their own way.

"That night Antony Judd and the Senora Hinda Espagne, and Rachel and myself, were married by a priest living in the village, three miles from the Hacienda.

"After the altercation with her son, Mrs. Judd consulted with her husband, on the best method of frustrating his design, of marrying the Spanish girl; and both agreed, that the most effectual way to put an end to the affair would be to inform Senor Espagne of his daughter's intrigue (thus they termed it) with their son. Accordingly, next morning Mrs. Judd set off for the Hacienda,

and there applied the torch to such a train of luckless incidents, as rivers of repentant tears will never be able to extinguish. The flame follows her through life, and in the narrow house alone, can she find refuge from torturing remorse.

"The dislike of Mrs. Judd to the match could only be equalled, by the contempt and disgust of the proud Senor Espagne. Scarcely was the tale told, than he rose and pointed to the door.

"The storm was raised, and safety could only be sought in flight. Mrs. Judd and her husband, took to the water in a canoe, and neither Antony nor myself could be found to accompany them.

"Day and night they paddled on, evidently followed by a party on the banks, who, though lost sight of for a few hours, reappeared again in greater numbers. They were drawing towards the mouth of the river, when, emerging from a narrow bend, they saw two men and two women on horseback, galloping towards the river.

"A glance showed Mrs. Judd that one of the horsemen was her son, and instinct told her that the Senora was his companion; Rachel and myself were the others.

"Young Judd made frantic gestures for them to row towards him, and his movements were distinctly seen and understood, but the inexorable woman was deaf to all his entreaties. These facts she related to me afterwards.

"In half an hour, a body of horse appeared in pursuit, and Mrs. Judd then comprehended his situation; but it was now too late, we were surrounded. Young Judd drew a pistol and fired: the shot was returned, and he fell wounded. The bridle of his wife's horse was seized by a powerful hand, another took hold of Rachel's. In a few minutes, I was left alone with Antony Judd, wounded and insensible.

"I had him taken on board the ship, where he lingered some weeks, and then died. She *did* bury him.

"A few days after his death, as the ship still lay anchored in the river, Senor Espagne, accompanied by his two sons, rowed alongside and requested to see Mrs. Judd. The first question he asked her was—'Is my daughter on board with you, madam, or do you know aught of her?'

"Since the death of her son, Mrs. Judd had taken no interest in anything that took place around her. She

only shook her head at the interrogatory. He told her, that his daughter had suddenly disappeared about a week ago, with her attendant Rachel. 'Oh, fool that I was,' exclaimed Mrs. Judd, 'for what have I been contending? The prince of this fleeting unsatisfactory world—No, the poor child would have but little encouragement to come to me for protection. Oh, that she would come, I would then have something left, that belonged to him.'

"'I have left no means untried to trace her, but in vain,' said the Senor. 'As a last hope, I determined to come to you.'

"Weeks and months rolled away, and no tidings were heard of the Senora. Captain Judd died of the fever of the country. Mrs. Judd then left the Isthmus, and hid herself and her misfortunes, in unhonored obscurity, far from the scenes of her former triumphs—a miserable monument of blighted ambition. Like a noble tree blasted by the lightning of Heaven, shorn of its branches, its charred and blackened trunk stands among its fellows, a hideous spectacle on the landscape.

"Greatly has Mrs. Judd erred, deeply has she suffered, and sincerely, we, as poor frail human beings, ought to

feel for and succor her. *I* in particular, as being in some measure accessory, however unintentionally, to the whole unfortunate affair.

"More than ten years have rolled away, since the events I have related, took place. I continue to haunt the Isthmus, in search of Rachel and her mistress. Senor Espagne honors me with his friendship, and often entrusts me with commissions, that lead me into the different provinces, and to out-of-the-way places. He is aware, that when I find my Rachel, he shall find his daughter. Mrs. Judd has always been friendly to me, and now she depends upon me more than ever. She writes me that she knows my vigilance will never slumber, nor my zeal grow cold, until I have discovered all that remains to her, of her much injured but always loved son. All she looks forward to on this side of the grave is, that she may see his wife, ask her forgiveness, and bless her before she dies.

"I have communicated the story to you, more particularly as you may in your wanderings, hear or see something, that shall tend to disclose their retreat, which God grant may be the case ere long."

CHAPTER XII.

GAINS A HIGHER STEP ON THE LADDER.

"What are you, monarchs? laurel'd heroes, say,
But *Ætnas* of the suffering world ye sway."

WHILE Hartley and Benbow are alighting, ringing the bell, and being ushered into the handsome house, awaiting the presence of its owner, let us say a few words by way of introducing Senor Espagne.

The grandfather of the present Senor, had been sent by the King of Spain, to the colony of Central America; entrusted with a high civil appointment. A large tract of fertile land, in the district of Honduras, was consigned to him, as a reward for his faithful services. This tract, included in its range mountains, valleys, and plains, and consequently, it embraced diversities of climate, and yielded a variety of produce.

There, far removed from his mother country, his children were born and grew up. Being a man of liberal education himself, he contrived that his children should have every advantage, in this important particular, which circumstances would allow, and, as an additional benefit, he sent them, when young men, into the world to observe the manners and customs of other nations.

They returned from their travels, with more enlarged and liberal ideas than their peers—or, than the illiberal selfish policy of the mother country would have chosen to foster, and which, if she could have foreseen the consequences, she would have arrested in the bud. As it was, the old Senor's sons came back to their native country, with their eyes opened to the great evils of their political system, and the narrow comprehensions of their priestly teachers.

Monopolies, of which their father held one of the most lucrative, and which would become hereditary, were a crying wrong. Their press was muffled. Their literature was strangled in its birth, by the Inquisition. Their literary men knocked or frowned down. Their literary

institutions interdicted, by their selfish short-sighted legislators. Their trade restricted, manufactories prohibited. They dare not fish, for Spain had fish and oil to sell. They dare not plant the vine, for Spain had wine and olives to dispose of. They dare not plant hemp or flax or cultivate a silkworm, for the mother country had a superabundance of these materials, ready for disposal. Intercourse with foreigners was strictly prohibited. The jealous old lady was afraid her subjects would learn bad manners, and become too knowing, consequently rebellious and independent.

Her colonial subjects, were permitted to breathe, but not to see, hear, feel, taste, or smell, except with the permission of the mother country. Liberty of speech was denied; she even tried to fetter thought, and had almost succeeded, but for the revivifying influence of a few men, like the sons of Senor Espagne.

The old Senor was alarmed at the progress his sons had made in mental emancipation, and tried to curb it ere it overwhelmed them. But the young men promised to walk warily.

They first endeavored to persuade the priests in their

districts, to allow them to form a society among themselves, for the diffusion of useful knowledge, which after much entreaty and many promises, hedged in by numberless prohibitions and countless restrictions, was at length granted, although subjected to continual surveillance.

A knot of young men thus assembled, to discuss literary subjects, and such questions as the church would allow; the society increased, till every liberally educated man in the country, was enrolled among its members. Soon international questions were brought forward. The priests protested—no use; the ball had been set rolling and could not be arrested. On September 15th, 1821, resolutions were adopted, which declared Central America free and independent.

But the efforts of these men, individually, would not have been adequate to produce any immediate change in the body politic, if the exactions of the mother country had not at this time been enormous. A system of unjust and unlawful taxation had been adopted, to supply the exhausted exchequer of the Spanish Court, which so alienated the affections of the mass of the people from the crown, that a sufficient number was soon found ready

and willing, to join the more enlightened aristocracy, in throwing off their allegiance, and asserting a place among nations.

Old Senor Espagne died some time previous to this event, but his three sons stood foremost in the ranks of the free. The eldest of these sons married a Spanish lady of the province, and had three sons and one daughter. Ten or twelve years previous to the commencement of our tale, this only daughter had disappeared very mysteriously from her father's house (none, out of her own family, knew of her marriage, and the death of her husband), and although diligent search had been made for her, she could never be traced.

This sorrow made the Senor's heart old, more than the cruel persecutions he had undergone, at the hands of his country, who, for want of one competent and bold leader, had divided into several petty factions, which tore the country, by their futile efforts for pre-eminence.

Whichever party prevailed, the house of Espagne was sure to be laid under heavy contributions. But being all men of superior intellect, they would not easily succumb to the exigencies of the times, but endeavored to

contract, by the noblest efforts, the injuries inflicted upon them, by the insurgent democracy.

Their ships, which traded between California, Panama, and San Juan del Sur, were freighted with the precious metals, consigned to their charge by individuals of all nations. The good faith of the house of Espagne was like a strong tower, in which men took shelter and were safe.

Such was the character of the man to whom Hartley was now introduced, by Benbow. The former presented Mrs. Judd's letter of introduction.

While the Senor was perusing it, Hartley took a survey of his person. Although he had not numbered fifty-five years, he looked sad and care-worn; his countenance, naturally dark, was bronzed a tint or two deeper by exposure; but his features were handsome and regular, and bespoke high spirit, courage, and self-possession; his hair was still quite black, which he wore long, and a few straggling grey hairs sprinkled his bushy beard. In figure he was tall and commanding. The Senor's dress was deep mourning, which added to the sad expression of his countenance, having recently lost his youngest son, in one of the many battles, fought between the Liberal and Ser-

vile parties, whose struggles for dominion had kept the country in a continual state of ferment for thirty years, and deluged its soil with the best blood of its sons.

When the Senor had perused the letter, he placed it on his knee, with one hand upon it, then turned and looked long and earnestly out of the window—but it appeared that peculiar kind of gaze, that looked beyond material objects—soon his dark bright eye was shaded by the long eye-lash—it glistened—a tear pattered on the letter, and a heavy sigh issued from his lips. Was it his dead son, or his long lost daughter, of whom he was thinking?

Hartley turned away—instinct told him, that man likes not the deep thoughts and feelings of his heart, to be idly peered into. Some time elapsed, ere he again looked towards the Senor—when he did, he found him calmly and deliberately, scanning him through and through. Such a face and form as Hartley's could bear the strictest scrutiny, and so the Spanish merchant thought.

“Mrs. Judd tells me,” he began, “that you want employment; what have you been accustomed to do? for what have you been educated?”

"I have followed no profession, Senor; I have received my education chiefly from my mother—but I believe, that although practically I have no experience, yet I will not be found deficient in the fundamental branches of commercial knowledge."

This answer seemed to please the Senor; it was self-reliant, yet modest.

"Mrs. Judd informs me that you are the only son of your mother, and she a widow; why did you leave her?"

"To gain a livelihood for her and myself, Senor."

"What course shall you adopt to obtain it?"

"I had read of the gold mines of California, and I purposed trying my fortune there."

"Are you aware of the hardships and privations to which you would be exposed, in pursuing that occupation?"

"I have not been brought up delicately, Senor; I am young and healthy, not easily discouraged, and above all, I have a good end in view."

"And yet you seem no stranger to the conventionalities of refined society."

Hartley colored, but remained silent. He thought of his elegant and lady-like mother, living in a tenement house, and working for a living.

"Have you been seized with the mania of the age—fast-getting, fast-spending, fast-thinking, fast-acting?" A keen look was directed to the lad's face, as this question was propounded.

Hartley felt that this was an unjust suspicion.

"Can a thirst for gold," continued the Senor, "a mad pursuit after wealth, which absorbs every noble principle, and crushes every generous impulse, have taken such deep root in a heart so young? Those who have hitherto passed on to California in pursuit of gold, are the off-scourings of society—the bold, the reckless, the lawless. The seal of care and anxiety, is furrowed deep upon their countenances. Some of these have been urged thither by a natural restlessness of body and mind; some, whose fortunes are desperate at home, go thither in hopes of bettering their condition—but by far the greater number are impatient of the restraints of civilized society, and will become the bane of the disorganized community into which they are rushing, and of which they will form

a component part. None of these motives can actuate you in your design of going to California."

"I do not covet wealth for its intrinsic worth, nor for the indulgences which it procures," said Hartley; "I trust a far better motive actuates me."

"May I ask what that motive is?"

"Independence, Senor."

As Hartley uttered this talismanic word, the straightforward, open look which met the Spaniard's scrutinizing gaze, satisfied the latter, for he added—

"I am just now in want of a clerk in my office, to whom I will give a salary of one thousand dollars per annum; if you think the situation not unworthy your acceptance, and the remuneration not inadequate to your expectations, you can enter upon your duties immediately."

A gleam of surprise and pleasure darted across the boy's face. "I accept the situation with pleasure, Senor, and shall endeavor to perform my duties faithfully and well. The remuneration I conceive to be beyond my deserts." A thousand dollars a year, thought he, why, mother will be quite rich all at once.

Some weeks elapsed, during which time Hartley labored to attain a thorough knowledge of his business, which consisted chiefly in answering correspondents, copying, or docketing, and in all he endeavored to give satisfaction to his employer.

He had sent his mother one hundred dollars, the first fruits of his earnings. That day Hartley experienced the nearest approximation to bliss, that mortals can know; he had laid at the feet of the being he loved best on earth, the warm homage of his heart. For true happiness does not consist in personal enjoyment, but in the amount of enjoyment we can bestow upon others, especially on those we love.

One day, while engaged at his usual avocations, Senor Espagne sent for him to come to his private room. Hartley's heart palpitated, he had not been there since his first interview with the Senor; indeed, the latter had taken little or no notice of him since. He immediately began to ask himself, had he been remiss in some important trust? Was reproof to be given—perhaps dismissal? Close on the footsteps of joy, comes sorrow, or fear, or some such scarecrow to human happiness. But Hart-

ley's imagination overstepped the bounds of reality this time.

"Hartley," said the Senor kindly, as he entered, "I am pleased with the industry and ardor, with which you fulfil your duties to our house."

"I am glad you are satisfied, Senor," answered Hartley, with an inquiring look.

"Yes, I am perfectly satisfied, and to give you proof of it, I am going to entrust you with an important commission; there is some danger in it too, but I will fence you round with all the security in my power, which, with your own self-possession and intrepidity, will, I trust, carry you safely through.

"You are aware of the distracted state of our country. A curse seems to have fallen on her, ever since the death of Morazan. You see how we are torn by contending factions, and lie bleeding at the feet of every adventurer, who has impudence and ability enough, to enlist a few mercenary vagabonds under him. These lay the defenceless country open to heavy contributions, and the hope of pillage, gives every incentive to persevere in the work of destruction. I, as well as the most sanguine of our pa-

tricts, am now beginning to despair of order ever being restored, under our present system of things.

"Popular ignorance renders us, as a nation, unfit to appreciate the blessings of Progress and Independence; and our unprincipled rulers, or rather those who arrogate to themselves the office of rulers, by ruffian violence and daring effrontry, grind the people to the dust, with ruinous levies, and arbitrary enactments, unknown in the most despotic days of Spanish authority.

"You are also aware, that my family has long been marked out by the turbulent factions, as one they have a right to crush. They punish our undeviating attachment to the liberal cause, by the most exorbitant impositions, and enforce their demands, in a most arbitrary and insulting manner.

"Three months ago, they waylaid and seized our mules, loaded with immense treasure from the mines, and with that booty, they have been enabled to keep the field until now. I have positive information that they are on the look out for a similar landfall, and are hovering round our estates, like kites over belligerent armies. Now I

must, and I will put a stop to this wholesale robbery, more for the injury which this money (thus thrown into the hands of these unprincipled men) inflicts upon my country, than for any material injury its abstraction can inflict upon the fortunes of our house.

“My wish is, that you visit our mines, and take upon you the conduct of the mules; but instead of bringing them here, or to San Juan del Sur, lead them in the opposite direction to Truxillo, and deposit the gold with Don Zicatto, the merchant there.

“The utmost caution will be necessary to outwit these needy and rapacious miscreants, and throw dust in the eyes of those spies who are watching every outlet from our property, with Argus vigilance.

“I trust Benbow will accompany you; I would then feel more at ease for your safety, as I cannot put the same degree of confidence in any of my servants, that I do in him. He is not a native, and consequently is not mixed up in the party politics of the day, and you would not be liable to suspicion; besides, his knowledge of the passes and byways of the country, would prove of infinite service to you.

"Of course you will be entitled to a commission on the gold of which you take charge, which I suppose you would wish to be transmitted to your mother in New York; I shall with pleasure take upon myself the charge of sending it to her."

CHAPTER XIII.

"GOVERNMENTS THAT CURB NOT EVILS, CAUSE THEM."

BENBOW was not only easy to persuade, but eager to engage in the expedition ; and that evening, being moonlight, Hartley and he mounted their mules, and started on their journey.

Every two or three miles they were met by parties who closely scrutinized them as they passed. The country was then under martial law, but the careless mien and unpretending appearance of Hartley and Benbow, offered no inducement to arrest or examine them ; indeed, nothing would have been elicited had they done so, as neither carried letters nor money to any amount.

On the evening of the fifth day, they reached a village about five miles from the hacienda, where they stopped for the night, at the principal house of the place.

Here they encountered two down-looking fellows—half-breeds; there was a braggadocio air about them, which our travellers thought suspicious. Hartley and Benbow were scarcely seated, when the elder of the two, accosting them in an authoritative manner, asked—

“Where are you going?”

“To the East,” said Benbow, quietly.

“Where did you come from?” rather more resolutely.

“From the West,” answered he, in the same tone; at the same time, fixing his large coal-black eye on the fellow, with a fiery gleam, significantly lifting his blouse, and showing the least little bit of a pair of Colt’s revolvers.

“Now,” said Benbow, “where are *you* going?”

“We hope soon to be going towards Grenada,” said the Mestizo, in a much meeker tone than he had commenced the conversation; the sight of the revolvers considerably cooling his cowardly insolence.

“What is your business here?” asked Benbow.

“No particular business,” returned the man. “Pleasure, principally:” casting a meaning look towards his companion.

“You shall not escape me,” thought Benbow, as he

caught the glance, and the sinister expression that accompanied it.

After a frugal meal of black beans, tortillas, and fried bananas, washed down with a cup of cocoa, Hartley lay down on a hammock, swung from the joists, whither the fowls had gone to roost before him; Benbow ensconced himself in a corner near him, and soon feigned sleep.

Towards midnight the two Mestizoes softly left the house, and in a few minutes Benbow as softly followed them. In about an hour the latter returned, and hastily threw himself into his corner; hardly had he done so, when the two Mestizoes entered, and lay down to sleep.

Benbow awoke Hartley before day, to resume their journey. When out of the village, he informed him that these Mestizoes were spies of the insurrectionary party, headed by Walker, and sent there, to communicate intelligence to head-quarters, of all who entered or departed from the Espagne country. They were to allow no mules to pass without certifying their number, and the route taken, but especially to take cognizance of all the movements of the two young Senors Espagne, where they visited, and what they said and did. "They

have their suspicions about us too, and were actually planning how they might intercept us, and carry us before the Alcalde to give an account of ourselves. The vagabonds have a regular telegraphic line of communication all through the country, so that a description of our persons will be sent to head-quarters in a day or two. Now, if we keep to the main road we will be sure to meet with some of the gang before long, who will hand us over from one to another, which, to say the least, would be very unpleasant, not to speak of the inconvenience of delay."

"How shall we elude them?" said Hartley.

"I propose that we dive into the woods, and by every means in our power conceal our trail, even if we should be obliged to sleep for a night or two in a tree. The circumventing of these vagabonds will richly repay us for any inconvenience we may suffer. I am very well acquainted with this district. I think I can say with truth, that I have searched every nook and corner, and climbed every hill and mountain in it, for a far different purpose than that in which we are now engaged."

They made a circuit of several miles, and entered the

Espagne estate, on the opposite side of that which lay nearest their route, and thus eluded the vigilance of their enemies.

It was afternoon when they came within sight of the mining village. Two horsemen were descending the hill before them, and advanced towards them. On a nearer approach, they recognised the two sons of Senor Espagne, who greeted Hartley and Benbow with great cordiality.

Hartley immediately communicated their errand to the young Senors, at the same time informing them that they were surrounded by spies.

"Ha," exclaimed Don Henri, "that is nothing new. Our own servants inform against us. We cannot turn round, without meeting the eyes of revolutionary desperadoes, greedily fixed upon us; we do not breathe a syllable, that does not reverberate on the ears of revolutionary ringleaders, at their head-quarters. Oh," said he, vehemently, "when will this curse cease? When will this infatuated people see the error of their ways, and settle down in peace and quietness? But no, they prefer corruption, because it favors idleness; and kicks and cuffs, because resistance would require exertion;

they will lick the dust from their tyrants' feet, rather than rise with spirit and act like men. I would willingly die, to bring this cursed state of anarchy and confusion to an end."

"Die!" said the younger brother, with clenched fist and closed teeth; "yes, I can and will die; but by Heaven's help, I will chase some of those unprincipled hypocrites to kingdom come, before me, and that before very long too. This state of things shall not last." They had all dismounted, and were standing at the foot of the hill—a spot which brought up unpleasant associations to Benbow. Rachel and her mistress seemed to haunt the place; they were present to his mind's eye at this moment, and so vivid was the delusion, that it seemed like reality. He was interrupted in his painful thoughts by Don Henri addressing Hartley.

"Mr. Norman," said he, "do not think us churlish if I propose that you stop in the village, instead of coming to our house to-night. In order to do us good, you must seem strangers to us. It is unfortunate that we are reduced to such shifts; but when we have such foxes to deal with, we must play fox."

"I quite agree with you," said Hartley; "we must fight the villains with their own weapons,—diamond cut diamond, Senor."

"Benbow, will you take Mr. Norman to Fricho's house? We will send you something for supper—indirectly, you know; make yourselves as comfortable as you can, and to-morrow morning, meet us in the cleft of the rock, by the river. Get there unobserved, if possible, and then we can consult on what is best to be done."

Next morning a long and confidential conversation took place in the cleft or cave, the result of which was, that a new mule path was to be sought through the forest, until they reached the uplands. That instead of travelling by the usual highland-path, along the Campamento mountains, they should cross the valley, and take the northern side, recross the mountains again, south of El Panal, follow the head waters of one of the tributaries of the Roman river, and cross that river when parallel with Truxillo.

"On presenting yourself to Don Zicatto," continued Don Henri, addressing Hartley in a whisper, say 'Acuer-

date Morazan.' By these words, the old gentleman will understand that you are not only a confidential person, to whom immense treasures are intrusted, but that more serious matters may be safely committed to your charge."

Early next morning the mules were loaded with their precious charge, overtopped by a few pelts, and our travellers took the route indicated to Truxillo. At noon of the twelfth day, without accident, they halted in a thick grove on the mountain, at the foot of which the town lies. The Bay of Honduras lay sparkling in the sultry sun, and the shipping in the offing seemed like nutshells in the distance.

Daylight forsook them, as they emerged from the forest, and before they reached Don Zicatto's door, it was quite dark, although the house was only a few rods from the wood.

It was a mean-looking building—little better than a hut, without porch or piazza. The plaster or mud, with which it was originally daubed, had peeled off, in several places, which gave it a very dilapidated appearance. The door stood open, and Hartley was able to take a sur-

vey of the interior. The floor, which was made of mud, had crumbled in many places into holes, so that, in walking over it, some care was necessary, or a fall would be the consequence.

But the presence of a man seated at a table, perusing what seemed to be parchments, or title deeds, absorbed all Hartley's attention. The reflection of a common oil lamp shed its light full on his face. His features were sharp and keen; bright, piercing eyes, which shone like sparkling gems, lit with strong mental light, and a mouth slightly compressed, betokened much decision. His nose was well formed, but whether Roman, Grecian, aquiline, or retroussé, it would be difficult to tell, for the eyes threw every other feature into the shade. A more intellectual countenance could not be conceived. His form was under the common size, and slender, with an inclination to stoop, as if contracted by sedentary occupations.

Having scanned the man, Hartley gave a quick glance round the apartment which was almost destitute of furniture; he then advanced slowly towards the table.

"Don Zicatto?" said Hartley.

"The same;" glancing quietly from his papers on the young man.

"I have come from the Senor Espagne," said Hartley, "with specie. The mules are in the street, not far from your door."

"All right," said the Don. He took a small silver whistle from his pocket, and blew a peculiar note. Presently an Indian entered the room, by an opposite door. "Yusef," said the Don, "unload the mules;" and the Indian immediately disappeared.

The Don again turned to Hartley, saying abruptly, "Your name, sir?"

"Hartley Norman, clerk to Senor Espagne."

"Be seated, Senor Norman. When did you leave Grenada?"

"Three weeks ago," replied Hartley.

"When did you leave the mines?"

"Twelve days ago."

"I have been looking for you some days. What route did you take?"

"We made a new path through the forest, as far as the Salto mountain, which we crossed, travelling through

the northern valley, re-crossed the Campamento range, struck the Roman River, which we re-crossed yesterday morning."

"Did you meet with any hostile manifestations?"

"We took this roundabout route to avoid the ambuscades, that were lying in wait for us for miles round the mines; every avenue was waylaid by hordes of desperadoes, eager for the booty."

"Can you trust your men?" said the Don.

"One of them I can, implicitly."

"Thank God for one trustworthy servant."

"He is not a servant, he is a friend."

"A thousand thanks to God, for one trustworthy friend. Buckle him to your heart with hooks of steel, young man. Take an old man's advice—treasure a friend."

The Don here rose, gathered up his papers, and deposited them in a small iron box, which he locked. Hartley also rose from his seat, and advanced towards the table; when close to the Don, he whispered, "Acuerdate Morazan."

These words seemed to electrify the Don, who remained

for a few seconds with his hand on the key of the locked box, without withdrawing it, and then slowly turned his dark bright eyes full upon Hartley.

After a minute's close scrutiny—"Is it so?" said he, "then come to supper;" and, lifting the box, led the way through the door by which Yusef had entered, and which opened into an apartment, not quite so dilapidated as the one they had first left, but still bare, empty, and poverty-stricken.

He advanced to what appeared to be a closet. Hartley stopped, thinking he was going to deposit his box there. "Come on," said he, looking behind. Hartley advanced. The Don opened a door at the back of the closet, and disclosed the landing to a spiral staircase, which they slowly descended. At the bottom of the stair they entered a well furnished library, surrounded by bookcases, filled with books, the works of ancient and modern authors, in excellent preservation. A table in the middle of the apartment was laid for supper.

"Stranger, welcome to my sanctum. You are the first foreigner who has ever set foot within its precincts. They say 'one stroke of nature doth make all men kin.'

There is something brotherly in your eye, and I will trust you. These walls were once familiar to the patriot Morazan, but the place that once knew him, shall know him no more for ever. Remember thee," continued he, his dark eye, now softened, fixed upon a portrait that hung on the opposite wall, "when memory forsakes her seat. Thy remembrance will live with me, when all earthly things are blotted out—ay, it will go with me into eternity; and when my shade meets thy shade, oh, noble friend of my youth, then, and then only, will my soul find rest."

He left the room for a short time, and returning, said, "Be seated, Mr. Norman, and look kindly on the reminiscences of an old man, who once had a friend, who was betrayed—forsaken—murdered; and I could neither die for, nor with him."

Yusef now entered with the viands, and the Don seated himself at table, indicating to Hartley to take the opposite place. Hartley asked for the welfare of Benbow, the arrieros, and mules.

"All cared for. Fish, Senor Norman?"

The fare was delightful yet simple; fish fresh from the

stream; dried beef fried; bananas, rice, honey, coffee, and fruits, of various kinds. While thus regaling themselves a creaking noise was heard, and before Hartley had time to conjecture the cause, a part of the ceiling came slowly down, loaded with the contents of the mules' packs; down it went, through the floor into regions below, and soon returned empty, and all was as before.

The meal over, Don Zicatto offered cigars, which were declined.

"When do you purpose returning?" said the Don.

"To-morrow or next day," said Hartley, "if you have no objection."

"I will load the mules with dry goods," said the Don. "I wish you to send them home, in the care of the arrieros, while you and your friend, take a tour through the country. What say you?"

"I am at your disposal, Don Zicatto, such was Señor Espagne's wish."

CHAPTER XIV.

BECOMES A DIPLOMATIST.

"Tu es savant, Gil Blas, avant que d'être médecin ; au lieu que les autres sont long-temps médecins, et la plupart toute leur vie, avant que d'être savants."

DON ZICATTO, though small of stature, possessed that natural dignity of mind and manners, which was calculated to impress all true and good men who approached him, with respect ; the timid and undecided, with awe, but the specious and hollow-hearted, with fear and dislike. Hartley, who sought with eagerness the endless variety in the living pictures of humanity, detected, with keen eyes, every trait of originality. To him there was a fascination, in the short, pithy, abrupt sentences of the Don ; there was a geniality too, about the old man, that was quite irresistible. Generous impulses were still

warm round his kind heart ; his sympathies were not all buried with his dead friend, and he still retained, in a green old age, much of the magnetic quality, of drawing to him, the good and the gifted. As they were seated opposite, at table, each presented to the other, a pleasant page in the book of humanity, which both were unwilling to close.

Towards midnight, the Don said, "I will not trouble you with business to-night, Mr. Norman, you must be fatigued after the journey—turn in, and take a good night's rest, and to-morrow we will talk over matters at our leisure."

Next morning, on awaking, Hartley took a survey from his window. The house was situated in a hollow of one of the high hills, which overlook the town of Truxillo. A spacious and picturesque garden in the rear, the slopes on each side terraced, with a purling stream dividing it into two equal parts ; three tastefully constructed rustic bridges spanned the brook, at convenient distances. Large shady trees grew at intervals, through the garden, affording refuge to the bright-feathered tribes, that chattered in their branches. The

whole was surrounded by a magnificent cactus hedge, then in full bloom. It would be difficult to conceive a more gorgeous spectacle, than the large scarlet and yellow flowers of the cactus, interspersed by the bright green leaves, presented. The Don hailed him from under a large palm tree. Hartley joined him by means of a flight of steps, communicating from the library into the garden. After the morning salutation, coffee was served, with cakes, sweetmeats, and a beverage called Fresco, made from the pineapple.

"I have been thinking," said the Don, "of the best method for you to pursue, and have come to the conclusion of communicating to you, orally, my wishes in respect to this journey. I shall not compromise you, by giving you any written documents, which in these disjointed times might endanger your life, but content myself with loading you with verbal messages to repletion, and trust to your natural shrewdness, to supply all casual deficiencies.

"On your way back to Grenada, pass through Yoro—visit Don Casique of that place. Tell him to draw towards Gracias between the 15th and 20th of September,

with all the followers he can muster, and place himself in communication with Col. R——. Then make the best of your way to Tequigalpa, where Col. R—— is stationed, he will give you secret instructions for Senor Espagne in Grenada, and one or two of the patriots, in San Juan del Sur. Tell Casique and the Colonel, that Zicatto, Espagne, Mariano & Co. are their bankers to any amount they may require. Tell them, an effectual blow must be struck, or we, the patriotic and enlightened, must succumb, or be annihilated by brute force. If this does not do, God help us. We must league ourselves, and become amalgamated with your nation, Mr. Norman, in self-defence."

"You would then be part of a great nation, Senor," said Hartley. "What would annoy and hurt you, as a nation, would annoy and injure her, you being one of her members; and her power would be exerted to remove all your annoyances. You, in like manner, would glory in her glory, as whatever contributed to her advancement, would redound to your advantage."

"It is hard to give up one's nationality," said the Don.

"Your nation is not yet fifty years old," answered Hartley.

"True, true, it is coming, I see it; but we will put off the evil day as long as we can."

"Strange!" said Hartley; "how differently we see things, what you call the evil day, amalgamating with us, I only see in it the brightest day in the annals of your history. You cannot do without us. We cannot do without you. What does that produce?—union."

"A few more struggles between the Intelligent, and the Brute, and we fall into your mouth like a ripe cherry—if not by amalgamation, at least by exhaustion," said the Don. "God help us."

Hartley, accompanied by Benbow, set off from Truxillo that afternoon in the new capacity, of private diplomatist. To say that Hartley liked the undertaking, is belying every feeling in his nature. It must be owned he was no hero. A true specimen of that class, would have entered, *con amore*, into the confusion by which he was surrounded, and to his utmost endeavor, have rendered it more confounded. He would have performed prodigies of valor, and rushed to glory or the grave. On

the contrary, we are ashamed to confess, that Hartley's feelings were much outraged, at the destruction going on around him. "If the stagnation of business, or the arrest of commercial progress alone, were the consequences of this unnatural civil contest, carried on by the weakest and the worst of mankind, for unlawful pre-eminence and power—reason would dictate that we should bear it for a time," thought Hartley—"but we find that it results in the demoralization of the whole human family,—the breaking up of the most sacred bonds of society,—transforming the belligerents into ferocious wild beasts, running with irresistible impulse to their own destruction, and dragging the good and the noble with them, into the inevitable vortex."

In this new capacity, Hartley became acquainted with a noble band of patriots, who, like Senors Espagne and Zicatto, were willing to risk all, for the welfare of their country. But the film is still upon their eyes, they dream that her freedom and independence is one and indefeasible, in spite of the heterogeneous nature of her people. They fight, suffer, and die, believing in an impossibility.

Until this period, Hartley had only looked upon the bright side of human nature; whatever was dark or forbidding in its aspect, had passed him like a shadow, leaving no impress behind. Now, he came in contact with those, whose whole lives were a tale of utter selfishness and reckless violence,—who trampled on the sacred rights, not of one individual, nor of one family only, but of a whole nation; the alternative being subjection, or annihilation; that those unscrupulous demagogues, might stand pre-eminent, like so many archdemons on the platform of society.

It is not our intention to follow Hartley, step by step through this period of his diplomatic career.

The gathering was proclaimed through the length and breadth of the land, and a general appeal made to all true patriots, to rise and exterminate their tyrants.

The slogan of war has bellowed for years through the affrighted country. The true have been crushed to earth—cities have been laid in ruins—whole families have been exterminated, or in exile. The country mourns.

Six years have passed. During this time, Hartley has

made several successful journeys to the eastern coast. His mother is now wealthy, for handsome commissions were allowed him, for every cargo deposited with Don Zicatto. The insurgents, balked in their attempts to secure the whole proceeds of the Espagne mines, revenged themselves, by levying exorbitant contributions on the firm, which would have proved ruinous to any other concern, than one that owned a mine as rich as theirs; but it was thought prudent to comply with these demands, having no power to resist the locust swarm of desperadoes, by whom they were threatened.

One morning, early, Senor Espagne entered Hartley's room, and gently touched his shoulder, and awoke him.

"Hartley," said he, "I have had bad news. The guerillas of the C—o party are assembling round my estate in great numbers. Maddened with disappointment, at the non-appearance of my mules, the want of money has made them desperate. You must endeavor to reach the mines, and tell my sons to shut them up, and leave no trace, that can guide the guerillas to gold. Don Zicatto has been routed out at Truxillo, but they found the old burrow empty—literally nothing—he had

timely notice. If you can save the treasure now ready for transportation, convey the mules to any port on the bay where you can find a ship for New Orleans and deposit the bullion in the hands of Vrau & Co., bankers there."

"I am sorry to send you alone, my boy; Benbow has gone to Tegucigalpa to warn C——s of the danger in which my sons are placed, and request him to send troops to their succor. God bless you, Hartley—let no grass grow to your heels, life or death are in your despatch, avoid the main road as much as possible,—and now good-by. I will take care of your mother, my son." That day the Senor sent Mrs. Van Norman a remittance, that in a less knowing age than ours, would have been deemed a fortune.

In half-an-hour Hartley was on his way to the mines, which he reached in an incredibly short space of time, having travelled night and day, only stopping to allow his mule to rest.

He found the two young Senors, busy fortifying the hacienda for a siege; they had had intimation of coming events.

When Hartley communicated their father's command to close the mines, the younger son exclaimed :

"The Senor is right. Such a proceeding will put the devils out of all further suspense, as far as our gold is concerned."

Twenty mules were packed, and Hartley set off to a mine sixteen miles distant—where he was to be joined by another train. Senor Henri requested Hartley to remain for a day at the northern mine, till he and his brother should arrive.

One hundred people were set to work, to close up and conceal every trace of the mine, which was effected by the evening of the second day, when the brothers joined Hartley.

"They will be smart if they find the money chest we have just locked up and hidden," said Senor Francisco. "Henri planted it with young saplings last night, and I watered them this morning—you cannot think what a fine appearance they made, as we passed to-day at noon. You northerners would have said it was quite a forest."

Next morning before sunrise, twenty additional mules being joined to the train, Hartley left the brothers pre-

paring to obliterate every trace of this mine also, which indeed was the principal one on the estate.

"I wish I could persuade you to accompany me," said Hartley, "and withdraw yourselves for a time from this confusion."

"What?" said Don Francisco, who might well be termed the fiery. "Leave our country at such a time? No, my friend, you jest. Do not you know that Dame Fortune is a fair lady who favors the brave, and that faint heart never yet won her? and that ten chances to one, she will cover with a shield the man who is resolved not to be frightened out of anything?"

"There are such fearful odds against you," said Hartley.

"The more the merrier," said Francisco; "how I will enjoy their discomfiture, when they find out the Golden Goose has been killed. I pity you, Hartley, because you will not be here to see the fun."

"Hartley," said Don Henri, "it would be dishonorable to leave our country now, and let me tell you, your task, is fully as perilous as ours. I shall be glad when I hear you are safe."

"Well, my friends, I differ from you," said Hartley. "In my opinion, no subject is bound to a Government, after that Government becomes to him an unjust tyrant. The moment a Government tramples upon the privileges of the meanest of her subjects, that subject is perfectly justified, in removing from that Government, and renouncing its allegiance."

"Hartley," said Don Henri, "a friend in need is a friend indeed. Our country requires the heads and hands of her sons. We dare not turn our back on our duty."

A warm pressure of the hand, and they parted.

CHAPTER XV.

TIME AND I AGAINST ANY TWO.

“Wondering he ran to catch the falling star,
But so surprised, as none but he can tell
Who loved so quickly, and who loved so well.”

THE cargo entrusted to Hartley, was unusually valuable. Being alone, the responsibility entirely devolved upon him, and he was most anxious about its safety. His position was rendered more precarious as he observed among the new Arrieros, two ruffian-looking fellows, who seemed to be watching him, whenever he turned his eyes towards them. His attention was first attracted towards them by twice catching their glance, furtively fixed upon him, as he rode past reconnoitring the train.

Regarding them attentively for some time, he became convinced that he had seen these men before, but when

and where he could not remember. At length the conviction broke upon his mind, that these were the two spies, whom Benbow and he discovered in the village, at the outskirts of the estate, on their first visit to the mines five years ago.

Day was closing in, as he became certain of this fact. What was to be done? He looked at the muleteer next to him, he had been with him in all his journeys to the coast. He dismounted, and leading his mule by the bridle, drew nearer and accosted him. Luckily he remembered his name.

"José," he commenced, "the country is in a bad state at present."

"Yes, Senor, but we have our rulers to thank for it. The people are impatient at the grinding taxation to which they are subjected, together with the compulsory military service to which they are driven. These grievances render them reckless."

"It is hard to tell in whom to trust, the times are so much out of joint," said Hartley. "It is always so when the services of the sons of a country, can be bought and sold."

"It is too true, Senor, the highest bidder can get the services of most of us. Not all; thank goodness, not all."

"Do you know these Arieros at the head of the train, José?"

"No, Senor, I do not."

"When did they join the miners?"

"About a week after we returned from our last journey to the coast," said José.

"Then they have been more than six months in the mines."

"Yes, Senor."

"José, can I trust you?"

"I think you can, Senor."

"Then I will tell you, that these two men are spies, in the pay of the revolutionary guerrillas."

"I have always suspected them," said José.

"We must think now, of what is best to be done," said Hartley.

"Blow out their brains, Senor," said José.

"No, José, I cannot do that."

"Then let me do it," said José.

"Be still, José," said Hartley, "just look how near the villains have come, to listen to our conversation. We must have our eyes constantly upon them, or we are undone. I shall order them to the rear, and you and I shall bring up the train, so that we will have them constantly under our eye."

When they arrived at a comparatively clear space, Hartley, with a revolver in his hand, advanced a little in front, and called a halt. Fixing his eyes on the two ruffians, he said—

"Who made *you* leaders of such a valuable train of mules as this? Take your mules to the rear, and let honest men lead the way. Tried servants, friends of the family of Espagne, to you is this task assigned, lead their treasure to the coast as you ought; and not allow it to fall into the hands of the enemies of your country. These two men, who have placed themselves at the head of the train, are the paid spies of those, who are deluging your country with blood, who coerce your sons and brothers into a hateful military service, and who dishonor your homes and your hearths. These two men are, even now, plotting to deliver you and this

treasure, with which you are entrusted, into the hands of these unprincipled, self-elected rulers. Muleteers, keep your eyes ever on these two spies, and if they attempt to move from the station allotted them in the rear of the train, day or night, put a bullet through them; and friends, if we are attacked between this and the coast, the first bullets fired by our party, shall riddle their hearts. Deliver your arms, and to the rear."

Like true cowards, they unresistingly allowed themselves to be searched, deprived of their weapons, and then slunk to the rear, without offering one word of defence or expostulation, where they were constantly guarded day and night.

On the fourth day of the journey, they halted at noon in a grove of magnificent trees, whose impervious foliage afforded a cool retreat from the broiling sun. Amidst these trees great boulders of grey granite arose at intervals, assuming castellated forms, gothic arches, columns, whose natural chapiters showed every style of architecture, beautifully festooned with pendent vines. Hartley, whose anxiety had banished sleep, strayed a few rods from the party, round a rocky, shelving promontory,

whose jutting banks concealed him from the group. Here he lay down, near a clear stream, that flowed merrily at his feet.

There was something so quiet and peaceful in the spot, combined with the soothing murmur of the water, that, though tired and harassed in body and mind, it invited our hero to calm meditation. The struggle for power going on around him; the imminent danger in which he had left the sons of his kind patron; the excesses to which their enemies might venture; when they found themselves thwarted again of their anticipated booty, filled his mind with anxiety.

His thoughts then reverted to his mother, from whom he had been separated for six long years. How his heart yearned to behold her once more, to bask in her sweet smile, to hear her loving voice, to feel her soft touch again on his brow. Her letters, which were frequent, always held up the lighted candle of duty on his path, and his conscience told him she would approve of his present course. She would be thinking of him to-day, this was his birth-day—twenty-one—no longer a child. A child! when had he ever been a child? Not

since he was five years old. From that time, he had noted the battle his mother had waged single-handed, with the world, for bare subsistence; he had watched the long, protracted agony, with the enemy, *Want*, which sometimes almost mastered her—no rest, however tired and faint, but always *work*. That was over now—thank God—but the scar was deep, and ineffaceably impressed on his memory.

Leaning his elbow on the soft, mossy turf, his head rested on his hand, and he slowly scanned the narrow limits of the rocky dell, through which the stream ran. A grassy slope stretched within a few feet of the water's edge—the bed of the river extended to the grass—but at present the stream being unusually low, a considerable margin of fine, glittering sand was left.

On the opposite side of the stream, rose a high bluff, thickly wooded, rounding in a point, to meet the opposite bank, leaving only a narrow passage for the waters to rush through. At this junction of the banks, the stream totally changed its character. From a quiet, softly moving current, it became an impetuous roisterer, passionately chafing, and impatiently overleaping, every

obstacle in its course. It came upon the scene a tiny, gentle, quiet thing, cradled in a soft sandy bed—it went out a brawler, madly dashing its strength against the adamantine rocks, emblem of many a man's career: in youth gentle, inoffensive; in manhood turbulent and rebellious, from the indulgence of disorderly passions.

Hartley lay listening to the music of the waters, and like little Paul Dombey, was trying to find out what they were saying:—their crooning, and the soft, balmy air, invited pleasantly to dreamy listlessness.

His face was turned towards the waters, where every tree and shrub of the opposite bluff, was faithfully depicted upon its glassy bosom; and as he watched the curious effect of the depending landscape in the stream below,—one bush caught his undivided attention. Its white blossoms, red berries, and peculiarly green leaves, stood out in the watery mirror, beautifully pre-eminent. Presently he saw the bush violently shaken, and outstepped a young girl about fifteen years of age.

She walked, with a light step to the river's edge, and sat down upon a stone. In idle play, she moved the sand gently with her foot, and Hartley who was partially

concealed by the rock, intently watched all her movements. Her hair was a rich dark chestnut color, her eyes were large and bright, but whether hazel or black, he could not distinguish, her mouth was perfect, and her complexion clearer and fairer, than the Spanish women of the country in general.

She stooped to pick up something in the sand, looking intently at it for a minute, and then she moved the sand again, like a child seeking shells or pebbles by the sea shore. She gathered several stones, and put them in her lap. She soon tired of this, and began stripping the leaves from a shrub that grew on the bank near her, flinging them into the water, and watching their downward course, until they caught the mad excitement of the tumbling waters, leaped the narrow chasm, and bounded round the promontory out of sight.

As he lay watching the young girl, Hartley felt as if he were dreaming, or had been transported to some visionary land. A spell was certainly on him. The perfect stillness and the deep solitude, favored his fevered imagination. Was she a spirit, strayed from heaven to earth's portals, and become visible to him to tell him of

some good? Yes, some good; such heavenly messengers were frequent in primitive times, why not now? Why not here, in this spot, as beautiful as when it first came from the hand of the Creator? Would she soon take wing and regain her native home? Would she vanish if approached? He feared to try the experiment. Or, was she in reality a child of earth, with physical wants, occupying a place in some home—having parents of the common herd, perhaps, sordid worldly beings? That was impossible; refinement was in the young girl's every lineament; and grace, that indescribable but uncommunicable charm, that is seen and felt, but cannot be taught, was in her every movement.

He was bewildered. There was the incarnate impersonation of beauty, of his boyish imagination, if, indeed, she were a bodily creation. Should he fall in love with her? What folly,—love a phantom!—but he could gaze at that fair being for ever,—he felt that if it disappeared, he would be very miserable. He had arrived at this stage in the analyzation of his feelings, when one of the mules came into sight, quietly feeding on the grassy sward, and the voice of the Ariero was heard calling it

back. She started, strained her eyes wildly, then sprang towards the bush, out of which she had first appeared, and hid herself in its leafy covering, but still peeping through a branch, which she held aside in the direction in which the man's voice was heard.

Hartley now thought it time to appear, and slowly rising, so as not to startle her, advanced to the edge of the water.

"Senoretta," he called out, "be so good as to tell me how far I am from Gualan."

No answer. The bush branch was dropped.

"Pray, do not go, till you have given me this information. I beg of you do not go." Although not particularly anxious about the information, he leaped across the stream, and approached the bush. It was vacant—no signs of a path—no, not the slightest passage visible. "Strange," thought he. "If I believed in spirits, I would suppose she was not of mortal mould."

He returned to the stream, and looked at the stone on which she sat.

"By heavens! she is a fairy after all, no mortal could leave such a tiny footprint;"—and there beside her fairy footmarks, were three small stones, of a dull whitish

appearance which had fallen from her lap, as she ran towards the bush.

He picked them up, and again approached the bush, with a full determination of seeking her out, and presenting them to her, and ask his way to Gualan.

Once behind the bush, all progress was at an end. He looked in vain for her track—not a blade of grass was disturbed,—not a twig bruised or ruffled.

“How silly, how foolish,” exclaimed he, peering on the ground. “I have read of underground entertainments given by the ‘little people,’ and in these latter days I have heard of underground railroads, but, could she have flown?” The suggestion made him look upwards, when the riddle was solved, and the milk in the coconut satisfactorily accounted for. A very large tree grew close to the bluff, and its branches formed a natural ladder. He climbed upwards of thirty feet, and then stepped on the top of the cliff above. A path strewn with beautiful flowers, wound along the high bank—nature and art had contributed to embellish this lovely parterre. And Hartley walked slowly along, drinking in the beauties of the sequestered nook.

The path wound upwards for a considerable way, when after almost encircling the cliff, he discovered a small cottage, ensconced against the beetling crag.

The posts of the porch were entwined with gay creeping plants, then in full bloom, which almost covered the roof. But what attracted his attention to the exclusion of everything else, was the magnificent view from the cliff, which commanded the whole valley. A village, of considerable extent, lay on the left, and a pathway which led gradually down the slope communicated with it; the stream meandered through the valley like the coils of a serpent, till it was lost behind the eminence on which the village stood.

After admiring this scene for some time, he turned towards the cottage. It was now that he felt the awkwardness of the situation in which he had placed himself.

“What right had he to intrude on the young girl’s seclusion?”

He would, and must, right or wrong.

To inquire the distance to some city or town near, was the most plausible pretext, so he turned towards the door, which as usual in those latitudes, he found open.

He knocked,—no answer. He entered,—everything was neat and clean, and even an air of elegance was discernible in its arrangement, not usually met with;—several packages lay on the floor, as if prepared for a journey. He knocked again, but without effect! although he knew there were persons in the house, for he heard their retreating steps as he advanced.

It might be fear which actuated their conduct, so he raised his voice and asked the distance to Gualan. A voice from the inner apartment answered him in a few words.

“I have brought the pebbles which the Senoretta dropt at the stream. I wish to present them to her.”

“Leave them on the table,” was the curt reply.

“I wish to say something to the speaker if she will grant me a few minutes’ conversation,” persisted Hartley.

A whispered colloquy, was now heard going on in the inner apartment, from which presently issued a colored woman, and confronted him, “Well, Senor, what do you wish to say?” said she hastily.

“Perhaps it would look like impertinence in me to intrude upon you, but I wish to apologize for any alarm

I may have caused the young Senora, and to tell you the truth, I did not suppose there was a human abode in such a lonely place. Observing that the Senora was alarmed by one of my mule drivers, I wished to make all the amends in my power, by assuring her that no harm would happen to her."

"We were almost frightened to death yesterday, by guerrillas from the neighboring village, Senor," said the woman, "and they have threatened to return. She supposed you were the soldiers, by whom the whole country is overrun at present."

"Then she has much mistaken my calling. I am a merchant, flying from these very rebels, as fast as I can, to the sea-coast to save my merchandise,—but I have now fulfilled my mission. Give my respects to the Senora. Good afternoon."

"Be pleased to remain one minute, Senor," said the woman, and she disappeared into the inner apartment. In ten minutes she returned.

"Senor," said she, "I bear a message to you from my mistress, the Senora di Vinci. Certain guerrillas belonging to the district, have taken offence at the seclusion in which

the Senora lives, and believing that she is dangerous to the State, have levied a large contribution upon her, which, if not paid in twenty-four hours, they have threatened to attack the house, and strip it of its contents. This they will do, whether paid or not. My mistress begs the favor of your escort for herself and daughter to the sea-coast, which, if she gains in safety, she will immediately embark for the States. She hopes you will not refuse your protection; it is the only chance she has of safety, and the desperate state of the country must serve as an apology for the liberty she has taken with you, an entire stranger, on whom she has no claim."

Hartley did not know whether to rejoice or be sorry for this mark of confidence on the part of the Senora di Vinci. The danger of the journey, already too apparent, would be enhanced by the addition of ladies in his train. He would have to baffle not only the enemies of the Espagne family, but those of this lady also. Then he thought of the two spies, travelling with him, and then of the hardships, privations, and fatigue, to which they would be exposed in this hostile country.

Although all these difficulties rushed through his

mind with the rapidity of lightning, yet he promptly replied, that if the Senora di Vinci honored him with accepting his escort and protection, he would do his utmost to serve her. "But your mistress must be aware of the danger of travelling through the country in its present state of anarchy and confusion,—even with every facility, the journey will be a fatiguing one in the extreme."

"My mistress is aware of the dangers by which she is now surrounded; all fatigue and privation are trifles, in comparison to the treatment she would receive from the hands of the insurgents. She wishes to fly from certain peril, perhaps disgrace. If you refuse your escort, we will depart alone this evening as we intended, and trust in the Almighty alone for safety."

"Refuse! impossible. Can you be ready in two hours?"

"In less, we are almost ready now."

"Then meet me by the stream at ~~that~~ time."

"A league further down, Senor, by an old ruined building, we will join you as you pass. Au revoir."

A hurried walk soon brought Hartley to the tree ladder which he easily descended, and joined his party. He

gave immediate orders to load the mules, and in an hour they detoured round the mountain, on whose ridge they had rested, and crossed the stream. Hartley headed the train, cautiously threading the narrow valley which they had now entered, and looking out for the ruin where he expected to meet his lady travellers. Rounding one point after another, each view became more circumscribed than that they had just passed. Still no ruin,—well! the next bend would disclose it. Hartley's mule was startled by the sudden appearance of a woman on the heights a little above the road. It was the woman of the cliff, who beckoned him to approach. He dismounted, gave his bridle into the hands of the nearest Ariero, and climbed to the spot on which she stood. There, in a copse hidden entirely from sight, were five mules. Two ladies were mounted, and a negro man-servant held the bridles of the mules. In the younger of the two ladies, Hartley recognised the Senora of the stream.

A hasty introduction took place, when the Senora informed Hartley, that a party of banditti had taken possession of the ruin, and that another party were

lying on the other side of the mountain to intercept him, in case he should take that route. "We have just learned this, Senor, or I would have informed you sooner. I believe there is a footpath across this mountain, over which my servant, Diego, can guide us. Would it not be better to try it?"

Without one moment's delay, Hartley resolved to adopt the Senora's suggestion, and one by one the mules entered a narrow pathway. Fortuna, the negress, leading the way, followed by the ladies, then Diego, with the pack-mule, then the train, José and Hartley bringing up the rear.

For four hours they slowly groped their way up the steep ascent, impeded at every step by the surrounding shrubbery. At length they approached the top where vegetation was less dense. Hartley urged his mule to the front, to express his gratitude to the Senora for her timely information, and thanked Fortuna for the service she had rendered him in her knowledge of the path.

"We must not halloo till we are out of the wood, Senor," said the later, "which is by no means the case yet."

"It is to Diego and Fortuna, that we are indebted for our safety, if, indeed, we are really safe," said the Senora. "Diego belongs to the village, and it was his love for Fortuna, and his desire to save her, which made him reveal the plans of his friends and relations, and by that means we had timely notice of the fate that awaited us."

"Fortuna avails herself of the affection he entertains for her, to provide for our safety. Thank God for deliverance, by whatever means it may be obtained," continued she, with much emotion.

The descent of the mountain had now commenced; and they again entered the dense vegetation, in addition to which the sun had sunk under the opposite ridge, leaving the valley into which they were descending pitch dark; so that it required all their attention to guide the mules, or rather to keep on the saddle, as an overhanging branch might stun, or even unhorse the rider. This was a difficult path in broad daylight, but almost impracticable at night; and they encountered so many difficulties, that Hartley resolved to halt till the moon rose.

Diego informed him, that they were near a cave in the mountain, where all might find shelter.

A few minutes after Diego came to a sudden halt, he dismounted, muttering something very like a curse, and whispered a few words to Fortuna, she to the next, and so on down the line, which signified that all must keep very still. Diego scrambled to the rear and informed Hartley that the cave was occupied, for he saw a light through the trees in the direction in which it was. Hartley commanded the men to keep quiet, while he made his way through the bushes to reconnoitre. Advancing close to the edge of the rocky shelf, he lay down and looked over the ledge into the cave directly over head.

Upwards of thirty of the most desperate looking villains he had ever seen in his life, occupied the cave. They were smoking and talking. The debris of a supper lay before them.

"I do not think it was worth our while to have come here, for only asses would take the mountain path at night," said one.

"They may not start till to-morrow morning, and then take across the mountains," said another, who seemed to be the leader of the party. "At all events," he continued, "our chief commands us to remain here and

intercept the trains if they pass this way, and lead them to Grenada."

"Our chief commands," sneered the first. "It would be a good lark to seize the gold for ourselves, and set up chiefs on our own hook."

"Well! suppose they do not pass for a week, are we to remain all that time awake?" broke in a third.

"No, the one half will sleep while the other half watch."

"Then I go for sleep," said the first, a ferocious-looking hairy Mestizo. So saying, he, and a dozen others stretched themselves on the ground of the cave, and were soon fast asleep. The rest continued to smoke and talk. By their conversation Hartley ascertained the headquarters of the enemy, also where parties were stationed to intercept him. "Thank Heaven," thought he, "by avoiding these stations we may yet escape."

On his return, he asked Diego if it were possible to find a path down the mountain at some distance from the cave.

"I will try," said Diego; "and the moon is now high enough to be of use. But each man must lead his beast,

as almost all the mules in your train, have been accustomed to rest and feed here; they may become restive and bolt right in among the guerillas." Such a catastrophe was carefully guarded against, and in an hour the cave was left far up the mountain as the descent became easier after passing it.

Day dawned as they left the narrow pass, and came upon a fine level plain, over which they urged their weary animals, for no time could be spared for rest or food, as they were still too near their enemies' quarters. An hour after noon, they entered a beautiful meadow where there was abundant pasture for the tired and jaded animals. Here they rested three hours. On approaching the ladies, to assist them in dismounting, Hartley found the Senora di Vinci, pale and exhausted. He expressed his regret at being obliged to travel with so much haste.

"Make no apology, Senor Norman, it is the association of the past with the present, that causes me so much grief; bodily fatigue is a trifle, in comparison to the mental anguish caused by retrospection."

Of course Hartley had too much tact to ask explana-

tions, even if the opportunity had been favorable. He only gave one glance at the young Senora to see if she, too, had suffered, and then left them, as the safety of the whole party depended upon his vigilance, and his presence was needed to superintend matters connected with their welfare and comfort. He now relieved José in his task of guarding the two Mestizoes and insisted upon his lying down to rest.

On reaching Gualan, he found the men and mules so worn out, that he determined to push on to Yzabel, and perform the rest of the journey by water. It was, therefore, with no small degree of satisfaction on the afternoon of the tenth day, having travelled through a beautiful ravine in the beds of channels formed by the mountain springs, and then up a steep mountain, that, on gaining the height, he saw the huts of the town lying at the foot, close to the water's edge. The party descended slowly, through narrow defiles, in some places so steep, as to require all the ingenuity of men and mules, to keep them from slipping.

Fortunately a party of merchants had just arrived from the Belize, in a small steamboat belonging to an English

company, with a quantity of merchandise; and anxious to transport it to the interior, they were inquiring for mules, when our party entered the town. A bargain was soon struck, the mules were disposed of to these merchants, and their places in the steamer vacated, to make room for the two Senoras and their servants. Hartley, and José: the others, were to return with the merchants. Hartley took care to warn the merchants, of the character of the two Mestizoes before he embarked.

The steamer was to sail early next morning, and all the passengers went on board that night.

Having seen the ladies as comfortably accommodated as circumstances would allow, Hartley threw himself on a sofa, and fell into a sound sleep; the first he had had for three weeks. The putting on of the steam, and getting under weigh, awoke him before dawn;—and going on deck, he saw the sun was just tinging the mountain tops with gold, as the vessel left the port. She was the only craft on the lake, with the exception of a few canoes and dugouts, used by the Indians in fishing.

There was a solitary beauty in the mountain scenery, through which they were passing. No signs of cultiva-

tion, no trace of human habitation. Nature in her savage state, reigns there alone in melancholy grandeur.

Stopping at a few intermediate places, the steamer, on the afternoon of the second day, entered the narrow defile of the Yzabel river.

Hartley had seen nothing of the ladies since they came on board, but kind inquiries had been made, and kind messages returned. Towards evening, Fortuna appeared on the steps of the cabin, and Hartley bade her inform the Senora di Vinci, that they were approaching the end of their voyage, and requested to have her commands.

The Senora came on deck, sat down beside him, and freely discussed her future plans. She told him, that since she had been obliged to leave her country, she would avail herself of her exile, to place her daughter at school in New York.

"I am partial to that city, Senor Norman, as I myself was educated there."

"I shall then have the pleasure of making you and my mother, known to each other."

"That will be adding another obligation, to the great

debt of gratitude I already owe you. It seems to me I can never repay you."

"Do not mention it, I pray you. You know the information you gave me on our first setting out, fully counterbalanced any service I may have rendered you."

"It is very kind of you to say so. But tell me about your mother!"

Hartley's expressive countenance lighted up, as the sunny memories of his mother's image rose up before him.

"My mother, Senora," said he, as he fixed his eyes on the fleecy clouds, that were slowly sailing over the moon's disc, "my mother's sweet smile, with which she used to greet me, her lingering look, when I left her, are present to my mind's eye at this moment; and her silvery voice is now ringing in my ears. I feel her kiss upon my cheek, and her soft white hand, caressingly smooth my forehead, as if to obliterate all care and sorrow. Now she has seated herself beside me, we are talking of our worldly concerns, our plans for the future.

"What sorrows she has undergone, what privations she has endured, for, Senora, we were very poor once,

but the brave yet gentle heart of my mother, bore up under every trial and difficulty. Then I remember the holy confidence she always had in Divine Providence ; and this Sunday evening, brings more vividly to my remembrance, the many I have spent with her at home, when she spoke, as if that innumerable company of the blessed, were visible to her mortal ken, and witnesses of her walk and conversation. Rapt pleasure, beamed on her lovely countenance, as if the music of heaven was heard by her mortal ears. How my boy's heart glowed within me, as she talked of the Happy Land, and taught me the glorious privileges, that the sons of God enjoyed even on earth. Her memory, Senora, has been to me like a guardian angel. But you must excuse me, for when I begin to talk of my mother I forget myself."

"I should like to know her ; my daughter and I must be made acquainted with your mother, Senor."

"As soon as we arrive in New Orleans, I shall write and tell her, you are going to pay her a long visit."

"There is another thing, Senor, about which I am afraid I must trouble you. Our wealth consists chiefly of diamonds, opals, and other precious stones, with a few

nuggets of gold ; but such merchandise does not pass current in your states, however valuable. You must show me how to get them exchanged for money."

"When we arrive in New Orleans, I will attend to that matter ; in the meantime you must allow me to be your banker."

CHAPTER XVI.

IN DURANCE VILE.

AFTER a fortnight spent in New Orleans, recruiting, transacting business, and sightseeing, Hartley conducted the ladies on board the New York steamer.

"In a few days you will see my mother, Senora, I envy you. I wish I could accompany you to New York, if it were only for one day."

"Do, pray come," said Senoretta Hinda, "it will be so dull without you."

"It is impossible, young lady. Stern duty forbids—she says I must go in an opposite direction. So I may as well comply cheerfully and manfully."

"If I were you, I would tell stern duty not to be quite so exacting: that inclination requires a little countenance sometimes."

"What message shall I bear to your mother from you?" inquired the Senora di Vinci.

"I shall give Senoretta Hinda a kiss, to be taken and carefully given to my mother." So saying he put his arm round the young girl, and imprinted a gentle kiss on her rosy lips. "Adios," said he; "do not forget me," and he jumped ashore.

He stood on the levée till the steamer was no longer discernible, and then returned to his hotel. How the heart aches as it stands alone amidst a crowd. The parting word spoken, the affectionate pressure of hands unclasped, the careful solicitude no longer available, the loved ones gone, and we alone. No solitude so desolate as being alone in a crowd, alone in a large city.

But something unusual had cast a spell on Hartley. The youthful gladness of his countenance was now clouded; his depression was unaccountable. Determined not to foster this home-sick fever, produced, as he thought, by inhaling the air fresh from his native State, he took passage in a ship which was to sail next day for Chagres, at which port he arrived in safety.

He visited Benbow's cottage. There was an air of

dilapidation and neglect about it, and the neighbors informed him, that Benbow had not been seen there for a long time.

On entering the hotel at Chagres, the first news that greeted his ears was that a general insurrection had broken out in the Central American States; that the liberals had sustained a dreadful defeat, and the whole party was scattered and fugitive.

He hastened across the Isthmus to Grenada. What was his consternation, on riding up to Senor Espagne's house, to find it in ruins. It had been burned to the ground, and the blackened walls alone remained. What had become of the Senor? had he fallen a prey to the all-devouring spirit of anarchy, now stalking athwart the land with shameless front?

Maddened at the spectacle before him, and unable longer to bear suspense, he rode towards another part of the city, where an intimate friend of the Senor's resided. This house was in a worse condition than the former, having undergone a regular siege, and the fury of the assailants had torn down even its walls.

As he was gazing at the havoc and destruction around

him, several ruffian-looking fellows passed, and turning, uttered some taunt or sneer. To avoid their impertinence, Hartley turned down a narrow lane and crossed a meadow; here he dismounted, and sitting down under the shadow of some trees, left his mule to graze at his feet.

He had not been long in this place, when a woman crossed the meadow, from the town, and approached him. She was a native Indian, and after looking round cautiously on all sides, to be assured that no one was within sight, she accosted Hartley.

"You are Senor Norman, Senor Espagne's clerk?"

"Yes, good woman, can you tell me aught of the Senor's fate?"

"He escaped an hour before his house was attacked; a steamer sailed with the New York passengers to San Francisco about that time, and his friends hope that he escaped in her."

By a little cross-questioning, Hartley ascertained that when the insurgents found that the treasure mules, upon which they had reckoned so long, had eluded their grasp, their rage became ungovernable. They assembled to the number of some hundreds, and attacked the

haciendas, which they razed to the ground. The two young Senors escaped, when they found they could no longer defend their homes ; marked victims to their independent principles, not knowing how to amalgamate, or truckle, to the sordid and base miscreants, who were thus subjecting the country to a vile servitude.

Not satisfied with the evils which they had already inflicted upon the family, a party here, attacked the old gentleman's house, ransacked it from cellar to attic, and when nothing valuable was found, in their fury they set fire to it, and burned it to the ground. " But I did not come here to tell you this," said the woman, as she looked uneasily around, and then continued, " any croaking raven could have told you the fate of the good and noble house of Espagne, but to give you a timely warning. The miscreants have marked you out also for vengeance : some of the muleteers who accompanied you to the coast have returned, and communicated the active part you took, in conveying what they supposed their lawful prize out of their clutches, and they have vowed the death of the hated foreigner, as they call you. You have no time to spare, Senor, already are they on your track." Again

she looked towards the city, "Those whose tongues have just taunted you, have identified you, and are now thirsting for your blood."

"Well, mother, can you devise any means of escape?" said Hartley calmly.

"There is but one chance; follow me quickly. Leave the mule, she may divert their attention for a few minutes."

So saying, she led the way to the outskirts of the city. On a rising ground was the remains of an immense building, the relics of a bygone age;—one of those memorials left us by old Father Time, whose trackless origin confounds alike the chronologist and the antiquarian,—but whether of Phenician, Egyptian, or Mongolian construction, matters not to us at present.

The woman stalked over some straggling stones, embedded in the earth. Hartley followed close behind. She stopped, and raising one with much effort, told Hartley to descend. He looked down and saw a large opening.

"Descend quickly," said she, impatiently, seeing he hesitated. "I already hear them. I will watch an oppor

tunity for you to leave the city. If I cannot come to you myself, answer no one, who does not repeat the words, *Acuerdate Morazan*. I shall not forget you."

With these words, she closed the aperture through which he had entered, and Hartley felt for a moment as if he were buried alive, whether in the bowels of the earth, or in the tomb of all the Montezumas he cared little.

At first he believed himself in total darkness, but as his eyes became accustomed to the obscurity, he was enabled to see around him, by means of the light, which struggled dimly through a chink in the opening.

The apartment was octagon shaped, about thirty feet in diameter; the floor was paved with square stones of an immense size, and some fresh dried grass, lay in one corner. A hammock was suspended from the roof, and a log of wood lay, as if recently thrown down the aperture, serving as a seat. This composed all the furniture.

Hartley paced up and down the room for some time, speculating on the fickleness of fortune, and the probable result of the next turn of the wheel. But all anxiety on

his own account, was swallowed up in the sympathy he felt for Senor Espagne. His family scattered, he himself an exile, his party defeated, and the enemy everywhere victorious, ruling the wretched inhabitants with a rod of iron.

At length a small shining object, lying on the floor in a dark corner of the room, attracted his attention; and taking it to the light he saw that it was a small silver pencil case, which he had often observed in the hand of Senor Espagne.

This slight circumstance affected him deeply. "You too have been here, my kind, good benefactor. May God bless thee, wherever thou art, and give thee strength to bear his chastening rod."

All that day and night Hartley remained alone. Towards evening of the second day, when the sharp pangs of hunger were becoming very importunate, having eaten nothing from the previous morning, the stone was withdrawn, and the wrinkled face of the old Indian woman appeared; a basket of provisions was in her hand.

"Senor, I suppose you thought I had played you a

trick, and buried you alive. I have tried in vain to elude the guerrillas who have haunted the meadow, on which your mule was found, like hounds trying to recover a lost scent. Not a tree, nor a thicket that they have not peered into, not a dwelling they have not entered; even the small craft in the harbor have been searched.

"The scent is becoming cool now, and I have hastened to your relief, for I know you must be famishing. I was afraid also, that you would think lightly of the danger which surrounds you, and venture from your hiding-place. Even the harbor is under strict surveillance, so that no one leaves the city, unknown to the miserable authorities, or enters it, that is not immediately put under espionage."

While discussing the contents of the basket, Hartley said, "When do you think you can visit me again, my kind friend?"

"To-morrow I hope; but keep that cold chicken, the tortillas, the tiste, and the oranges, in case I should not be able to elude the vigilance of the patrol."

"I wish you could bring me a few books, paper,

pen and ink, unless you can accomplish my liberation, which would be the crowning favor of all."

A week passed in this dismal abode, enlivened only by two visits from the old Indian woman: so that, more than once he suffered the pangs of hunger and thirst. He had serious thoughts of sallying out, and taking his chance of escape, rather than endure the living death—of solitary confinement, in the dark dungeon, to which fate had consigned him. Then he would preach himself a long sermon on patience, and take shame to himself, for manifesting so little fortitude, so little manliness.

"I will at least wait till the old woman appears again. What can detain her so long? I really wish she would hurry, for I cannot stand this much longer. What a good Samaritan she is though, to take all this trouble for a mere stranger. I can never forget her disinterested kindness."

Before dawn on the ninth day she came again, bearing a bundle, as well as provisions. She descended into the cell, contrary to her custom, and said, "Rise, Senor, rise, and eat."

Hartley needed no second invitation, for yesterday he

had had nothing except the chicken bones to gnaw, which had been picked clean the previous day. She sat down on the floor and quietly watched him, while eating.

When his appetite was somewhat appeased, he looked up, and apologized for being so engrossed with himself.

"No apology is necessary, my son. How do you feel now?"

"Mother! I could face a whole regiment of those cowardly knaves!"

"Well, we shall see. Your courage, I know, has already been well tried, and found proof."

So saying she began to doff one garment, and then another, and another; lastly she untied her head gear, and there stood Hartley's old acquaintance and fellow traveller—Harefoot.

"Why, Harefoot! Old fellow! how could I be so stupid," said Hartley, as he shook the Indian cordially by the hand.

Harefoot was delighted with the tact he had shown, in blinding the young Senor.

"Where is Benbow, Harefoot?"

"He sailed three weeks ago to San Francisco. He told me to remain here, and await your return, then follow him. He, too, is a marked man."

"How shall we get to San Francisco, Harefoot? Devise some plan, there's a good fellow, I must get out of this hateful dungeon, and meet the face of day, like an honest man."

"Not so fast, young fellow," said Harefoot: "or I shall have to plan your escape next, from the rascals who are making all this mischief. They are pressing every man and boy, that they can lay hands on, into their detested service, and a lad of your inches would be a prize of no small account, if you were only a shade or two darker in the complexion."

"Let me hear your plan then, but be sure it is one that will take me from this dungeon."

"I propose, that we try to join the New York passengers bound for San Francisco, and if we cannot procure a berth on board for love or money, well, I will go as a hand—I can be anything, from a cook's mate to a cockswain; and I will take care that, when once fairly out at

sea, the Captain may want his grub, but you shall be served. I promised Benbow I would look after you, and I will. But whether or no, I will beg, borrow, or steal, it is all one to me, so long as I have my turn served."

CHAPTER XVII.

SEES THE GOLDEN CALF.

HARTLEY and Harefoot, having arrived safely in San Francisco, fully expected to meet Benbow immediately, but they were told, that he had received intelligence, which led him to visit the diggings on the South Fork, whither they were to follow him.

In thinking over the probable whereabouts of Senor Espagne, a doubt arose in Hartley's mind, which almost amounted to certainty, that he was on the wrong track. For what would the Senor wish to come to California? That was the only way of escape. Well! it might be; time would tell. While reasoning thus, he had advanced close to some diggers, and started on hearing his name pronounced.

On looking towards the men, what was his surprise to recognise Peter Dick, superintending half-a-dozen natives

working a very rich bed of ore. Peter was equally surprised to see Hartley, and they shook hands very cordially. The former invited Hartley into his tent to pass the evening.

Peter told Hartley that he no sooner heard of the discovery of gold, than he worked his way to the Isthmus, and travelled across on foot to Panama. He there met with a vessel bound to San Francisco, in which he engaged as a hand, and no sooner touched the shore, than he was off for the diggings, in company with about one hundred others, who had come passengers in the ship.

"For a few days," said he, "I worked as a hired man to a New Yorker, who had been out for two months. At the end of that time, I had gained all the necessary experience in the business, and gold dust sufficient to purchase a placer, which turned out a lucky spec. With my own hands I dug more than half a million of dollars in two years and a half, which I have invested in State bonds. I then took sick, I suppose with over-exertion, and was obliged to stop work myself. I now hire these red-skinned fellows, at an enormous expense, but what can I do?"

"Why on earth do you persist in working when you have already a superabundance?" said Hartley.

"A superabundance? Why, I have only about one million!"

"One million! and only!" said Hartley, "your ideas have expanded considerably since we parted newsboys in New York, Peter. Then we counted our gains by the cents, and thought ourselves rich with fifty cents profits a day."

"Yes, but no more of that, if you love me," said Peter. "We must keep our thumb on our past lives. I would not have that known here for thousands of dollars. Why, I am looked up to, in San Francisco, as to a little god."

"Well, now, I rather glory in the thing," said Hartley.

"Glory in what? in being a newsboy?"

"To be sure."

"Well, I never!" said Peter; "a queer thing to boast of. How much money have you made, Hartley?"

"Me? I do not know that I have made any. I have received a salary of one hundred dollars a month, as clerk in a mercantile house in Grenada, for the last

five years, which, with some commission money, is about all."

"My Lor'! then you are almost as poor as ever," said Peter, "that accounts for your low tastes in boasting of your newsboy descent."

"Newsboy *ascent*, Peter, if you please."

"Ascent? What the deuce have you risen to, I should like to know? But you may redeem your time yet; if you set to work, you may yet make a few thousands: but the cream is off the joke now, there is so much competition, the best placers are disposed off."

"Thank you, my old friend; but I have other fish to fry, than grubbing in the bowels of the earth at present."

"What are you after now?"

"I am hunting up my old benefactor, who has been driven from home by the wretched insurgents of Central America; who have burnt his house, killed one of his sons, and he is an outcast and an exile."

"And there I would let him remain, if I were you, and mind No. one."

"How cold and politic you have grown in your wealthy life, Peter. I scarcely recognise you. Who

and what are you grubbing for? Have you not enough?"

"Enough! who ever had enough of gold? I never shall have too much."

"And what will you do with all your wealth? Are you going to die grubbing here?"

"No, when I have ten or twenty times as much as I have now, I shall return to New York and marry. I may, and will then aspire to one of the belles, the handsomest and most beautiful in the city; of course I shall have my pick. Then won't I cut a splurge, and she had better behave herself too, and be mighty humble, or I shall serve her out, I can tell you."

"Peter, Peter, mind the woman's basket of eggs."

"Eggs, or no eggs," said Peter, who perhaps was not classical enough to understand the allusion, "I will make the proudest among them stand about, I can tell you."

"Is that what you are toiling for? It seems to me you are purchasing your promised pleasure, at too dear a rate."

"I work now, that I may cut a swell by and by, and won't I though?"

"Well!" thought Hartley, "I always supposed that labor was honorable, but now I suspect it is only in proportion as we use or abuse our gains. I wonder if Croesus had what he thought enough of this world's wealth?"

Peter interrupted his cogitations.

"When I retire from business," said he, "I shall buy or build a splendid house in Fifth Avenue; I shall marry a beauty, that is a point settled; I shall have a stud of the finest horses in the city. I shall have a couple of racers; and I shall become a member of the club. I used to admire the life those fellows led. That their dinners were good, I was often admonished of the fact, by the smell which issued from the portals, as I lingered about the premises; but, alas, a smell was all I could attain in those days; but now, by jingo, a golden key shall give me the freedom of the establishment."

"I thought," said Hartley, "that it was only men of literary tastes, that gained the entré at those clubs."

"What do you call literary tastes?" said Peter.

"I mean men endowed with intellectual capacity, improved by culture and intercourse with literary men;

in other words, men who have a sprinkling of attic salt in their compositions."

"Get out! how fresh you are. I know all that is requisite. Skim over two or three reviews. Learn the substance of all the fashionable novels, which you can generally gather, from the prefaces and the last chapter. Keep your eyes and ears open. Never confess ignorance, but always appear posted up. Watch the knowing ones. When they applaud, strike in, when they condemn, do you become disgusted; non-committal in everything, until the sentiments of the dilettanti are known, then side with the big bugs. Tact, my boy, tact and impudence, govern the world. For a living example of my doctrine, look at Louis Napoleon. Tact and impudence, have put the lever of political power into his hands; and he will yet make all kings and rulers, bend to his interests."

"You are right, Peter; Tact and impudence are greater levers, than knowledge or merit."

"Right? of course I am right, and I will prove it. Tact coupled with wealth, is irresistible, *I* know that, but you don't; more fool you, tact and pushing will

make me not only a member of the literary club, but President of it; you will live to see it too. Literary tastes, indeed! how very verdant you are, for all you have seen."

"Well, Peter," said Hartley, much amused, "I hope you may become all you wish. I should not be surprised to see you in Congress yet."

"And why not?" said Peter. "I have felt some patriotic feelings stirring within me already. At the last election I made a speech that made everybody laugh. I am practising public speaking. Every day I harangue my Indian workmen, on the duty of conscientious labor, when the employer's back is turned. And sometimes I choose for a theme, the benefits capitalists bestow upon society, and especially the working classes. But you cannot understand this not being a capitalist."

"No," said Hartley, "but I may profit by your personal illustrations, in case I ever should become one."

"Precious little chance I am afraid, unless you begin now. Come, I will give you fifty dollars a week if you will work for me; the red skins will work harder if they had you always near them; and then you will soon

earn enough, to purchase a placer, which may make your fortune in a few years."

"Or which may not produce salt to my food. I'll none of the placer, but thanks all the same, Peter."

"What an ass you are. Do you not see that a man without capital, is a nonentity,—a nobody,—that is nowhere. I should think you had had enough of poverty."

"So I have, but such an extreme case as you have brought to my recollection, can never occur again, I am a man now, and I can work in an emergency. There is no use wishing to be a rich man, for I have no chance of ever becoming one like you."

"Yes, I am not only rich, but I intend to become a Great man also."

"Ah! How will you manage that, Peter? Some things are attainable by Tact, Impudence, and Wealth, but Greatness is not of the number. A man must be born Great, or achieve it, but you must have it thrust upon you, I am afraid."

"I shall enter upon a political career, as soon as I

settle down, enter Congress, then Senator, and with my wealth and influence I shall be appointed Ambassador to one of the European courts; and by and by, who knows but we may allow ourselves to be run for President, and be chosen too."

"Bravo!" said Hartley, now highly delighted; "there is nothing like a high aim, you are sure to bring down something."

"Yes, but there are always drawbacks. We candidates for office, are sure to be handled very unceremoniously by our free press; it is a true saying, that 'the higher the shieling stands, the more it gets of the blast,' now it would be very unpleasant to have one's pedigree ripped up, and the country told that one's father was a day-laborer, and I myself was a newsboy. Even our lady wife would turn up her nose at us."

"Oh, what of that if you gain the eyrie's nest at last. You will certainly become an elephant, Peter. If you marry that beautiful lady, there will be nothing to equal the splendor and eclât of your entertainments. But suppose you die, before you fulfil all your destiny! What a rush there will be for Peter Dick's widow, rich,

young, and beautiful, I would not mind entering the lists myself."

"Die? that is twice you have made that remark. I wish you would find something new to say. That is the way you intend to make your fortune, is it? but I will fix her, I will cut her off with a shilling, if she dare change the name that I shall give her. So your face is to make your fortune, is it?"

"The truth is, Peter, I have a calling, from which I am not discharged, and it would be dishonorable in me to leave my present employer, to whom I am bound by every tie of gratitude and affection, and set up business for myself."

"I thought the concern had busted, and you were free."

"By no means, I am more bound than ever to his interests."

"Well, I do not think you will ever make your pot boil, by a wildgoose chase after a man who has gone to the dogs."

"By whatever ladder I climb to fortune, my duty is clear now; I seek my Principal, I know he is in sorrow

and distress, therefore I am the more bound to succor him to the utmost of my ability."

After an evening spent in listening to Peter Dick's schemes of ambition, Hartley parted from him—to meet him again as a gentleman of leisure.

CHAPTER XVIII.

A SEVERED PILLAR OF A TEMPLE ONCE COMPLETE.

"Governments are generally about twenty years behind the intellect of their time. In legislature, they are like parents quarrelling about what kind of frock the boy shall wear, who in the meantime grows up to manhood, and won't wear any frock at all."

AFTER a fruitless search of many months, throughout California, for tidings of Senor Espagne, Hartley, Benbow, and Harefoot determined to retrace their steps, and seek him in the southern provinces. They were convinced he was in misery somewhere, perhaps sick or dying.

They took passage in one of the steamers, that ply between San Francisco and Panama, and arrived at the latter port, after a voyage of fifteen days. Hartley first applied to the correspondents of the house, but all business transactions had ceased between them, for more than a year. Then, through the agency of Harefoot, who was

acquainted with several of the partisans of the opposite faction, an inquiry was set on foot among them, but in vain.

Hartley, in despair, donned a disguise, to return again to Grenada, and was sitting in his room in the hotel, awaiting the sailing of the steamer, when Benbow entered and told him, that Senor Zicatto was sitting on the piazza of the hotel, but so changed in appearance as scarcely to be recognised. His garments were thread-bare, his hair had become quite white, and there was a subdued expression in his intellectual face, quite foreign to the energetic old gentleman.

"I approached him," said Benbow, "in hopes he would recognise me, but he seemed lost in thought; at last I made a slight movement, which roused him."

"Did you want anything?" said he abruptly.

"Yes—no—that is I wanted to ask you a question, but I did not know how to take the liberty of addressing you."

"Accuerdate Morazan," said I, in a low tone.

"Zounds! who are you?" said he, startled out of his equanimity.

"A liberal," answered I.

"No, you! you are the wrong color man," said the old gentleman drily.

"I am not a Central American, I am an American del Norte."

"So much the worse, scamp."

"I have served the liberals in Central America for the last five years."

"Under whom have you fought?" said he.

"I have fought under no particular general," said I, "but I am well known to General Castellon, and President Cabanas, both could testify to the truth of my statements, were they present."

"Your color, man—wrong color, you have dirty water in your veins—who ever heard of a colored man serving in the cause of the liberals? Rafael Carrera could tell better about your antecedents. But what led to this parley?"

"I wanted to know if you could inform me of the whereabouts of Senor Espagne."

"Oh, you do? do you? well, then, you will want. A dirty blooded fellow, a liberal! The devil an angel of light rather."

"The question was once propounded, Senor—Can any good thing come out of Nazareth?"

"Prove your Nazarene descent, man—prove you are genuine, and I will retract calling you a servile, with pleasure."

"No, no," said he, soliloquizing, "you do not come over me in that style. The devils can assume any shape and form they please. The watchword has been bandied about by traitors, till it is no longer a safeguard. But what if I should have misjudged the fellow! Bah, not likely."

Hartley repaired to the piazza, and greeted the Senor. The latter made his acknowledgments coldly—he did not penetrate the disguise he had assumed: Hartley perceived this, and after a few commonplace remarks, said:

"I know not, Senor, whether the current of sympathy can be established as a theory, but for several minutes past, I have felt as if you and I had been formerly acquainted."

"Indeed!" said the old man turning: "call it sympathy, or call it animal magnetism, or call it what you will, I acknowledge the power of the subtle, secret influence.

But when the celestial spark plays freely, there must be real reciprocity, no jarring antagonisms. For instance, crabbed age and youth, can feel no natural bias towards each other. The happy and the miserable, fly off at a tangent from each other. The saint shuns the sinner. The man of genius flies the commonplace. The man of strong common sense, shuns the man of excentric fancies, who cannot render a reason for one thing he does."

"I grant you all you have advanced, to a certain extent, but your proposition does not strike at the root of the principle, for the heavenly glamor will sometimes take hold of those very opposites."

"Not often I think. We old people smile at the fallacies of youth—their petulant passions; their heroic daring; their fantastic sufferings; and we admire, and at the same time pity, their noble impulses, their disinterested affections, and their warm enthusiasm, but although we smile, admire, and pity, I cannot say we feel similarly affected."

"To a certain extent we are; for instance, how often are the happy impelled towards the miserable."

"Are you particularly happy?" interrupted the Senor

"I would be, but for one circumstance; and perhaps you can lessen my misery. Do you know ought of my long lost friend, Senor Espagne? I have sought him unceasingly for nearly a year, and hitherto have gained no intelligence of him: but I will not give up the search: I will find him if he is above ground, or I will die in the attempt."

"You will?"

"I will."

"Egad for your sake, I have a good mind to believe that that colored fellow there, is a genuine liberal, as he was trying to persuade me a few minutes ago."

"And he is, and what is more, he is an honest man, and more still, he is a disinterested trustworthy friend, for whom I thank God, according to your injunctions."

"Then, by heavens, I have stumbled upon Hartley Norman and Benbow," exclaimed the Senor.

"Your surmise is just," said Hartley.

"Well! it does one's heart good, to meet something out of the common run. It is a redeeming trait in our frail human nature, to find gratitude. For 'Eaten bread is soon forgotten,' and a friend that sticketh close in

adversity;" casting his eyes towards Benbow, "is like a priceless jewel. Give me your hand, friend Benbow, for the love you have shown my friends, shall always entitle you to my esteem."

"Senor Espagne is only a few leagues from here. I will take you to see him to-morrow. He has been very ill; a brain fever, brought on no doubt by his recent calamities, has almost prostrated him. His two sons are still missing. They were fine youths, capable of transmitting the noble qualities of the family to posterity, and of serving their country, with ability and courage. Their fate is uncertain, but I am afraid they have been cut off in the beginning of their usefulness; while I, a useless old weed, cast on life's shore, still live. 'Even so, Heavenly Father,'" said he, raising his eyes upwards, "'for so it seemeth good in thy sight.'

"During the Senor's sickness," continued Senor Zicatto, "strange to say, he never once alluded to his sons in his delirium, but always to his long lost daughter, and either addressed her as present, or as if he were going to meet her. She was a fine girl, and dear to her father as the apple of his eye. It was a fell business,

the breaking up of that beautiful family harmony ; and the tragedy does not seem acted out yet, for her fate is involved in mystery. It is the Lord's doing, but it is none the less wonderful in our eyes ; that a young, and beautiful girl, affectionate, obedient, and pure as the first blush of the morning, should be singled out, as the instrument of so much calamity to her family, whom she would have died to save from suffering and distress.

"I was the Senora Hinda's godfather, and have always had a great affection for my pet, as I called her."

"What did you call her?" said Hartley.

"Hinda. That was her mother's name, my youngest sister."

"Can it be?" thought Hartley. "Senora di Vinci called her daughter Inda, might it not be an abbreviation for Hinda?"

"But," continued Senor Zicatto, "I am trying to negotiate a little piece of business here. Owing to these civil disturbances, I am out of funds at present, that is to say, none are available ; for these cursed rebels have possession of my estates, so, I came here to try and dispose of my patent of nobility, the only tangible thing left,

and useless to me, in this utilitarian age. These ensigns of distinction, in my opinion, were only intended for primitive times, and a crude state of society—and, like all baubles belonging to decaying governments, only meant to throw dust into the eyes of the uninitiated, and impose upon the ignorant and vulgar. But clap-traps, ought to be thrown aside, when they lose their effect; when birds perch on, and peck a scarecrow, then it is high time to tear down the bogle.

“There are, however, some people still, who would give half their wealth, and criminate their consciences besides, to purchase a high-sounding name. Such an individual and I, might mutually accommodate one another. I want the money,—He wants the bauble.”

Benbow stooped, and said a few words to Hartley in a low tone.

“How much do you require, Senor?” said the latter.

“My ancestors, who held the tenure of a goodly estate in Old Castile, with the title of Marquis, were rated at a thousand men-at-arms, well equipped and mounted, to be at the service of their most Catholic Majesties. The estate has gone to the dogs long ago, nothing remains

but the empty title, which I am anxious should now follow suit. As to its worth, I should think it shockingly dear at a hundred dollars, but a man who values such antiquarian gimcracks, would willingly give a thousand—and at present, it would be miserable policy in me, to call out stale fish.”

Benbow now came forward, and said—“I think I know a man who will purchase your patent of nobility, Senor.”

“Do you? I shall feel infinitely obliged if you will produce him.”

“How much money do you want, Senor?”

“Five hundred dollars. But what will he give? that is the question.”

“As much as you want, I know.”

“Five hundred, be it then, but I cannot help thinking, that a fool and his money is soon parted.”

“Remember your adage—Stale fish, &c. Are you at all scrupulous, about the purchaser of your title?”

“Me! bless your heart, no. His Satanic majesty may bear the title of my Lord Marquis, if it pleases him—but to tell you the truth, there are two individuals I should

not like to possess it. One is General Walker the fillibusterer, and the other is that devil, Rafael Carrera."

"Neither of these shall ever bear the title," said Benbow. "But so much do I value it, that I am ready and willing to give you a thousand dollars for it, and as much more if you find it necessary."

"You?"

"If you have no objections."

"You are a good fellow, Benbow. The breath of no prince, can make you more noble than you are by nature. Take it, and a thousand thanks for the purchase. I am perfectly aware of your motive."

"Now, my Lord Marquis Benbow, and Senor Norman, let us be off to the Senor Espagne, who I know will be delighted to see you both."

The greeting between the Senor and Hartley, was affecting in the extreme; sorrow, and sickness, had made sad havoc on his nervous system.

"Oh, Hartley," he continued, "I am bereaved of my children—all are gone, or lost to me."

"Be comforted, Senor," said Hartley in a soothing tone, "as for Senors Henri and his brother, I doubt not

they are safe, and will soon find you out ; the Senora, your daughter, may yet be traced, and there may be much happiness in store for you yet."

How he longed to breathe the hope that had taken possession of his own mind, but he dared not. "Hinda is such a common name here," thought he, "what would I not give to solve the mystery on the spot?"

Senor Espagne then spoke of the state of the country, as not the least of his afflictions.

"For my country, I have suffered and bled ; for her, I have been contented to be robbed, and I have offered up my children on her altars. To say that for my country I would willingly die, is but of small account, for thousands are as ready and willing as I am, to testify their zeal for her cause, but I think I could willingly offer up honor itself, and become accursed, if I might but save her. But it may not be, Hartley, we will fight, worry, and devour one another, and exhaust whatever energy and resources remain to us. Then we will fall back into the arms of a more powerful state ;—be swallowed up, or amalgamated, and our name be no more heard among nations. Our blood has flowed in vain.

"This gloomy picture is not enlivened by one solitary ray of light. Oh, could I have foreseen the misery and desolation, which our unprincipled rulers have brought on the land, I would have welcomed the son of the North American to my bosom, and willingly would have bestowed my daughter upon him. My race might then have still inherited the territory of their fathers; but my lost children, where are they? Our name and memory, will perish from the land."

Hartley gently directed his thoughts into a more hopeful channel. "Believe me," said he, "behind the cloud is the sun still shining; brighter days will dawn upon your country, and that ere very long, and even if it should be annexed to the United States, if that brings peace and prosperity; what you look upon as a calamity, may prove a great blessing in disguise. Then, who can predict, but that the Almighty may see fit to bring about a reunion with your daughter, if this calamity is borne with becoming fortitude and resignation!"

The old gentleman shook his head, yet Hartley's

words had instilled some comfort into his heart, for presently he began to talk of business matters.

Before Hartley went to sleep that night, he wrote a long letter to his mother, hinting his suspicions, and begging her to use every effort in her power, to trace out the identity of the Senora di Vinci, and Senor Espagne's daughter. He concluded by these words: "The Senor's sole chance of happiness in this world, now rests in recovering his daughter. You may conceive my impatience, dear mother, until I hear from you."

His mother's answer was duly received, and the tidings it conveyed were so important, that Hartley determined to return to New York immediately, and endeavor to penetrate the mystery himself. With this view, he sought the Senor Espagne, to ask his permission, and persuade him to accompany him if possible, under the plea that a change might do him good.

"Yes, my boy, go by all means; and there is some chance of my being appointed to go to Washington soon, to adjust some abuses with the United States, and have a treaty ratified. In that case, I shall meet you in New

York, and you will accompany me to Washington, as my Secretary. You see there is still work for me to do here, and it would be wrong to leave now, while there is a chance of being useful."

CHAPTER XIX

THE GOLDEN KEY—VERSUS THE DIAMOND WIT.

A HACK drew up at the door of a pleasant-looking brick-house in —th street, near Fifth Avenue. The next moment a handsome young man, about twenty-four years of age, stepped lightly out, ran up the steps and rang; in another moment, Hartley was clasped to his mother's bosom. Nine years of separation had passed—would there come nine years of sweet communion? Neither spoke for some time, once he held her from him, as if to assure himself that it was really his dearly loved mother, whom he embraced, then gave himself up to the most exquisite pleasure mortals can taste on earth, that of loving, and being loved.

For some hours they sat alone and almost silent, his arm entwined round his mother's waist, and his hand

clasped in hers. Then question and answer followed in quick succession.

"How inscrutable are the ways of Providence, mother, if it should be as we suspect?"

"The Senora took ill at the tea-table, the first evening of her arrival, and for six weeks she never left her room. When I read her your letter, informing me of the disappearance of Senor Espagne's two sons, she fainted away, and did not come down-stairs for some time, and then she was dressed in deep mourning."

"Well," said Hartley, "I shall find out by some means, whether she is the person, I hope she is, for I long to give some consolation to the good and kind Senor."

"You will find a great change in Mrs. Judd, Hartley, she is more taciturn than ever, and it is evident that the presence of the Senora oppresses her, but whether it is hope or fear that predominates, I cannot tell. She often looks long at the Senora, and latterly she has taken a fancy to caress and pet the young Inda. Strange to say the latter tolerates it, and sometimes even affectionately returns the caress, which is the more unaccountable, as

she is a wayward child, self-willed, and imperious, towards all with whom she comes in contact, but at the same time winning and attractive. I am sorry to say she is a great deal with the Shavers; the girls and she, became acquainted at school, and they are now inseparable. And who do you think has just returned from California, with an immense fortune? your old acquaintance, Peter Dick. He was introduced to Mr. Thomas Shaver, at the Long Island races; and report says, that the family are very desirous to promote a match between him and Miss Ellen, Hinda's class-mate; but from what I hear and see, I am rather inclined to think his attentions are directed to Hinda herself; she is certainly a lovely girl, and—if the world does not spoil her, she will make a fine woman. But Peter retains all his coarseness, with an intolerable share of purse-proud arrogance. I should think he would be insufferable, to a girl endowed with delicate sensibilities."

"He never had any early advantages, mother, and therefore he is excusable," said Hartley, with a strong effort at self-control, for his mother's last communication had grated upon his feelings, he knew not why.

"The first time he called on Inda—or Hinda, which is her proper name—I happened to be in the parlor. His recognition was quite characteristic. 'Why, Mrs. Norman! is that you, ma'am? What a nice house you have got here. I did not think, from what Hartley told me, that you could be so well off.'"

Hartley laughed. "He plumes himself on his tact, mother, and he says he intends to stand 'A No. 1.' in society."

Mrs. Judd received Hartley with real satisfaction; as if she had recovered something that used to contribute to her comfort. She informed him, that she was now getting too old to manage her affairs, and that she would transfer all business matters to him in future.

The Senora di Vinci welcomed him with affectionate earnestness, and spoke with great feeling on their opportune meeting. She was dressed in mourning, and the shadow of deep mental suffering, overspread her fine countenance, and shed an air of listlessness and *abandon* over her whole person; evidently the grief, of whatsoever nature it might be, was crushing her to the earth. The soft, low, melancholy, but sweet tones of her voice,

proclaimed the broken spirit. She apologized for her daughter's absence. She had gone, she said, to spend the day with some young friends, the Shavers, and would not return till evening.

The tea-things were removed, and the friends disposed themselves for a sociable evening. Mrs. Judd was assisted to her chair by Hartley, in the kind considerate way for which he was so remarkable when a boy. The sofa was wheeled round for the Senora and Mrs. Norman, and Hartley seated himself by his mother's side, gently twining his arm round her, as he related the stirring events of the last few years.

Mrs. Judd asked no questions, but she raised her head when Benbow's name was mentioned; and Hartley thought that the Senora changed color, he was watching her closely, although unperceived. In a natural manner he spoke of the sorrows and sufferings of the Senor Espagne, the disappearance of his two sons, the destruction of his house, his flight and sickness; how, during the delirium of fever, he constantly called upon his daughter, who left her father's house very mysteriously some years ago. "But what is the matter, Senora, are you ill?"

With a strong effort the Senora rallied. "No," said she, "only a spasm to which I am occasionally subject; it is over now. Pray go on with your story, your mother, of course, feels interested."

Mrs. Judd now muttered, "Ay, ay, but he sinned not as I sinned; my Mammon worship has ruined him, and myself too. I ought to have known better, and I *did* know better, but the God of this world, had blinded my eyes. Oh, what would I not give to see her, to ask her forgiveness on my bended knees, and bless her before I die."

Hartley continued, not hearing or not heeding the muttering. "There is some probability of Senor Espagne's being sent to Washington, to negociate some State matters; if he come north, dear mother, you must be made acquainted with him, and I hope you and the Senora, will make yourselves very agreeable, and do all in your power, to comfort the best and kindest of men."

The Senora here gasped for breath, Hartley brought a glass of water, and in a few minutes she declared she was better.

Hartley avoided all further relations that might give

her pain, he was now convinced, that the daughter of Senor Espagne was before him, and resolved in his own mind, to bring father and daughter together, as soon as possible. Having made this resolution, he adroitly turned the conversation upon Senor Zicatto; and while relating some peculiarity in the old gentleman's manner, the soliloquy in the corner ran thus:

"My sole object under heaven was to found a family, to make a name, and on it build a human superstructure. 'They build too low, who build beneath the skies.' I might have known that, and I *did*, but what did it signify; I saw, but I would not perceive; I knew, but I would not understand; if I had, I might have been changed, and God might have healed me. Oh, the lamp of life is still burning, and the greatest sinner may find pardon. Pardon me, even me, O Lord."

"I wish I could give you some idea of the Senor Zicatto, dear mother; Senor Espagne you will see some day soon, I hope, and then you can form your own opinion of him; but Senor Zicatto is beyond description. He puts one in mind of the old Spanish Grandees, in look and manner, but his ideas and sentiments are diametri-

cally opposite to the Grandee. He is utilitarian and liberal, to a remarkable degree, no practical merchant, or political economist could be more so; and no mechanic, working for his daily bread could be more plodding and industrious. To give you an idea of his anti-Grandee principles—The civil war now raging throughout the Central American States caused him to be somewhat straitened for want of money; having no available property that could be given as security, his estates being in the hands of the filibusters, you could never imagine the expedient to which he had recourse to raise money.”

“And what did my good and kind old—I mean what did the good and kind old gentleman, for I know he is good and kind, by the way you speak of him,” exclaimed the Senora, much excited and embarrassed.

“Well, he sold his patent of nobility. And who do you think was the purchaser, Mrs. Judd? our old friend Benbow.”

“I know he did not covet the bauble, he knew better; ‘he’ll never feel his title hang loose about him, like giant’s robe upon a dwarfish thing.’ Oh, no,” she muttered, “he quitted the shadow for the substance long ago.

The secret wisdom of Omnipotence taught him what was the chief good, and he contemned not his counsels. *I* despised and neglected his teachings, and who will dare fight against Him, and prosper, he has turned all my good to ashes. Oh, conscience, conscience! what cowards doest thou make of the guilty!"

The door bell rang, and Miss di Vinci, accompanied by Miss Emma Shaver, her brother Tom, and Mr. Peter Dick, entered the parlor. Hartley was struck with the change that three years had made in the appearance of Hinda; he thought her lovely as a girl, but the first glance told him that now her beauty would be felt; her appearance might be called *distingué*, although still very young, her manner was sprightly, but there was a magic in her smile, that spellbound all beholders with its witching grace.

She met Hartley with a degree of diffidence and timidity, foreign to her usual manner, which caused all to remark her unaccountable behavior. At first she seemed to be at a loss whether to extend her hand to him or not.

Hartley who had been picturing to himself this meet

ing for weeks, was both surprised and hurt, at this cold and reserved reception. He had hoped that their friendship would recommence, where it had been left off three years previous. Now all that he had heard of the fickleness of woman, came rushing through his brain; but he was soon recalled from such thoughts, by a hearty shake of the hand, and a slap on the shoulder, from Peter Dick, who congratulated him on his safe return. He was then presented to Mr. and Miss Shaver, and presently found himself seated between Peter and his friend Tom, the former talking gold dust, and the latter horses, for the next hour.

"How have you spent the day, my daughter?" said the Senora to Hinda.

"We went to Desbrow's for two hours, and then Mr. Dick, and Mr. Shaver, rode with us on the Bloomingdale road, till dinner time."

"Yes," said Peter Dick, rising, and joining in the conversation; "and I bet, that my mare would canter a two-mile heat, against Miss Shaver's colt, but I lost, and shall have to fork up. I am always shaved when I bet

with ladies," and he laughed a loud guffaw at his own jeu d'esprit.

"By the by, Miss di Vinci, I lost my last bet with you."

"You forget, Mr. Dick, I never bet, and mamma would not allow me to accept the present, you fancy you have forfeited to me."

"Oh, but she will from me; won't you, ma'am?"

"I would rather not make any exceptions, Mr. Dick. I do not wish my daughter to accept presents from any one."

"Well, but ma'am, you would surely allow her to accept presents from a lover?"

"No, sir, not even from a lover?"

"What, if she be engaged?"

"When my daughter is betrothed, she will then be comparatively speaking, out of my jurisdiction; but even then, circumstances ought to guide her. In my opinion, no young lady can, with propriety, accept presents from any gentleman, except a father, husband, or brother, or some very near relative."

"How very odd your code of honor is, ma'am. Most

mothers and daughters, look upon the presents as a part of the engagement, and not the least pleasant part of the business either."

In another part of the room Miss Emma Shaver cast her eyes on Hartley, and thought, "What a handsome fellow he is. Positively I must cultivate his acquaintance." And, as a prelude to this promised performance, she raised her voice, and said, "Mr. Norman, have you heard Mario and Grisi?"

"No, ma'am, I have not."

"Have you been to Burton's, lately?"

"What is Burton's?"

"How droll! not to know what Burton's is. Then, I suppose, you have not seen Rachel" (pronounced like Isaac's wife), in any of her antique representations," which she called, "antic representations."

"No, ma'am, never."

"Goodness! what have you seen then?"

"What have I seen? let me think," said Hartley, good-humoredly. "I have seen the Pacific Ocean on one hand, and by turning my head, I could see the Atlantic on the other. I have seen a volcano vomiting

fire ; and a little further on another, spouting up boiling water, hundreds of feet, into the air, and—"

"How funny ! How long have you been in New York ?"

"Since this morning, ma'am."

"Oh, then, we must initiate you into some of the mysteries of New York society. I shall put you down on our list and enrol you into our *set*. Come and see us to-morrow, it is our reception day."

"I shall be engaged, for several days in succession, with business," said Hartley, coldly.

"How delightfully proud and haughty he is," thought she. "I must contrive to bring him down a peg or two."

During the above colloquy, Tom Shaver had seated himself on the sofa, beside the Senora.

"I quite agree with you, about presents, ma'am," began Tom, who could not bear to see the efforts Peter Dick was making, for the conquest of Miss di Vinci ; he had designs of his own in that quarter ; but before making any positive demonstration, he thought it would be necessary and prudent, to ascertain the value of the mother's rent-roll, and bank deposits, etc., etc. All his

efforts for information on these points, had hitherto been of no avail.

"I think," continued he, in a low tone, "young ladies lower their dignity greatly, by accepting gifts from young men, most of whom are unable to afford such costly offerings, and get into debt, and very often into disgrace, to keep up appearances. Such proceedings should be put down by all judicious mothers."

"Oh, you snake in the grass!" thought Emma, who overheard her brother's remarks; and being aware of the designs of the family, upon Mr. Dick, to which she gave hearty concurrence, she was not slow in drawing her own inferences, but said nothing.

Peter had seated himself near Mrs. Norman. "I want to consult you about the parlor-furniture, for my new house, Mrs. Norman; will you do me the favor to go with me, and help me to choose? You ladies are so much better judges of these things, than gentlemen. I will drive here, precisely at one o'clock to-morrow, if that will suit you."

"If I can, I will oblige you," said Mrs. Norman, who saw through this sudden fit of affection and respect,

which Mr. Dick evinced towards her; but she also saw, with a woman's instinct, that Hinda was not a party to his intentions.

"Good night, ladies. Miss di Vinci, will you accompany Mrs. Norman to-morrow?" said Peter, as he approached Hinda, to say good night.

"Come on, Dick, you are always palavering, after everybody else is done," called out Tom Shaver.

At one precisely, Mr. Dick drove to Mrs. Norman's door, and she, with Miss di Vinci, accompanied him to the upholsterer's. The Senora excused herself, on the plea of illness.

"Will you come, Norman, and try my new carriage? There is a vacant seat."

"I thank you, no," said Hartley. "I have letters to write to Central America."

"Some other time then; good-by."

They drove up to H—— and C——'s Upholstery establishment, in Broadway, and all the tables, chairs, and sofas, in the store, were wheeled out to view, and the most expensive damask was displayed.

"Miss di Vinci, how would you like this pale blue

damask for the front parlor, and that orange for the back?" whispered Peter.

"I think they are both very pretty, but you should suit yourself, Mr. Dick; *you* are going to live in the house, not I," said Hinda, with a smile.

"Do not be too sure of that; who knows, but you may, if you only behave yourself prettily to me," thought Mr. Dick.

"I like this *patten* for a chair, don't you? It is more *moden* than that; as for that green, it is positively *misable*. I want all my furniture in the present style, I hate everything *antic*, don't you?"

"No, I do not, I like everything antique, which, if they could speak, could tell tales of courtly knights, and high born dames; of chivalric deeds done in honor of beautiful women. I should even like to go further back still, and live in the times of the Fairies, and would be pleased to be one of the maids of honor of Queen Titania. I could even find it in my heart to dethrone her majesty, and reign in her stead."

Mr. Dick made a point of never showing ignorance; he perfectly ignored all knownothingism; so he revolved

in his mind who this Queen Titania could be; perhaps another name for Queen Vickie; or it might be the Queen of the Cannibal Islands; or, ~~there~~ had been a great noise at the club, about the Queen of Oude's visit to England; may be she meant the Queen of the May, as they talked of making her Queen at Shaver's. That was it, no doubt, and he answered accordingly.

"No need of dethroning, you are going to be ~~made~~ a Queen in your own right, you know; and I shall have the pleasure of seeing it done, and indeed of crowning you myself."

Miss di Vinci laughed outright at the conceit of the short, pursy, red-whiskered, broadfaced young man, playing the rôle of Oberon. Mrs. Norman joined heartily in the laugh.

"What are they laughing at?" thought Peter. "I wonder if Miss di Vinci knows I possess two millions and a half? Would she dare laugh at me if she did?" He felt angry.

Mr. Dick proceeded to choose the dining-room furniture himself, without consulting any one; but his good-humor soon returning, he asked Mrs. Norman's opinion,

about the dressing-rooms, who had, till now, been a silent but amused spectator of what was going on.

At length ~~the~~ orders were issued, and strict injunctions given, that all was to be executed in the most *moden* style out.

From the upholsterer's, they drove to Woram & Whanthout, and again Miss di Vinci was appealed to. While they were occupied examining the different dinner and dessert sets, Miss Emma Shaver and her brother Tom, walked into the store, being apprized of the presence of Mr. Dick, from his equipage at the door.

"You have stolen a march upon us, good people; why did you not tell us what you were going to be up to, and we would have come to your assistance?" said Tom Shaver. "This is scarcely fair, Miss di Vinci," taking her hand affectionately. "Why did you not tell us, you were coming here?"

"It was none of my business, Mr. Shaver. The appointment was made by Mr. Dick, and Mrs. Norman. I had nothing to do with it," she added, *sotto voce*, "besides I do not see why I should tell you where I go, and I won't either."

"Do you know, I am becoming very jealous?"

"Of whom? and of what?" But without waiting for an answer, the young lady placed herself by Mrs. Norman's side.

Miss Ellen accosted Mr. Dick with, "What made you depend upon Mrs. Norman's judgment, in a matter of such importance? Miss di Vinci and myself, would have been better judges, of the prevailing taste, than she, with her antiquated notions. You know, she belongs entirely to the old school; what can she have seen?"

"There you are mistaken. She belongs to one of the best families in the State."

"Well, well," tapping him playfully on the arm, "I know, but that was before the flood, or before the discovery of America, or before the revolution, or at least before the panic of 1837, and none of us are so unfashionable as to acknowledge any pedigree before that time. All our *set* have put their faces against antiquarians; we read out of the circle, all who pretend to trace their descent beyond that crisis. That was the date of our origin, therefore we acknowledge no other."

"I thought of ordering my furniture and china from

Paris," said Mr. Dick, who thought the subject of descent had better be dropped, "but drat it, I am in a hurry now, to get possession of the house, and have a jollification."

"Will you go with us to the opera, this evening, Miss di Vinci?" asked Tom.

"No, Mr. Shaver, my mother has requested me to stay at home this evening."

"Then," whispered Peter, "I shall come and have a quiet chat with you. What do I care for their bawling and screaming, if you are not there."

Mr. Dick lost no opportunity of letting Tom Shaver see he was on a friendly and confidential footing with Miss di Vinci. But the Shavers were not to be baffled. Miss Ellen had heard the low-toned appointment, and gave her brother the hint, to keep Mr. Dick in view. How convenient, to have a brother in one's interest.

The ladies were handed into the carriage, the young gentlemen sauntered up Broadway

"I say, Dick, you have long wanted to dine at the Club. I feel like going to-night, what say you?"

"To-night? Suppose we put it off till to-morrow night?"

"No, no, a bird in the hand, you know. I may not be in the humor to-morrow night."

Peter reflected. This was an honor he had long sighed for; indeed, he had solicited the favor, again, and again, but in vain—now or never. I can see Miss di Vinci any time, but I may not have another chance of putting the cap upon the climax of unmistakable fashionableness, of being incorporated into the Dilettante, and becoming acquainted with literary characters. The invitation was accepted with seeming reluctance, but with deep and real satisfaction.

"I think Hinda, you have a hard time with your admirers, my dear," said Mrs. Norman, when they reached home.

"I am beginning to think so myself," said the young girl, with mock resignation, as she seated herself upon the sofa, untied her bonnet—from which fell the rich, dark chestnut tresses.

"I wish you would stay a little more at home, my daughter," said the Senora.

The young lady made no response, she knew that Hartley's eyes were fixed upon her, and, to say the least of them, they were very penetrating eyes.

"A newsboy!" thought she. "Tom Shaver told me so. Well! if he has been a newsboy, he is now a gentleman, and that is what Tom Shaver is not, or ever will be."

Peter went home, and dressed with great care, for dining at the Dilettanti Club. Dress coat, white vest, white garotte, his hair curled and shining, his beard and whiskers trimmed, after the pattern of the Prince of Prussia, being the newest importation; his hands were washed in rose water, his linen was scented with jockey-club, his handkerchief with millefleurs this last he shook, as he passed along to his carriage, making the air redolent.

"To the Club," said he, to the coachman, as he seated himself in the carriage, with a something in his bearing which puffed him out mentally, to the dimensions of a little god. "Now, Peter Dick," said he to himself, "keep your mouth shut, and your eyes and ears open, and nobody will find you out; do what you see others do; wait, watch, and listen."

Fenced about with these self-imposed precautions, Peter drove up to the door of the Club, and inquired for his friend, Mr. Shaver. Tom soon made his appearance, and took him under his protection. The Club did not muster strong that evening, Tom knew that such would be the case, and he introduced Mr. Dick to the members present, as his friend from California.

Peter was good-natured, and liberal, where his interests were at stake. He listened with a deferential air, to the sapient remarks of the initiated, and before parting, invited all the members present, to a private dinner at the Metropolitan. The members declared on his departure that he was a very pleasant fellow for a Californian, which—like Nazareth of old—had the reputation of producing no very respectable people.

"Mother," said Hartley, "suppose we all go to Burton's this evening. I had not much chance of seeing the lions before I left New York." Mrs. Norman readily assented, but the Senora begged to be excused, not feeling well, saying she would stay with Mrs. Judd.

Mrs. Norman, Hinda, and Hartley formed the party ; and they seated themselves in front of the parterre. The play was one which Hinda had seen frequently before, so her attention was divided between the stage and the audience. In the middle of the performance, Hartley perceived Tom Shaver and Peter Dick, enter one of the stage boxes, and presently their opera-glasses were directed to the stage, and a pretty little bye-play commenced between them and some of the actresses, which afforded him much entertainment.

As they were retiring, Hartley—with his mother on one arm, and Hinda on the other—encountered the two friends in the lower hall. They walked out, arm-in-arm, before them, in earnest conversation. Hartley and the two ladies were so close to them, that it was impossible not to hear what they said.

“Yes,” said Peter; “but she is very beautiful, and would look so well at the head of a gentleman’s establishment.”

“Bah, yes,” was the rejoinder; “but beauty is not everything. That won’t push you forward, in the world. It is family connexion—position, you want.”

"But their family must be very old," urged Peter.

"So old that it is musty, antiquated, useless. There is something awful, to me, in one of these old families. They are so exacting, that one's whole time and attention are taken up, in observing all the little peccadilloes which have been obsolete in *moden fashnable* society for at least half a century; and then one's manners are commented on, sometimes before your very face, with an impudence that freezes one. I would as soon put on a strait waistcoat, as ally myself with a member of an old family. Then, again, the old mummies are so exclusive; they will not associate with this one, because he made his money by selling flour; nor with that one, because his father was a retail dry goods man; and they turn up their noses at a third, because he is an apothecary. Now, I do not care who knows it, my father made his money as a note-broker; some call us note-shavers, but I do not care what people call me, if they do not call me too late for a good dinner. Shavers by name and shavers by nature, if they please. My mother tells a good story. She was at a ball, and the daughter of a builder, occupied the place in the dance, which my

mother fancied she should have filled, which so irritated her, that she said aloud to her partner (my father, I believe), that Miss Whitestone ought to come to such places, with a brick round her neck. 'I will,' said Miss Whitestone, turning towards my mother, 'provided you come with a rope round yours.' My grandfather was a ropemaker you see. Good! was it not?

"Old family, indeed there is as much pride in the tips of their noses, as would serve a whole parish. No, give me a new family, with some stamina in stocks, a substantial bank-account, influence in its connexions, and patronage in its power. That is what you want, Dick. Beauty! stuff. What can beauty do for you?"

Here the parties came to the street; the two young men went down to find their carriage, while our trio sought theirs, in another direction.

The conversation which they had just overheard, was quite intelligible to Mrs. Norman and her son; but Hinda, not feeling personally interested, considered the tirade on old families in general, and the depreciation of beauty in particular, as belonging to the many favorite

dogmas of Tom Shaver; none the less heterodox in her opinion on that account.

As soon as the Senora and Hinda retired, Mrs. Norman and Hartley exchanged ideas on the subject, heedless of the presence of Mrs. Judd, and both came to the conclusion that Tom Shaver and Peter Dick, were trying to circumvent each other, for the favor of Miss di Vinci; that Shaver, being the smarter and more artful of the two, would use the most unscrupulous means to gain his end.

"Oh, fools," muttered the woman in the arm-chair, by the fire. "Take warning; but no, you will not, until your judgment come upon you like a flood. Neither the one nor the other will possess her. They are fighting the air, and the prince of the air urges them on. Will no one warn them of the wrath to come? They ought to know better, so much the worse for them that they will not know better. Poor fools!" These words were uttered so mournfully, accompanied by a deep sigh, that they attracted Hartley's attention.

"Is anything the matter, Mrs. Judd?" said he kindly.

"Nothing unusual, my malady is beyond your help,

for 'who can minister to a mind diseased? or who can pluck from the memory a rooted sorrow, or raze out the written troubles of the brain?' "

"Let us pray to one who can heal the broken heart."

"I do pray, it is now my only comfort. It was your mother's example, that brought back the long lost habit, but the thorn will remain in my flesh, till my dying day. It is right that it should be so. Right! right!"

CHAPTER XX.

A DISCUSSION ON DRESS.

AT last Mr. Dick's splendid mansion was finished and furnished, and invitations were issued for a grand ball. He was much exercised about furnishing the entertainment with guests. He had only been a few months in *fashionable* society, he remarked to his friend Shaver, and the number of his friends did not amount to above a hundred and fifty, all told; but he wanted his house filled, he had ordered supper for five hundred. He therefore requested the Shavers to invite all their friends; and he invited the members of the Dilettanti with their wives, sisters, and daughters. Still there was room, so he went down to his banker's, with whom he had a few minutes' conversation on business, and then invited him to come with his family; he crossed to the Insurance Co. Office, and insured his house and

furniture to a large amount, invited the President and his whole family. He had once employed a stock-broker, to purchase some stock for him, he would just step in and give him an invitation. The lawyer who had drawn up the title deeds of his house, might as well have a card too, it would be as well to have all classes represented. That put him in mind of a clergyman. "I cannot bear that fellow that ogles Miss di Vinci from the reading-desk," thought he, as he walked along. "Did I not catch his eye, on Sunday, when he said, 'The Lord be with you,' watching her lips for the response? Well, she is lovely enough to draw a saint's thoughts from heaven; but I will put a stop to all that, when I get her. I shall ask no clergy, bedad if I do." With this magnanimous resolve he bent his steps homewards.

Ten days before the grand event was to come off, the Norman family were seated round the table; and evening was closing in, when Hartley proposed to read aloud, while the ladies knitted. He had scarcely begun, when Tom Shaver was announced. After paying his respects to the ladies, and scarcely condescending to acknowledge

the bow with which Hartley greeted him—Mr. Shaver lost no opportunity of showing his contempt for the “newsboy”—he seated himself beside Miss di Vinci, and watched the progress of a purse she was crocheting.

“I envy the possessor of that purse,” said Tom.

“I intend it for Mr. Norman,” said she quietly. She knew this was tormenting to Mr. Shaver; and she continued, “My mother and myself owe him much gratitude, for delivering us from the guerillas of Central America,” resumed she in a low tone. Poor Hartley heard the tone, but not the words, and he sighed heavily.

“Oh,” said Mr. Shaver, hurriedly, “that puts me in mind of my mission, which I was like to have forgotten, situated thus pleasantly. My sisters sent me to ask you to come and spend the evening with them; they are going to hold a solemn conclave, at which they wish you to assist. The subject under discussion, is the important one of the dresses to be worn at the ceremony of inaugurating Dick into housekeeping, which induction will come off next Wednesday week. My mother and sisters are divided in opinion, and—” Here he spoke in such a low tone, that she alone heard the words. A

slight blush suffused her face, but whether the words produced it, or a glance she had of Hartley's face at this moment, it would be difficult to say.

"Well," said she, rising, "I think I shall go for an hour."

Hartley hastily shut the book he had been reading, and, rising also, walked to the fire, where he stood facing the room.

Hinda thought some apology would be necessary, for this sudden change of resolution.

"Excuse me, Mr. Norman," said she, as she tied on a most becoming rigolette. "I suppose I shall have to read that poem by myself; do not wait for me."

"I do not intend to wait for you," Miss di Vinci," he replied coolly. "I purpose reading the poem to the ladies, as soon as you have gone."

"I shall send Fortuna for you at nine, Hinda," said her mother.

"No need, ma'am. A faithful squire will only be too happy, to escort the fair lady home," and they turned to go. Hartley opened the door for them, and coldly, but politely, bowed them out.

When they were in the streets, Shaver said :

"What a prig that Norman is. I could not endure his airs, if I were you."

"The gallantry, courage, and ceaseless watchfulness, he manifested towards my mother and myself, in Central America, neither she nor I will ever forget. Mamma says, she never knew so young a man, display as much prudence and forethought as Mr. Norman did, on that journey. She says she likes him more and more every day, and so do I."

"I do not see what there is to like in him; on the contrary, I think there is much to dislike. I have no doubt, he presumes enough on the paltry services he has rendered you."

"Your prejudices render you unfit to be a judge, Mr. Shaver. Mr. Norman, so far from presuming on his services, deprecates all thanks; he is very entertaining and instructive in his conversation, and he is too much of a gentleman, even to allow that he has rendered us any service whatever. For some reason, he is very reserved in your company, but he does not behave so to Mr. Dick; perhaps he knows your opinion of him instinctively."

"He is afraid he will be found out, I dare say."

"I do not think fear ever entered into his composition, least of all, fear of you. And I must say, that last remark of yours, is not very complimentary to our understandings," said Miss di Vinci, with a degree of irritation, at which she was afterwards surprised.

"Show me a plausible, specious, knave, and ninety-nine women out of a hundred, will prefer that fellow, to an honest and upright man of no pretensions."

"Like yourself, perhaps," said she, with a curl of her beautiful lip, as they ascended the steps of the Shaver house.

Tom Shaver trembled with vexation, but with a strong effort, he smothered his feelings, and only said, as they entered the house together, "Oh, Miss di Vinci, how cruel and unjust you are."

On entering the parlor, the whole family greeted her with sisterly emprossement.

"Hinda," exclaimed Ellen, "in what sort of a dress are you going to make your *débüt*, at the bachelor's ball? for you know, this is your first entrance into society."

"My mother says, I can have nothing but a white Swiss muslin, or tarleton, or something of that sort."

"Oh, pshaw! Your mother gets these antiquated notions from Mrs. Norman; but as soon as we have fixed upon our dresses, I will come and talk her into propriety. White muslin! such nonsense, like a milkmaid of the last century."

"She must have been a very handsome milkmaid, that would bear any resemblance to you," whispered Mr. Dick, as he stooped over the back of her chair.

"What has Dick been saying?" said Tom Shaver, in a hurried tone, and with a flushed face, for he had not yet recovered his temper. "I see he has been annoying you, and I will not allow that."

"Hinda, come up-stairs into my room, for there is no doing any business, as long as these gentlemen are here, they will not let you alone."

"No, ladies, pray do not go," said Dick, "on honor, I will not interrupt proceedings again."

"Talk dress as much as you please, but do not deprive us of your society," said Tom; "we both promise to be orderly."

"Miss di Vinci, I have fixed upon an amber-colored satin," said Mrs. Shaver, "with a plume of white ostrich feathers hanging over the back of the head, and a large string of pearls encircling the hair in front. Amber color will light up well."

"And I," said the rich Mrs. Rosin, formerly Miss Nannie Shaver, "I have chosen a sea-green velvet, with diamond and emerald necklace, bracelets, and earrings."

"I know that sea-green velvet will not light up well, Nannie," exclaimed Miss Emma.

"Yes it will," retorted Mrs. Rosin; "it will look like sky-blue by gas-light."

"As you like, Nannie, but take my word for it, you will regret it."

"That will be impossible, for there will not be a more expensive dress in the room, that I know."

"White moire antique for me, with real Honiton lace flounces, ruby and pearl necklace, bracelets, and earrings," said Ellen. "Head dress, a wreath of roses."

"Then I suppose you expect to meet your intended for the first time, Ellen," said Tom, "and then we can sing

henceforth, 'She wore a wreath of roses,' etc. I think it is full time he should make his appearance, Nelly, my girl. You are getting un peu passé."

"It is none of your business," retorted the sister, "I shall take my own time to get married, without consulting you."

"What do you think of a blue silver tissue, over white satin, flounced to the waist," said Miss Emma. "I think it will be quite recherché; a Brussels lace bertha, tucked up at the sleeves, and in front with jewels. I think the blue and white silver, would light up so well. I am wavering between that, and a scarlet and gold tissue, which I think would become you exceedingly, Hinda, with your dark hair, and Spanish style. It is only one hundred and fifty dollars, and is remarkably cheap. White muslin! I cannot get the absurd idea out of my head, it puts me in mind of

" ' Dame Durden kept five servant girls
To carry the milking pail.' "

"I think I see Dick kissing Molly, dressed in white muslin, and Humphrey with his flail, and Dorothy drag-

gle tail, that is Dorothy with a tawdry draggled white muslin dress."

Peter Dick approached, laughing boisterously, and stooping over Miss di Vinci, said, "I think it would be a vast improvement." Dick kissed Hinda, and here followed a long and loud fit of laughter, so long and so loud, that the tears ran from his eyes.

The pure Castillian blood mounted into Miss di Vinci's face, at this impertinence. Tom Shaver marked the effect without knowing the cause.

"What is all this about?" said he coming forward. But Dick's fit of laughter prevented him from making any reply, and Hinda turned away with more hauteur in her manner, than she had ever evinced before, in the presence of the Shaver family.

"Oh, I will tell you a good way to find out about your sea-green velvet, Nannie," said Emma. "Let us have all the gas lighted, and our dresses brought down, and we can then judge of the effect." Grand idea! everybody was charmed with it. The bell was rung. The servants were summoned to light all the gas; others were ordered to bring down the dresses, and spread them

out, and the parlor became a miniature show-room. Ultimately the sea-green velvet was weighed in the balance of public opinion, and universally condemned, it finally was discarded, as it really did not light up well, and a crimson velvet was chosen in its stead, which Mrs. Rosin assured us, was equally expensive.

In the midst of all this blaze and display, Fortuna arrived for Miss di Vinci. Both Mr. Dick and Mr. Shaver insisted upon escorting her home; but Shaver talked Peter out of the propriety of his doing so, at the door, by representing to him, as Miss di Vinci was their guest, he had the exclusive right to that privilege.

Mr. Dick left him master of the field, and returned to the parlor, vowing an early revenge on Tom, for doing him out of the only pleasure he really cared for.

Strange! a man worth two millions and a half, the finest house in New York, the showiest, if not the handsomest equipage in Fifth Avenue, a member of the Dilettanti, universally courted and caressed, and yet he cared for none of these things, so long as Tom Shaver was permitted to control his wishes, and interfere with his regard for Miss di Vinci.

Hinda, on her return, found the party at home just as she had left it. Hartley stopped reading, and politely acknowledged her entrance, then bent over the book he had been perusing, and took no part in the conversation that followed.

After giving a description of the several dresses, Hinda said, "Oh, mamma, there will be a deputation of the Shaver family here to-morrow, to induce you to change my dress for one more fashionable. They are making rare fun of my white muslin dress."

"And what say you, Hinda, do you wish to have it changed?" asked her mother.

"The truth is, mother, I do not care anything at all about the matter; no, now I think of it, I would rather wear white muslin, or tarleton than anything else. But you will hear some very startling objections against it, to-morrow."

"I shall know how to put down interference," said her mother, gently.

I like this trait of independence in her, thought Hartley. It betokens no small degree of moral courage, "to defy the world's dread laugh, that scarce the stern philo-

sopher can scorn." He looked up from his book when she again spoke, and fixed his eyes upon her face. What a divine power beauty is, and when wielded for good, irresistibly powerful; when for evil, destructive as death. All that a man hath will he give to possess it. I can feel and understand all that, thought he. "But, my beauty, you do not catch me in your meshes." As he was making this valiant resolution, the object of his contemplations rose to retire.

Hartley nodded good-night as she passed him.

In going up stairs, the young lady pondered on the cool and cavalier manner, in which Hartley had borne her absence; no symptom of disappointment, no word of expostulation, and then to allow a servant to come for her, and not he himself! Tom Shaver, Mr. Dick, Mr. Symington, and all her admirers would have been loud in remonstrating against inflicting such "torture," some of them would call it, and others would particularize it by the term "refined cruelty." I really do think he is giving himself airs. Well, we'll see if we can't disturb that provoking equanimity of his, and with this amiable resolve uppermost in her mind, she went to sleep.

Next morning, Hinda equipped herself to walk down Broadway to make some purchases; Hartley volunteered to accompany her, as both her mother and Mrs. Norman were engaged.

"I hope you will not get out of patience with me, Mr. Norman," said she in her most amiable manner, "if I detain you a little at Madame d'Uval's, she is sometimes very tedious."

"I think not," was the kind but quiet reply; "but to put you at ease on that matter, there is a book-store close by Madame's, I shall step in there, and purchase a few books. Then it may be my turn, to cry for mercy at your hands, for I must tell you one of my weaknesses is book-buying, or book-coveting."

"That is rather a virtuous weakness, I should think."

"No, you are wrong, that weakness is as bad, or worse than any other: for a man who has an insatiable desire for buying books, seldom takes the trouble of reading them,—it is the mere desire of acquiring, that actuates, whereas he who purchases few books, and reads them as he gets them, there is some hope of such a man."

"I think you make yourself worse than you really

are, for you are always reading. I do not think your case is at all hopeless."

"Well, to tell you the truth, I should be very unhappy, if I were so placed that I could not get books to read. It is a source of much real pleasure to converse with these silent, but safe friends, who never wound or grieve us. In my opinion, love of reading keeps both young and old out of much mischief. What sort of reading do *you* prefer?"

"I like biography, when the subject of it is talented, and disinterested; especially if he have a dash of the *outré* about him. I ought to like history, and I do, when it is well selected, that is to say when it is not crammed with dry statistics, or useless chronology. I like a well-written novel, too, and if the whole truth is to be spoken, I still retain my love for fairy tales, and the *Arabian Nights*,—even 'Jack and the Bean-Stalk' has charms for me yet."

"You should have lived in the days of knight errantry," said Hartley, smiling kindly on the animated countenance of the beautiful girl at his side.

"Perhaps I have. I sometimes think I have lived in

the time of Roland the Brave. I have conjured up such a person as he might, could, would, or should be, so often, that sometimes I think I have actually seen him with my bodily eyes, and sympathized with him on the loss of his lady love."

"I had no idea you were so romantic; but talking of novels, this style of writing is taking a prominent place in modern literature. When such men as Scott, Thackeray, and Dickens exert their ingenuity to invent, the subject must be interesting and instructive: it certainly is a very pleasant way of studying men and manners. The characters delineated by Thackeray and Dickens, are life-like, in the extreme, theirs is a very agreeable way of portraying the great drama of human life. Scott dealt principally with characters of a by-gone age, but his pictures are all so true to nature, that we are insensibly carried back to the middle ages, and we see the whole representation vividly depicted before us. So true it is, that human nature is the same in all ages. The ladies of this country, too, particularly, have attained no mean eminence among the novel writers of the age; and almost all their works convey some moral truth to the

mind in an agreeable form. But here we are at Madame d'Uval's already. Will you come to me when you have finished your business, or shall I come to you, when I have bought up all I want, which will be about half the shop?"

"I will come to you," said Hinda.

"Do not fear that you will tire me," said Hartley, "au revoir."

Hinda was detained at Madame d'Uval's more than an hour, and when she entered the book-store in search of her escort, he requested her to sit down for a few minutes, and wait for him, as he had not quite finished making his selection.

On their way home, other interesting topics of conversation were brought forward. The characters in some favorite novel were discussed, which Hinda handled in a style so fresh and unsophisticated, as if they were real every-day persons, that Hartley, carried away by her enthusiasm, forgot, or set aside his superior worldly wisdom and experience, and found himself speaking of Colonel Newcome as a bona-fide individual, and almost uttered the wish aloud, "that it

was a pity there were not more such characters in the world."

"Yes," said Hinda, "he is a truly loving, and a truly lovable character, one that is kind, envieth not, seeketh not his own interests, is not easily provoked, thinking no evil, not rejoicing in iniquity, but in the truth, believing all good of men, hoping all good,—he is a beautiful representation of the apostle's definition of a charitable man."

Home already, thought Hinda, what a pleasant walk and talk I have had. How different from the conversation of that good-natured sort of a ganache Mr. Dick, or that half-jockey, half-puppy, whole braggadocio, but no ninny, Tom Shaver; or the twaddle of the female Shavers: positively I am becoming very tired of it. Why! what is the matter with me? said she, pettishly throwing herself into a rocking-chair,—the twaddle you have just termed it, pleased you very well a fortnight ago. She rocked herself backward and forward for some time, and then hastily rising, as if dissatisfied with her thoughts, she exclaimed, "No, no, Miss di Vinci, you are not in the least degree better than your neighbors, and

there is no use fancying you are ; and this I have found out to-day, that he will never, never, love a commonplace woman ; no, he will choose one superior to the generality of our sex in mind and disposition ; personal attractions will go for nothing with him. I feel it, here," she said, placing her hand on her heart.

CHAPTER XXI.

THE LONG LOST, FOUND.

THE long looked for evening at last arrived. The Senora declined going to the ball, and Mrs. Norman matronized Miss di Vinci, who was attired in a white tarleton dress, tucked to the waist, a magnificent pearl necklace, and bracelets of the same on each arm; and one white rose in her dark glossy hair, completed her attire.

The hall was filled with domestics in gaudy new liveries, and the magnificently furnished rooms, were crowded with guests. Dancing had already commenced. Mr. Dick stood at the threshold of the large reception room to receive the company.

"Oh, Miss di Vinci, why are you so late?" he exclaimed. "Don't you remember I engaged you for

the first dance? I had particular reasons for wishing to open the ball with you, but they were clamorous to begin, so I was obliged to lead out Miss Emma Shaver."

"You were fortunate in the choice of a partner, Mr. Dick."

"Well, yes, but I claim you for the next dance."

"What a numerous circle of friends you have, Mr. Dick," remarked Mrs. Norman.

"I do not know the names of one twentieth part, and where they come from, the deuce only knows. At one time I was afraid I should not be able to gather together a decent number. But now, I think, we will scarcely have elbow-room, for still they come."

"Peter must have been taking dancing lessons, lately," said Hartley to his mother, "see how he capers."

"Have you been dancing, Mr. Norman?" said Miss Emma Shaver, as they encountered each other in the crowd.

"No, not yet, Miss Shaver."

"Do you intend to dance to-night?"

"Perhaps I may, by-and-by."

"If you are disposed now, I shall favor you."

"Not now, Miss Shaver, thank you."

"Who is that, dancing with Miss di Vinci now, mother?"

"I do not know. He is a very good-looking young man."

Hartley led his mother to a seat, and sat down beside her, to watch the Babel of confusion around them. What a crazy looking business dancing is, to a spectator!

Miss di Vinci seemed to be handed, from Tom Shaver, to Peter Dick, and from him to the unknown gentleman. Hartley determined to enter the lists, and request the pleasure of a waltz with Miss di Vinci. She was engaged for a cotillion, but not a waltz; so Hartley put his arm round her, and took her hand. She shrunk from his touch, and he perceived it, but the dance began.

Both were beautiful waltzers, they had learned the dance, among the Spaniards of Central America. Round they twirled; a quarter of an hour passed, and no signs of fatigue were visible in either; at the same time an animated conversation was going on between them.

"What is the name of that gentleman who danced

with you last, and who, with Messrs. Dick and Shaver, has been engrossing your whole attention to-night?"

"His name is Symington; he is a member of the Dilettanti."

"For how many dances are you engaged?"

"Three."

"If you are inclined for a fourth, may I claim you?"

A bow and a smile. "You have mortally offended Miss Emma Shaver, Mr. Norman."

"How so?"

"She asked you to dance with her, and you point-blank refused."

"Did she suppose I was going to leave my mother standing in the middle of the room, to dance with her? Besides, she ought to have waited till I asked her to dance."

Hinda did not like him as he said this. "His lordly prerogative has been invaded," thought she. Round they twirled, slowly and steadily. Tom Shaver and Peter Dick stood aghast, at her being monopolized thus by Norman, whom both affected to despise. The former called his quiet dignified deportment, affectation; his

thoughtful grave countenance he called stupid ; and the latter held him in contempt for the heresy of considering gold, as a subordinate good, and not the one thing needful, the omnipotent, which all worldly wise men considered it.

"Stop that confounded waltz, Dick," said Tom, "and let other people have a chance to dance."

The hint was taken, and Hartley relinquished his partner to Mr. Shaver, who advanced to claim her for a cotillion. During its performance, she had to listen to his ill-natured remarks about Mr. Norman.

"I wonder where Norman learned to dance, it could not have been when he was bawling newspapers about the streets."

"I do not know," answered Miss di Vinci quietly, "but I have never danced with a better waltzer."

"I would not allow my sister to waltz with him."

"Why not?"

"Because he is a low, disagreeable fellow."

"There you are mistaken ; he is neither low nor disagreeable. I fear your taste is vitiated, Mr. Shaver ; besides you are no competent judges of each other."

A Virginian reel followed with Mr. Dick.

Then the Lancers with Mr. Symington, their vis-à-vis being Hartley, and a beautiful young lady called Miss Campbell, the daughter of an old friend of his mother, who recognised Mrs. Norman, and immediately claimed acquaintance.

Hartley now claimed his former partner. "Another waltz, if you please, Dick."

"The order of the dances must be observed," said Mr. Dick.

"What is the next then?"

"The Varsovienne."

"The Varsovienne be it then," exclaimed Hartley, and away he whirled with Hinda.

"Order supper, and put an end to that cursed toeing, sliding, and twirling," said Shaver to Mr. Dick. "It makes one sick, to see that fellow give himself such airs," quite unable to control his jealous feelings.

The folding-doors of the supper-room were thrown open, and displayed a table superbly decorated with the choicest exotics. An epergne in the centre, the host informed his company, was the exact *patten* of that which

took the prize at the London Exhibition. The plate was magnificent, and the finest of Sevres china, was scarcely thought good enough to contain the delicacies; the rarest and most costly wines, sparkled in Bohemian glass, of the most elaborate pattern and manufacture: and the massive rosewood furniture was all in accordance. The display of so much wealth and munificence, excited much remark among the guests. Certainly our friend Peter stood out in alto relievo this night.

"What an elegant supper, Mr. Dick!" exclaimed Mrs. Shaver.

"Well, it should be; it cost fifteen hundred dollars."

"How beautiful the fruit looks in those crystal dishes," said Mrs. Rosin.

"It cost three hundred dollars," said Peter; "it should look well."

"You did not spare your gold dust in your silver," said another guest.

"No; I felt silvery disposed; a fair exchange. I invested ten thousand dollars worth in silver."

But while these festivities were going on, in the brilliant rooms of Peter Dick's new mansion, a very different

scene was being enacted at home, between Mrs. Judd and the Senora. The latter had, by her quiet and unobtrusive gentleness, gained the heart of the stern old woman, who, in her latter days, felt that yearning for affection, which in her youth she had scorned and termed weakness, she feeling the all-sufficient in herself. Was it, that the heart of stone had changed to one of flesh?

We have remarked, that for long after the Senora's arrival, Mrs. Judd would sit and look at her, with a troubled and suspicious countenance; but latterly she had become gentle and placid in her society, and she seemed particularly pleased, when the young Hinda would seat herself on the hassock at her feet, and allow her to stroke her smooth and glossy hair; and, strange to say, this wayward young beauty not only tolerated the caress, but received it as something she was entitled to. A Christian looking at the picture, of this once hard, unbending woman thus engaged, would have said, "The devil has gone out of her, and she now sits, clothed in the garb of frail humanity still, but humble and docile as a little child."

This evening, after the departure of the party for the

hall, Mrs. Judd looked long at the face and form of the Senora, who was seated opposite her. Soon she commenced muttering, but the Senora, who was eagerly engaged, counting the stitches in her knitting, paid no attention to a circumstance so usual.

“What if it were so? Who can tell but God may accept my late repentance, and bless me, even me, before I die? His arm is not shortened that it cannot save, nor his ear heavy that he cannot hear. This is the first ray of hope that has dawned on me, for long, long years. Oh, through what a dark and dreary way I have travelled! It is an awful thing, to live without God and without hope in the world.—Is this the candle of the Lord, now shining on my path, to cheer me ere I enter the dark valley? I see a light; yes, it is a token for good, and I gratefully bless him for it.—He will not quench the smoking flax. I will put an end to this suspense. Who can tell but the Lord is now prompting me?” So saying, she rose with difficulty, and walking softly and slowly towards the Senora, stood before her.

The latter was so engrossed with her work, that she neither perceived nor heard the old lady advance. She

started, when a voice, hollow and sepulchral, close at her elbow, said, "Are you Anthony Judd's widow?"

She looked up with terror depicted on her countenance, and said tremulously, "I am."

"Are you my daughter?"

"I am."

Slowly and humbly the old woman kneeled down before the astonished Senora, and called aloud for pardon in the most touching accents.

"Pardon, ere I appear before my Maker, to ask his mercy and forgiveness."

The Senora tried to raise her.

"Pardon, pardon! Oh, forgive me! On my knees I implore it, before I go hence to a higher tribunal," cried she earnestly, and with raised, clasped hands.

It is an awful thing for the old to bow down before the young for mercy and forgiveness. The wrong must be a crying one that demands it.

"The past cannot be recalled, the future alone remains to us," said the Senora, who kneeled down beside her; and flinging her arms around the hitherto unforgotten and unlovable old woman, she drew her towards her in a long embrace.

"Now," said the old lady, "my house is in order. When this earthly tabernacle is dissolved, 'I have a building of God, a house not made with hands, eternal in the heavens.' I am ready—for man has pardoned me, and he is not more merciful than my Maker. But, oh, how I have missed the grand aim in life! I might have known better, and I *did* know better; but 'tis done—the day is far spent, and the night of death is at hand. Oh, how ashamed I shall be when 'Give an account of thy stewardship,' shall ring in my ears. My best and only good act, will be my last. I shall soon die, and leave my talent to those who will use it to God's glory, and not wrap it up in a napkin, or squander it for selfish ends."

At two in the morning, when the ball party returned, Mrs. Judd was seated on the sofa, with her arms around her daughter-in-law.

Before Hartley went to bed, he wrote to Senor Espagne and to Benbow, to hasten to New York, for the long lost fugitives were found. His former letters, which only told of surmises, must have miscarried, as no answer had ever been received.

CHAPTER XXII.

THE LADY MADE A LOW COURTESY AND TURNED AWAY.

THE cold spring wore on apace, and warm summer days had come. Tom Shaver found, to his great mortification, that he had made no evident impression upon the citadel of Miss Di Vinci's affections, although he assailed her by every manœuvre in the tactics of fashionable love-making. His amour-propre was deeply wounded, to find that a chit of a girl, totally ignorant of the world as she was, could resist the attentions of a man, holding the high position in fashionable society that he did. What could be the reason? It was evident that that upstart, vulgar fellow, Dick, fared no better than himself; as she took no pains to conceal the contempt in which she held him. "Can that cold and haughty Norman, be the cause of all this indifference?" thought

he; "if I die for it, I will come to a certainty, and will see if I am not a match for him."

The Shaver family were about to move to Newport for the season, where they had a fine establishment.

"Mr. Dick, you will of course spend the summer with us," said Mrs. Shaver. "I look upon you as one of the family, and treat you accordingly."

"I thank you, ma'am," said Peter. "I shall look in upon you, now and then, but I shall be a bird of passage." After musing for some time, "I wonder where the Normans and di Vincis are going, I think I shall step round and try and ascertain. Tom, will you go?"

"Wait till I get my nubia, and I will accompany you," said Miss Emma.

"Emma, darling, invite Miss di Vinci to come and spend some time with us at Newport; the mother too, if she will not allow her to come without her. Take no excuse," said Mrs. Shaver, who thought Miss di Vinci would be safer under her eye, as she would then be on the spot to counteract any declarations, that might lead to an engagement between her and Mr. Dick, around whom the toils were beginning to close.

"Senora di Vinci," said Miss Emma soon after entering the parlor of Mrs. Norman, "Mamma sent me to invite Hinda to spend the summer with us at Newport; she will take no excuse;" seeing a refusal on her countenance, "and if you will accompany her, mamma will be still more delighted," added she with accomplished diplomatic duplicity.

"I am very much obliged to your mother for her politeness, but my arrangements are made for the summer, and I cannot possibly change them. My very best respects to your mother, with many thanks for her kind invitation." The Senora, too, was a woman of the world, in her own quiet way, and perfectly understood the extent of the obligations she was under to Mrs. Shaver for the invitation, and knew that a polite refusal, fully cancelled all the favor.

"Where are you going for the summer?" asked Mr. Dick, in a low voice, of Miss di Vinci.

"To different places," was the tantalizing answer.

"Is Niagara one?"

"Perhaps so."

"By Jove, I shall go with you."

"No need, Mr. Dick, our party is all arranged," said Hinda, who now began to hate his vulgar forwardness, and purse-proud pomposity.

"At least, you cannot prevent me following you to Niagara, or round the world, if I like," said the obtuse young man.

"Certainly not, provided you keep at a proper distance, but I shall have no shadows but my own, until I have one of my own choice," said the proud beauty.

Peter was going to assail her about the shadow of her own choice, when Tom Shaver, having caught the word Niagara, turned towards her, and said, "Are you going to Niagara? I purpose-taking a trip there myself this summer. I hope we may meet."

No one echoed the hope.

Hartley had an unconquerable dislike to Tom Shaver, in whose nature, so much of the fox was discernible; selfish, interested, and artful, with a dash of adroitness truly startling, and a perseverance, that amounted to dogged obstinacy. He would contradict and overrule, with insolent effrontery; bring forward a false argument, or maintain an untenable position, for the sake of

silencing or crushing, any who dared* to oppose him. Unscrupulous and unprincipled in his ethics, daring and energetic in mental capacity, his talents made him dangerous, and when once his plans were laid, it was difficult to circumvent or elude them. Nevertheless, Hartley, who saw through him with unerring precision, was determined not only to circumvent, but to conquer him, and lay him open to the contempt he merited.

As for Peter Dick, he was only ridiculous; his airs were so apparent, that nobody mistook him for anything but what he was. Hartley, like the generality of his associates, had no dislike to him. There was nothing to produce respect in his character, certainly, but he had not mental force sufficient, to elicit hatred. He would always be Peter Dick, or Peter, or Dick,—nobody but a toady would think of addressing him otherwise. He was only a good-natured, conceited, purse-proud *ganache*.

Before the Shavers' departure, Hartley overheard an appointment made for next day with Miss di Vinci. Miss Emma turned to Hartley, and said, "Mr. Norman, we are going to have our last reception for this season to-morrow: if you will come in during the evening, and

assist in some charades and tableaux, we will be happy to see you."

On the departure of the visitors, Hartley did not resume the book he had been reading aloud to the ladies before their entrance. He sat down on the sofa, his elbow resting on its arm, and his hand shading his face. He had seen Tom Shaver stoop and whisper to Miss di Vinci, retaining her hand in his, all the time, which was at least two minutes. An acquiescent bow and smile rewarded his whisper; but that could not be the cause of his sudden depression, he had a bad headache, and soon after went to bed, but not before he heard that Miss di Vinci was going to spend the whole of next day at the Shavers.

"I am going down Broadway, Miss di Vinci, to a book-store," said Hartley, next morning at breakfast. "Do you feel inclined for a walk?"

"No, thank you, I shall not have time, as I am going to Emma's at eleven."

When Hartley called at the Shavers about nine o'clock that evening, to escort Miss di Vinci home, he found the party in the middle of a splendid tableau.

There was Hinda seated on a low ottoman, a bright scarlet scarf twisted round her head, dressed in full white trousers, a crimson velvet vest richly embroidered with gold, and a green tunic also richly embroidered. A guitar was in her lap, whose strings she occasionally swept with a hand on which a painter would delight to gaze; she was singing, 'I never loved a gay gazelle,' with a sweet voice, when Tom Shaver entered, dressed in Persian costume, and squatted down at her feet. He commenced reciting, or trying to recite, some lines from the fire-worshippers, whose Gheber chief he was endeavoring to personate; but his mouthing of the sweet sentiments, and his common-place vulgar phiz, made the representation perfectly ridiculous in Hartley's eyes. The family of course thought it very fine, grand. When the little burlesque was played out, Hartley approached Miss di Vinci, and asked her if she were ready to go home.

"We are going to have some charades first, and then I shall be at your service."

Miss Emma advanced to Hartley, and requested him to take part in a charade.

"Excuse me, Miss Shaver, I never figured in anything of the kind, in my life."

"Will you sing a song, then?"

"I cannot, I assure you."

"What *can* you do?" she exclaimed, the tone no way softened by the reflection, that all her endeavors to enlist him into her *set*, had been exerted in vain.

"Look on and wonder," he responded, with a mock complimentary bow.

"How smart!"

About twelve o'clock, Miss di Vinci announced that she was ready to go, and Hartley, thoroughly sick at heart, heard the intelligence with pleasure. At the door, Tom Shaver, and Peter Dick, insisted upon forming her escort.

Tom, always forward, offered his arm to Hinda, and Hartley and Peter walked on before.

"That fellow, Norman, might as well have stayed at home, I think, for all he contributed to the evening's entertainment."

"He did not come there to exhibit himself," said Hinda, not at all satisfied with the prominent part, she had played in the evening's amusement.

"He is sulky and stupid,—I would not live in the house with him for a pension. I wonder you can endure him."

"He is neither sulky nor stupid. He is, on the contrary, kind, obliging, and entertaining in his conversation. He has read a great deal, and has the rare faculty of communicating what he knows, in a very pleasing manner."

"Beware how you praise Norman to me, Miss di Vinci. Remember that I love you, and hate him, and I will not allow you to see one good quality in him, for I do not."

"I do not comprehend how you can prevent my seeing and appreciating all his good qualities if I choose," said Hinda, highly indignant at the domineering tone, of her would-be lover.

"This to me?"

"To you! and why not? How can I help seeing his good and gentlemanly qualities!"

"Do you dare to tell me you love him?" cried he, greatly excited.

"I dare to tell you, sir," said she, drawing her hand

from his arm, "that I will not be dictated to, by you or any one else."

"Hinda, Miss di Vinci, pray, forgive me," he tried to take her hand, but she resisted. "I am sorry, my only excuse is, that I love you to distraction, and cannot bear that Norman, or anybody else, should speak to, or even look at you, much less dare to aspire to your affections. Tell me that you do not love him, and that I may hope, and I will try to be satisfied for the present. We are going to be separated for some weeks, tell me before you go."

They had now arrived at the house, he had seized her hand. "Tell me quickly before we part."

Hartley turned round. Revolting sight, her hand in his again, and whispering. He ran quickly up the steps, and rang the bell with a jerk.

"Tell me," Tom whispered again.

"Good night, Mr. Shaver," said Hinda with much dignity.

"Remember," he exclaimed, in a tone that was meant to be heard only by her, "I will not be trifled with." There was a threat in the tone; he turned and went away.

Peter was also a spectator of this scene, but the extraordinary share of amour-propre in his temperament, prevented his seeing anything detrimental to his wishes, for he too had his hopes, looming bright in the distance: himself the great centre of attraction, and Miss di Vinci revolving round him; deriving position, distinction, and consideration from him, the bountiful dispenser.

On entering the house, Mrs. Norman remarked the pale and haggard expression of Hartley's countenance, and asked if he were well.

"Only a headache, dear mother, all right to-morrow. Good night." He stooped and kissed her, and left the room, without taking any notice of Hinda.

"Well, I declare," thought she, as she ascended the stair, "he might have had the politeness to have said good night, at least. 'Tell me you do not love him,' rang in her ears. What an idea! What was love like? Does Mr. Shaver suppose, I am to be controlled by a narrow-minded, selfish, suspicious creature like him? Never! When *I* am governed it must be by a master mind." For the first time in her life, busy thought kept her awake; she tried to propound the

problem of love, but the full depth of its meaning, had not yet penetrated her heart. The generous flame, or, as it may be, the devouring fire, was placidly hovering over the cradle of her young and innocent bosom. Blessed ignorance: ere the tormenting tyrant is roused, never to sleep again.

Mr. Dick, on his way home, reflected, that it would be as well to give Miss di Vinci notice of the honor he intended her, before she left town; as Tom Shaver, or somebody else might step in, and take the prize out of his hands, before she was aware of the higher distinction. With this benevolent purpose, he called at Mrs. Norman's next morning, and requested to see Miss di Vinci. After a brief preface he began :

"Miss di Vinci, I have for some time, been on the look-out for a wife, who will do honor to me and to my house; and I have come to the conclusion that you will grace my establishment, better than any lady of my acquaintance; I therefore offer you my hand and heart, trusting we will live a long and happy life together, and all that sort of thing, you know, that the story-books say."

"I am sorry, Mr. Dick," broke in the astonished and annoyed young lady, "that it is not in my power to comply with your wishes, for I cannot marry you."

"Not marry me? What is to hinder you? Nothing so easy."

"I never gave you cause for one moment to suppose that I preferred you."

"No modest young lady should, till she is asked; all in good time, if that is all—all in very good time."

"That is not all. I do not love you, Mr. Dick, and therefore it would be impossible for me to marry you."

"Oh, you do; you only fancy you do not."

"I do not, I tell you."

"You do not love me now, well; but you will love me by-and-by."

"I will never love you, Mr. Dick."

"How do you know? Come, come, Miss Hinda, I have taken a fancy to this marriage, because I think you will suit me. I will settle a handsome allowance upon you for pocket-money: as much as you like; what think you of fifty thousand dollars, my lady? the

interest of that, will bring you in four or five thousand a year for dress alone, only think."

"I shall never marry for dresses. I would rather wear a calico dress all my life."

"Well, but look at the carriage and horses you will have besides."

"Neither will I marry a carriage and horses," said she, very much vexed.

"All that is nothing, to what you will have as my wife," continued Peter, who could not understand why any girl in her senses, could refuse such a grand match as his matchless self. "You will have the handsomest house in *Fifth Avenue*, furnished in the most *fashionable* style, a box at the *opera*, and you shall do pretty much as you please."

"*All* that availeth me nothing, so long as I do not love you, Mr. Dick."

"Then look at the position you will attain, as my wife; my wealth will entitle you, to take the lead in everything that is going on."

"I am quite content with my present condition; I have no wish to change, Mr. Dick."

"I will lay my offer before your mother, she will have more sense than to refuse the establishment that I can give her daughter."

"Neither will I marry at the instigation of a parent; but I have no fear that she will enforce her authority, in your behalf. I have already given you a sufficient reason for not marrying you; if you are determined to appeal to a higher tribunal, take the consequences." She rose, bowed, and walked out of the room with a considerable degree of hauteur.

"Hoyty toyty," exclaimed Peter, a little discomfited in spite of himself. "Would ever anybody suppose she could give herself such airs—she, who is generally so gentle, pleasant, and good-natured. Who would ever have thought, that my lady had such a will of her own! She'll never have such another offer, *I* can tell her. Fifty thousand dollars, a carriage, and such horses. A house in *Fifth Avenue* too, not to mention the life interest in *I*, myself, *I*. She is crazy, or rather she, like the rest of her sex, requires management; in other words, coaxing. I'll beat up the mother's quarters now, and bring her authority to bear. The saucy Madame, will

have to yield at last. I'll break her in by-and-by, by Jove, I shall."

With this magnanimous resolution, he sought an interview with the Senora, and again laid his fifty thousand dollars, his house in *Fift* Avenue, his carriage and horses, and a box at the *opra*, at the disposal of her daughter.

"My daughter has just informed me, of the great compliment you have paid her, Mr. Dick," said the Senora di Vinci, "but she begs to decline the honor of an alliance with you, on the plea of dissimilarity of tastes."

"Pugh, pugh, ma'am, all that will of course disappear after marriage. Miss Hinda will of course conform to my ways and wishes, and everything will go on as smooth as a millpond."

"But my daughter declines your hand, sir, and I will never force her inclinations, in such an important step, as marriage."

"Your daughter is too young, yet, to have a will of her own, and only consider the establishment that I can give her, ma'am. There is not a handsomer house in *Fift* Avenue than mine. Then, if my present carriage

does not suit her, although it has been pronounced tip-top, by my friends of the Dilettanti, she shall have another, and the interest of fifty or even sixty thousand dollars, settled upon herself for mere pocket money. She will never have such another offer, ma'am, *I* can tell you."

"But my daughter's inclinations, Mr. Dick, are they to have no weight in the balance? She declares she does not love you, and I most positively declare, that she shall have her own way in this matter."


"Your daughter is too young, and too inexperienced to have predilections, ma'am."

"Then she is unfit to enter into such an alliance as you propose, Mr. Dick, and—"

"Well, ma'am, I am surprised, that a lady of your good sense, and experience of the world, should countenance the silly whims of a young girl, who stands so much in her own light. I can tell you, she may play her cards in many a game, and not turn up such a trump as *I* would prove."

"Quel grand ganache," thought the Senora.

"But as I am in no particular hurry," continued



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Peter, "I can wait, I will continue my visits here as usual; perhaps I may even give you and her another chance, of reversing this ridiculous decision." And so saying, he took his leave, greatly to the relief of the Senora.

CHAPTER XXIII.

SEA-SIDE WOOING.

It was soon whispered throughout the little household, that Miss di Vinci had refused Mr. Dick, but this in no way lessened the gloom on Hartley's brow. He had changed so much within a few weeks, that even his mother did not understand him. He that used to be so cheerful, had become silent, and reserved; a bitter draught in the cup of life, had been held to his lips, and he was obliged to drink it to the dregs. The poverty, the privation of his boyhood, was ease and comfort in comparison to the wretchedness he was now enduring. His affections, then centred in his mother, had never known a check, or experienced decay. He knew his mother's love, her thoughts, her prayers, were all his; but his mother's love, though still warmly

cherished, no longer sufficed for his happiness. The form of Hinda, was indelibly fixed upon his heart, from the first moment he had seen her, and for three long years he had cherished that image. While indulging his feelings for her, he felt a better man, far above common mortals, so true it is that

“ They who love are region'd high
On the hills of bliss, with heaven nigh.”

Love, that divine essence, which emanates from the Great Source; undying love, which endures to all eternity! glorious thought! There is a dignity in true affection, which indicates the origin, from whence it springs. The mother loves her child, the child its parent, the brother the sister, and the lover his lady, with all the ardor of which our feeble natures are capable, but all love, parental, fraternal, or conjugal, emanates from the great I Am Love.

But what agony fills the mind, when the subtle flame is felt by one alone, and kindles no reciprocal sympathetic fire. Suffering, the badge of humanity, cleaves

with tenacious gripe, like the fabled shirt of the Centaur Nessus, to the wretched being, no escape, but to live on and endure. The first pair felt all the horrors of the forsaken, when driven from Paradise, and from the face of the God of Love, whom they had abandoned, and their descendants have had to drink the bitter cup to the dregs.

Hartley felt that if he yielded to his feelings, he would become contemptible in his own eyes, and useless in the eyes of the world; and he nobly determined to grapple with the fell fiend, that would fain sink him in the slough of despair. His strong earnest nature would feel but one passion, he would never love again; but there was something still to live for. His mother, whose love was formerly all sufficient, and the Senor Espagne to whom he owed so much, and the world, would require some work at his hands. But there was something so indefinite in this kind of love; it was insufficient to fill his large heart. He foresaw the long life before him of an unoccupied heart, unloved, unloving.

"I shall not sink into dull stupid inactivity; I shall lead no aimless life; I must adopt some career. A poli-

tician, no, that is too hackneyed, too contemptible in the present sense of the term. A merchant, no—that once honorable pursuit has degenerated into the mere grabbing for dollars and cents. A lawyer, yes, that will do, I will read for the law, the hard dry study may occupy my mind, and I may yet be the means of doing some good in my day and generation. Heigho! would that I had never seen her, what a sweet agony love is, said he, somewhat bitterly, especially when unreciprocated. To come back and find her affections engaged to another, for that such was the case, he had now no doubt; witness the tableaux, those unmistakable marks of regard, that were continually passing between them,—the word ‘remember’ at parting.” He heard it.

His hope in life was gone; the brightness of existence had departed; and as he looked into the future, the shadows of a long, dark dismal life were before him. “Oh,” thought he, “if I truly loved her, I ought to give her up, to one whom she prefers to me. Give her up, never. She took possession of my affections, the moment I saw her, and there she will remain enshrined till death stops the pulses of my heart. She is a part of myself,

how then can I give her up, how can I root up that which has grown into my very soul, and linked with it so fondly? Give her up, and to whom do I yield her? Oh, there's the misery: if he were worthy of her, but he is base and contemptible. Others will say, that my prejudices have rendered me unjust towards my rival. I am not unjust, I can see through him, that he is low, treacherous, and deceitful; would that she could penetrate his true character ere it be too late.

"I say, Dick," said Shaver, about a week after the occurrences just narrated, "let us call on Miss di Vinci, pour prendre congé."

"You have anticipated me, I have ordered my carriage for that purpose, we can go together."

The carriage drew up at Mrs. Norman's door.

"Is Miss di Vinci at home?"

"She is engaged, gentlemen," said the servant, as they were walking past her into the house.

"Indeed!" they both exclaimed, in a disappointed tone. They drew out their cards and Tom wrote P. P. C. on his and handed it to the servant.

"Write P. D. A. on yours, Dick."

"What good will that do?"

"Well, it can stand for Peter Dick Adieu, or Pour dire Adieu, whichever you like best."

Peter did as directed, and followed Shaver out of the house; both were deeply chagrined, at not being received, as they were desirous of ascertaining the summer arrangements of the family, and they also wished to leave a pleasant impression on the young lady's mind, previous to their departure.

Mrs. Judd had been indisposed for some time, which retarded the movements of the family, as they would not leave her alone. The Doctor thought if she could be removed into the country, the change might do her good, and Hartley made several fruitless visits to the sea-side, to procure lodgings; but as the summer was at its height, every place was filled to repletion. He was giving up in despair, when he accidentally heard of a cottage that a gentleman was about to vacate, owing to some change in his family arrangements.

This cottage was situated on Long Island, on the East River. He lost no time in securing it, and being close to a large hotel, arrangements were made to have their

table supplied from that source; so that his mother might be entirely released from household cares, for a short season at least.

The only difficulty now remaining, was the removal of Mrs. Judd, whose extreme debility, rendered the undertaking extremely hazardous.

"Descend into the grave," murmured she, "unhonored, and unloved. 'Blessed are the dead who die in the Lord, they shall rest from their labors and their works do follow them.' What good works have I ever done, that I should wish to have follow me? None! no, not one. The spring of life frittered away in vanity; the summer in schemes of towering ambition. I *must* be rich, there could be no happiness for me without it; I must be rich, to reach the pinnacle, from which I could look down on all my compeers. That was my chief, my only good, I had my wish, but how has it all turned to gall and wormwood: hence my autumn of life has been spent in remorse, and now in old age, nothing remains, but vexation of spirit: no satisfaction in looking back, no hope in looking forward. I might have known better, and I *did* know better. Oh, if the gates of heaven are

lifted up at all for me, I must creep in, there is no abundant entrance for me. I refused to work in his vineyard; I would walk after the desire of my own eyes. The spirit that is within me, rejected the inspiration of the Almighty. The would-be rich, are not wise; the would-be great, are not good. See how He crushed me in the midst of my prosperity, when I was saying to myself, I shall never be moved. He broke me in pieces, and crushed me to the earth. But thanks be to God, Christ has died for sinners, of whom I am the chief.

“How selfishly I retain all my friends, around me, instead of suffering alone, as I ought; but I cannot bear that one should leave me. I must make an effort to-morrow, and leave the city.”

Mrs. Judd stood the fatigue of the journey much better than anticipated, every mile she advanced into the pure country air, seemed to revive her strength. The rest of the party were in high spirits at the charming change, from the hot dusty city, to cool, green fields, shady trees, nooks enamelled with wild flowers, singing birds, and humming insects; all nature was joyous and happy. The pent up denizens of the city, felt like

prisoners let loose, and sported like children on a holiday.

Hinda threw off her constrained manner, and Hartley was in raptures. A thrill of ecstasy darted through his heart, when her bright and happy look, was directed towards him. A glance can exalt a lover to the acme of bliss, or sink him in the abyss of despair. "Who can tell," thought he, "what change may take place in her, when away from the contaminating influences of those Shavers; she may yet become all I could wish." But the anticipation was too exquisite to be cherished, and was no sooner conceived, than a blighting, jealous doubt arose, as to its possibility.

The second evening after their arrival, Hartley wheeled Mrs. Judd's chair under some large, shady trees on the lawn of the cottage, within a few yards of the water's edge, and seating themselves around her, all commenced talking, as only people talk, who are free from pain and care.

The opposite coast, which rose with a gentle slope from the water, was beautifully wooded with natural forest, and at intervals, fields of yellow grain appeared,

schooners and sloops, interspersed with an occasional steamer, were busily plying up and down the broad stream. The sweet scent from the neighboring hay fields, was borne on the warm summer breeze. The lowing of the cattle, and the occasional falling of an anchor, or the tacking of a river craft, on its way to the ocean, were the only sounds that fell upon the ear.

Even Mrs. Judd, whose eye was now continually fixed upon the portals of Eternity, was sensibly affected by the lovely landscape.

"Will heaven be more beautiful than this scene?" she murmured. "Can it be more peaceful? Our limited faculties will indeed be greatly enlarged, and our conceptions inconceivably expanded, and fitted to enjoy the pure delights of that happy land, where mere barren professors cannot enter. But what more am I? 'Lord, I believe, help thou mine unbelief.' He can save even me, that is all my righteousness. Strange goodness!"

She was interrupted in her soliloquy, by an exclamation of pleasure from Hinda. Hartley had caught a humming-bird, and brought it to her. As he placed it

in her hand her soft velvety palm came in close contact with his, and a thrill like electricity ran through his whole frame, which almost amounted to a shudder; Hinda was so intent examining the little captive, that she did not perceive his agitation. In a minute he became quite calm, sat down, and talked with perfect ease and composure.

“With what a grand chain is nature connected,” said he. “Man occupies the highest position, and may be said to form the link which unites him to angels itself; then follow the different grades of humanity; for, that there are different grades in our species, we have but to use our senses to perceive.”

“The highest style of man is he who most resembles our Great Pattern,” said Mrs. Norman; “and I believe there are many walk the earth, who faithfully follow his precepts, unknown to the generality of mankind—but in another world they shall all know, even as they are known.”

“Take such a man, and compare him with the unhappy wight now lying chained in a dungeon, who has forfeited his life and liberty to the outraged laws of his country,

by yielding to his base passions: how many grades then are there between such a being, and the one my mother has just designated, as the highest style of man. As the scale descends, we come to the inferior animals; then those which are linked to birds, and the beautiful little creature now trembling in your hand, forms the link between birds and insects—What are you going to do with it, Hinda? ”

“Let it go. Captivity would kill it in a day. I can sympathize with it, for I believe, if I were imprisoned, I would either go crazy or die, in as short a time.”

As she spoke, she rose and placed the beautiful insect-bird, on a wild rose bush, close by an opening flower, and as she stood watching it, she exclaimed—“I am sorry to part with you, pretty creature, but it is best.” The bird soon spread its wings, inserted its long bill into the opening rose, then culled the sweets of the surrounding bushes, and flew off to other harvest fields.

“What does that sign-board say, Hartley, that I see nailed to the tree?” said Mrs. Judd.

Hartley advanced a few steps and read: “For Sale—The estate of Chestnuthill, consisting of 150 acres of

land, finely wooded, and in beautiful preservation. A commodious dwelling-house, with farm-house, stables, and barns in excellent order. Apply to Mr. Fairbanks, Wall street, N. Y."

"Suppose we all go and inspect Chestnuthill to-morrow," said Hinda. "It will be a frolic; and if I find it suitable, I may purchase it," she added with mock gravity. All agreed to the proposal.

Hartley, with his usual forethought, had procured, before leaving town, a comfortable garden-chair, to which a pony or donkey could be attached, for the benefit of Mrs. Judd, and had it taken to the cottage. The morning of the proposed excursion, the first thing that met Hinda's eyes, on entering the breakfast room, was a small donkey, quietly feeding on the enclosure, before the cottage door. Being fond of animals, she of course must go and make friends with the donkey, and taking a nice French roll from the table, went out upon the lawn. The donkey was either a very tame one, or it liked the looks of the fair maiden, for he advanced a few steps to meet his new acquaintance. He took the proffered roll, and then Hinda remembered that she had read somewhere

of the attachment these animals have, for thistles and nettles. Casting her eyes around outside the fence—for all such obnoxious weeds had been eradicated from the paddock, previous to the arrival of the animal—she soon perceived a plentiful crop of the Canada thistles, in a hollow near the fence of the hotel, and immediately proceeded to the spot. She looked at the defiant, bristly shrub, which said, as plain as plant could speak, “*Nemo me impune lacesset.*” But Hinda was not to be intimidated. She put on her gloves and cautiously tried to touch the stem, but she drew back quicker than she advanced, the thistle was triumphant. Then she tried to place her foot upon it, and slowly approached the root—the thistle bent, but it stabbed in fifty places before falling; she then put out her hand to pull it up, but though felled to the earth and trampled upon, it stabbed and stung, and obstinately persisted in keeping its ground.

Hartley, who had been watching her out of the parlor window, trying to find out what she was doing, saw her pulling, and tugging, and wincing. “She is in trouble,” thought he, and in another minute he was at her side.

“What is the matter, Hinda?”

She looked up without taking her foot from the plant, and told him she wanted to root up the thistle.

"Do you want to plant it again?"

"To plant again! no."

"Then you do not care for the root;" and he put his hand in his pocket, drew out a knife, and cut the root. He then peeled the prickles from a part of the stalk, but not with impunity, and took hold of it.

"Now," said he, "where do you wish to put it?"

She stretched out her hand, to take it; he saw some scratches on her hand and arm.

"Oh, Hinda, see what you have done," said he, taking hold of her wounded hand, and quite forgetting his usual cold caution, he retained it with affectionate solicitude.

"They are only slight scratches, and will soon heal," said she, with a deep blush, as she drew her hand rather abruptly from his, and turned and walked towards the house. She was intimidated by his manner, and would not confess that she wanted the thistle for his donkey.

This movement recalled Hartley to himself. "What a fool I am," thought he. "I have offended her, and almost betrayed myself." He did look rather foolish, as he stood

gazing at her receding figure, holding the thistle in his hand.

When she disappeared within the house, he slowly followed her. As he entered the little gate, he stuck the thistle on the fence, close by, and there it remained till it withered.

At breakfast, they resumed their formal city manners, which had gradually disappeared since their residence in the country.

After breakfast, Hinda walked up into her own room, and sat down on her own pretty rocking chair, given her for a Christmas gift; and leaning back listlessly, there was a sad expression on her sweet countenance, and a tear glistened on her eyelid. But a moment afterwards, she assumed a proud and haughty bearing, sat upright, and ceased to rock the chair. Apparently, somebody or something was accusing her. We saw nobody, but evidently she did, at least with her mind's eye, for her manner was defiant, as if she were repelling an unjust charge. Perhaps it was conscience that confronted her, and when such an accuser mounts the witness-box, there is little chance of coming off scath-

less. Best let her have her own way, and plead guilty; and throw yourself on her mercy, and promise to do better for the time to come. But Hinda, with erect head and flashing eye, not only pleaded not guilty, but set her at defiance.

"If I die in the struggle," said she to her invisible accuser, "if I die in the struggle, I will make him descend from that lofty pedestal, on which he is perched, and sue at my feet for my love. He shall divest himself of that air of superiority which he has assumed, and solicit my favor. How I should like to break his heart—if I only knew how, I would set about it immediately."

"Have a care, Hinda," said the invisible. "This is a dangerous man for you; with his calm, penetrating, heart-searching eyes, he will find out all he wishes to know of your feelings and sentiments, without revealing his own."

"I know it," she answered, "and I fear him. If I do not take care, he will engross my affections, and what then will become of me—when I am no longer mistress of my own feelings. He shall not thus get the better of me," and she stamped her fairy foot on the floor. "I will show him he will make no fool of me."

The invisible creature laughed, and tauntingly replied, "You are already over head and ears in love with him, and that causes all this commotion in your heart."

"I am afraid I am, but I will smother the feeling. I will not yield to it. I will not, I tell you."

"But if he returns love for love, Hinda, and suppose he even now languishes for your sympathy, and sighs for your smile of approval—would you give it him?"

Here she became again the haughty spoiled beauty, and the woman was extinguished.

"Well, after a time, I might condescend to regard him with some slight tokens of favor."

"I tell you, woman, that Hartley Norman will court no woman for her beauty alone. She must have heart qualities and judgment, without which, a mere beautiful exterior is in his eyes, only a fine piece of mechanism. Your Peter Dicks, and your Tom Shavers, and your Mr. Symingtons, may value a woman for her exterior advantages, but a man worth captivating, is never subdued by such contingencies."

"The homage of the whole race of such men, availeth

me nothing, so long as Hartley Norman will not succumb."

- "You are like the proud Haman, who was miserable, because Mordccai refused to do him homage, although all others bent low in his presence."

"I would give the whole world, if it were mine, to place him among the category of my admirers; with a heart overflowing with love, which his cold prudence could not contain. That would be triumph indeed."

After a pause, "I will try it."

"You may save yourself the pains."

"I will try it, I tell you," said she defiantly.

She rose and glanced in the mirror. Hers was a beauty which was not only seen but felt. She moved slowly and gracefully, but not indolently. There was a calmness in her outward deportment, which she was far from feeling; how much it sometimes cost her, to assume this self-possession, none can tell, but those, who, like her, endowed with strong sensibilities, have felt the necessity of crushing, or at least concealing them. What woman can forget the fiery ordeal, of her first experience of the awakening passions—the strong curb necessary to

conceal her thoughts and feelings—the bit and bridle with which the tongue is held in, and the strong sluice to dam up the tell-tale blood, which runs unbidden from heart to cheek, with electric velocity. How often has the lip quivered under the sharp pangs of smothered emotion ; and what shame and contrition have been experienced, by the most trivial dereliction of the rules of maiden propriety.

Her mother knocked at her door. “Hinda, we are all ready, and waiting for you.”

“I will be down immediately, mamma.”

While dressing, she schooled herself in some of those womanly tactics, which in this age of refinement and cultivation, every female must adopt, in order to conceal the true state of her feelings, to avoid ridicule, or the charge of singularity ; and having a strong will, and no little firmness, she promised soon to become an apt scholar. But there was an impulsive restlessness visible in her manner, excitement in her glowing cheek, and the uneasy sparkle of her soft, dark eye, at variance with her usual open and candid look, and quiet ladylike deportment. “Now,” said she to herself, in coming into the

parlor, "I must put on my most bewitching behavior, and endeavor to throw Mr. Norman off his guard. He must not, shall not, ever know what I feel."

At first she assumed great dignity of manners, which was a new phase in her character, except when she was provoked, but neither her mother nor Mrs. Norman, took any notice of her assumed importance; they knew that the crotchets and caprices of girls of her age, are legion. But it was different with Hartley; in his eyes her every movement was significant, and unfortunately for him, she felt and knew that his eyes were continually upon her, and many of the airs were assumed for his benefit, to incite him to anger and jealousy, or in some way to make him uncomfortable. How the little monster torments his victims.

The garden chair was brought out, to which the donkey was yoked, and Mrs. Judd seated, the rest of the party on foot, set off to explore the estate of Chestnuthill, the main entrance of which was about a quarter of a mile from the cottage. On entering the avenue, they were struck with the size of the old forest trees, most of which, if endowed with noses, must have smelt the gun-

powder of the Revolution; nay, if they have eyes, and why not,—some people have found them gifted with tongues, to their great delectation,—they must have seen the gleaming of the tomahawks, brandished over the heads of intrusive white folks. There was no use denying it, most of them were pretty old saplings, two hundred years ago, however much they tried to disguise the ravages of time. One bald-headed oak, that might have boasted of youth five hundred years ago, actually hid his diminished head, in the foliage of two magnificent hemlocks, so that nobody would ever have detected the artifice of the old monarch, if Hinda, in her passion for stumps and gnarled old trunks, had not been attracted by the dimensions of the body, and the fantastic twirling and bending of the limbs, and approached to pay homage to his majesty of the forest; which she did heartily, in spite of the bald pate of the glorious old tree, which had evidently seen better days.

We like those old trees, which have braved the storms of so many winters, and basked in the sunshine of so many summers, whose sad and sweet experience, could tell tales of bygone days, if gifted with speech. And who

knows what confabs they may hold with one another—
“ what are the wild waves saying ?”

The avenue of Chestnuthill, after many twistings and twinings, in which it seemed to dive down into little dells, then again mount on tolerably sized hillocks, at length brought the party in front of a very respectable looking grey granite house, three stories high, and flanked by two wings of two stories ; a broad piazza ran along three sides, supported by thick wooden pillars, entwined by Michigan roses and jasmine.

The lawn in front, was sprinkled with noble trees, and behind the house rose a hill of considerable height, wooded to the top, on the slope of which a space had been cleared and fenced round, and formed into an orchard and vegetable garden.

A spring of water issuing from the rocks, leaping playfully in its course, and laying bare its flinty sides, divided the garden into two equal parts, bridged over by a structure made of the fantastic roots of the cedar tree, which added much to the picturesque appearance of the garden.

Winding round the hill, by a road cut through the wood, and following the course of the little brawling

stream, the party traced its windings, till it reached the sea shore, and gently mingled its waters with the mighty deep. Midway, it formed a basin of several acres in extent, in whose dark clear waters the trout could be seen sporting in the summer air.

"What a lovely spot!" exclaimed Hinda. "Let us rest on the green bank under this tree, and watch the fish in the pond."

"I wonder why they are selling this property. I should hate to leave it if it were mine," exclaimed Mrs. Norman.

"The late owners left no direct heirs," answered Hartley, "and the nephews and nieces must dispose of it, to divide the property."

"How much do they ask for it?" demanded Mrs. Judd.

"Fifty thousand dollars, the newspapers say. But I question if they can get that sum for it, as it would not be a profitable investment to a mere practical man, there being so much woodland and so little arable land; that except for a fancy residence, which few have the wealth to possess and keep up, it would be almost useless. A utilitarian might clear away those woods, and"—

"That would be a downright sin," exclaimed the Senora, "clear away the greatest beauty of the place,—that has taken nature hundreds of years to produce.—Such a man would be mad in my estimation."

"There is so little gallantry paid to nature nowadays," said Hartley, "that I am afraid the dame will have to pocket the affront; or rather she will be banished altogether, for a useless, idle, good-for-nothing, decayed old gentlewoman. For it is more than probable, that the man who purchases this property, will turn it every inch to use; erect a saw-mill on this very stream, and cut up those very trees, which we have all been admiring so much, into planks, and perhaps sell them for a plank road, or form them into ox scows, or cut them into shoe pegs. Too bad, is it not, Hinda?" addressing her directly, as he saw the concern of her countenance.

"Well!" exclaimed she, "although it is no business of mine, yet I must say, I dislike to see all the beautiful spots in nature, being invaded and desecrated by beings of such common mould and ignoble ideas. Such men always put me in mind of the description of 'Mammon' by Milton.

'Mammon, the least erected spirit that fell
From heaven; for e'en in heaven his look and thoughts
Were always downward bent,—admiring more
The riches of heaven's pavement, trodden gold,
Than aught divine or holy.'

"Surely there are common tracts of land enough—places devoid of much natural beauty, that would do for producing ox scows, and shoe pegs, without defacing localities such as this. I never wished to be rich before—but now I should like to buy it, and save it from desecration."

"I'll tell you how you could manage it, Hinda," said her mother smiling—"give a hint to Mr. Dick."

Hinda frowned, and rising, walked round the edge of the pond. She had not long been gone when she made signals for the rest of the party to come to her. Hoy, the donkey, was stopped short in his nibble, and they all moved on round the pond. But the progress of the chair was arrested by a large ledge of rocks, on the left of which Hinda stood, and which Hoy deemed inaccessible. "Lead the donkey round the ledge, Mr. Norman," she called out, "you can approach below."

The circuit was made in five minutes, but none of the party were then in sight.

"Where have they all gone?" enquired Mrs. Judd.

"Spirited away, I think," answered Hartley.

"I hear Hinda talking, but her voice sounds smothered, as if she were at a distance or underground."

Hartley left Hoy, leaped across a stream which flowed into the lake, and searched for the party, among the rocky boulders. He soon returned, and led Hoy into a narrow chasm, at the extremity of which, was the entrance to a small cave, the floor of which was paved with quartz stones of perfect whiteness. In one corner a pure stream of water trickled from the rock, into a trough, shaped like a shell, from which it escaped, and after fretting among rocks and stones it made its way out of the cave, and formed the stream over which Hartley had just leaped, on its way to the lake. Rock plants grew in luxuriance in the crevices, and hung in large clusters over the bare stone;—most of these plants were in full bloom, and presented a spectacle lovely to behold.

After admiring the cave and its profuse draping of

wild roses, cactuses, morning glories, and nasturtiums, they explored other ledges, in search of curiosities, and then turned homewards; but, instead of returning past the house, they kept to the left, and viewed the productive part of the estate. The stables and out-houses, were all in good order, and the crops promised to be very abundant; the farm-yard was well stocked with all kinds of live-stock, and domestic fowls of every description strutted about in all directions.

The beauty of Chestnuthill, furnished conversation for the rest of the evening.

After tea, when seated under the trees, Hartley announced his intention of visiting the city next morning, and asked the ladies severally, if they had any commissions for him.

"When do you purpose returning, Hartley?" inquired his mother.

"In the afternoon, mother, by the four o'clock boat."

The Senora requested him to call for some embroidery, which she left to be stamped, and which was not finished the day they left town.

"And what shall I do for you, Hinda?" said he turning towards her.

"I should like that new novel, that they are making such a fuss about, in the papers, although I invariably find, that what they puff the most, is least worthy, but 'mickle cry and little wool,' seems the order of the day. As a reward for your kindness, I will allow you to cut the leaves, and air it on your way down in the boat; that is to say, provided you do not meet with more agreeable amusement."

"I shall certainly avail myself of the privilege, with thanks. What can I do for you, mother?"

"Only call at the house and see that all is right, Hartley. But you have not inquired Mrs. Judd's commands."

"Mrs. Judd has already given me her commissions.— But whom have we here?"

A party from the hotel passed, and Mr. Symington stepped from among them, exclaiming, "Miss di Vinci, by all that is delightful." He advanced gracefully, and shook hands with much emprossement; bowed to the Senora and to the ladies present, but paid no attention whatever to Hartley.

Mr. Symington had a remarkably handsome countenance and a very distinguished air, and his address was perfectly easy and gentlemanlike. He was exactly the kind of man, that would attract an inexperienced young girl, at first sight. With easy confidence he seated himself on the grass, at Hinda's feet, never imagining, that his society could be aught but agreeable, to whomever he condescended to favor. He commenced a lively conversation—more properly speaking, he rhapsodized, after the most approved method of modern small talk, which perfectly astonished the grave and sedate Hartley.

Of course his prattle—we dare not call it conversation, that science was unfashionable among the Shaver *set*—was directed entirely to Miss di Vinci, she being the youngest and handsomest woman present.

"How fortunate that we should meet thus; I was beginning to think this place a perfect solitude—nobody here at all."

"Why," answered Hinda, "I understood that there were upwards of two hundred people at the hotel."

"What does that signify, if there is no congenial spirit; one feels lonely in a crowd."

"I thought you were one of that large party, who have just gone on through the woods. You must surely be able to find one, amongst so many, with whom you can associate."

"Fair unbeliever, these were only sisters, cousins, and humdrum acquaintances."

"I shall, in the name of all sisters, cousins, and humdrum acquaintances, return you our grateful thanks, for the very distinguished marks of penetration evinced towards us, in the discovery you have just made, of our total want of sympathy and congeniality. I think, since the days of steam and gas, no such discovery has been made."

"Cruel Miss di Vinci, who always wilfully misconstrues me—I would think it a capital crime to class you among my humdrum acquaintances. You are enshrined in my heart of hearts."

"What a capacious tomb, that heart of hearts of yours must be," answered Hinda, "for, to my certain knowledge, it enshrines at least a dozen, as tall and as stout as I am. But, perhaps you possess some knack of compressing your relics, into a very small portable compass—almost nothing. You should adopt the song 'My heart's

in the highlands, my heart is not here,' for you are always wishing for something you have not, or dissatisfied with something you have."

"Slanderer! on the contrary, I feel now, that the lovely Hinda sits beside me, therefore, I will enjoy the good the gods provide me."

Hinda was so perfectly free from vanity, that she either did not, or would not, appropriate complimentary expressions; and all language of a hyperbolical character, only elicited a provoking smile, or a look of cold and stolid indifference.

Mr. Symington seemed quite aware of this failing in her character, and each satirized response, only provoked a more emphatic declaration of admiration.

Young as Hinda was, she knew the difference between heartfelt homage, and the spurious effervescence of sensuality. She had analysed the exquisite nature of the great inspiration in her own heart, and could detect the passion from its foam, with unerring accuracy. The trifling disposition of the man before her, was thoroughly understood, and the evanescent nature of his feelings duly appreciated.

"How long have you favored this place with your divine presence, Miss di Vinci?"

"Two days and seven hours."

"I have lost a day then, for I have been here twenty-four hours. How is it that Shaver did not know your retreat?"

"Have his communications with the spirits not informed him?"

"He had been hunting you up, when I met him, previous to leaving town."

"I always thought they were lying ignoramuses, those spirits, to whom he has committed the keeping of his conscience."

"He will find you out before another day passes."

"Not if you do not tell him," said Hinda.

"A bird of the air will carry the intelligence."

"Then it will be some meddling coxcomb."

CHAPTER XXIV.

“THE CHURL MAY BECOME GENEROUS.”

ON Hartley's arrival from town, he entered the parlor unperceived by any of the family, and sat down on a corner of the sofa. The folding doors were open between the parlor and dining-room, and Hinda was seated on a hassock, at Mrs. Judd's feet, reading a newspaper aloud. She had turned to the advertisements, as she declared there was more fun in these, than in all the paper together. Her merry laugh, and comical reading, amused her mother and Mrs. Norman, who were at work, and even Mrs. Judd relaxed into a less austere, if not risible expression of countenance.

“To be sold. The estate on Chestnuthill, situated on Long Island; consisting of a hundred and fifty acres, finely wooded, and well adapted for mill purposes, as

there is a fine stream of water running through the property. The dwelling house is commodious, and in excellent repair. Orchards, out-houses, &c. Apply to Mr. Fairbanks, Wall street, N. Y."

"There's a chance for you, mother, to become a landed proprietor, and a miller. Your fortune would be made."

"Oh, Rachel, listen! This is what you have wanted so long, and I will take all the trouble of answering, and negotiating upon myself. 'Wanted—a housekeeper, who may look forward to matrimony, if dispositions suit. A few hundred dollars will be no objection. Apply at No. 2, Leech street.'

"A good looking young lady wanted, of pleasing address, to attend a confectionery store. Apply, &c.'

"Now that would almost suit me. For instance, I am good looking."

"Who told you so, you foolish girl?" said her mother.

"Why, every man I meet, lets the cat out of the bag, in some way or other, except one," she said mentally.

"He never has, even by look, word, or deed. But he must, he must, he shall. Oh, how I wish he would. But I may not be good looking in his eyes." This

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thought made her pause and look serious. After remaining some time in a revery, she resumed—"But then the pleasing address, mother, that would be a stumbling block, in the way of my promotion, for I have only a pleasing address when it suits me,—and when it does not, I can look disagreeable enough, even to make candy tart. So grandma, I believe I must make my fortune in some other way."

"I am afraid you will be obliged to do so," said her mother.

"Just look there!"

This exclamation caused all the ladies to look in the direction indicated, and they perceived Mr. Symington, Tom Shaver, and Peter Dick, in full tilt for the cottage.

"There are those three humbugs," said Hinda, "I suppose I must go and receive them."

As she turned, she discovered Hartley, seated on the sofa. Their eyes met. The silent but powerful homage of the soul, darted through that electric glance. Hinda quailed before the involuntary revelation of such earnest, deep feeling; her soul quivered and shrank,

and she stepped back, as if to escape its intensity, and put her hand to her forehead, to recover her self-possession.

"Is that you, Hartley?" said Mrs. Judd. "When did you return?"

"Only a few minutes ago."

"Will you lend me your arm, and lead me out of doors? Let us keep away from those babbling young men," said she, as she glanced towards Messrs. Symington, Shaver, and Dick, who with Hinda, were seated under the trees.

Hartley had brought a camp-stool with him, and placed it in a shady spot at some distance, and there Mrs. Judd and he, sat in earnest conversation, until the bell rang for tea. This was the signal for the party under the trees to break up also.

As Hartley, with Mrs. Judd on his arm, passed the group, Tom Shaver was urging Hinda to do something, which she as earnestly was declining.

"I tell you I will not," said she, in a very decided manner.

"What difference can it make whether you drink tea at the hotel or here? Do come, it will be such an agree-

able addition to our party—and I will introduce you to Mr. Symington's sisters and cousins."

"And his humdrum acquaintances?" inquired Hinda.

"Excuse me, I am engaged at home."

He still urged, until she became irritated.

"Cannot you take no, for an answer?"

"Well, we shall return after tea, and bring the ladies with us, since you will not go to them—we must bring them to you, Mahomed fashion."

In the evening, the shady spot under the trees, near the cottage, was covered with a party from the hotel; headed by Messrs. Symington, Shaver, and Dick, most of whom were already acquainted with Miss di Vinci. Mrs. Judd proposed a visit to Chestnuthill, which Mrs. Norman and the Senora gladly seconded, since their domain had been so uncereemoniously invaded. Hoy was yoked to the chair, and Hartley walked by his head. The animal followed him like a dog. As they entered the avenue, "a handsome gate would be a great improvement here," said Mrs. Judd; and as they proceeded, various alterations and amendments, were suggested by the ladies, who freely indulged in their tastes and fancies.

The arrival of the Shavers at the hotel, completely spoiled the quiet seclusion of the cottage party. The evenings were spent by the latter in walking, when the hotel party took possession of the cottage lawn; but more frequently, Hinda betook herself to the piazza of the hotel after tea—and there passed the whole of her evenings. When she did remain at home, she seemed out of sorts, and dissatisfied.

The summer drew to a close; the mornings and evenings were chill and damp, and a general shrinking indoors was manifested. Warm dresses were coming in vogue, fires were thought of and talked of, and city houses began to wake up, unbutton their eyes, and have their faces washed.

Mrs. Judd's increasing debility, warned her to leave the country early. The last day in the cottage had come, and she requested Hinda to accompany them, in their walk, and say good bye to Chestnuthill.

"I must disappoint Mr. Symington then, grandma, for I promised to ride with him to-day." Looking up, she perceived Hartley's eyes were fixed intently upon her face; "And I do not see how I can possibly do that."

"I should like you to come, Hinda," said Mrs. Judd. "There have been great improvements made since you were there."

Hartley leaned back in his chair, awaiting her decision with apparent calmness; not a muscle moved, he scarcely breathed.

"Grannie, I do not see what you want with me," said she pettishly, "you have Mr. Norman, who is a host in himself."

"I cannot do without Hartley; but my happiness will not be complete, unless you come too, Hinda; I shall be much pleased to have both."

"Well, I suppose the only way is to go and make excuses," said Hinda, "which are stupid things at best."

All left the room to prepare for the excursion, except Hinda. Hartley walked up and down the short piazza, waiting for Hoy and the chair. His face was pale and grave, and he was apparently in deep thought. He was thinking of the future—"Passing through life with an unoccupied heart—or rather beggared in heart—unloved, but not unloving,—that I shall not do; the sweet agony will never leave me; I would not part with its memory

for worlds; the unhoused condition of my soul, is dearer to me than life. But I shall not sink into dull, stupid inactivity; I shall lead no aimless life—I must first return to Central America, and endeavor to bring the Senor and his daughter together, for apparently letters are of no avail in accomplishing this end. I shall then adopt some profession—some career in life, that will enable me to come out of self, and live for the good of those around me.”

“If I cannot taste exquisite happiness, I shall never be the slave of misery. Without setting Happiness at defiance, I can at least live independent of her smiles, and ten chances to one, she will concoct some healing elixir, such as ambition, fame, or honor, and present this earthly draught to my lips, instead of that heavenly food, which I would fain taste, and even feed upon. No, Love alone, and Religion, which is the highest phase of the passion, can sway the human heart, with all-powerful control. All else—ambition—fame—honor—are but mock banquets, and starve what is ethereal in the human. But Love—it may not be—it cannot be. It is too much of heaven to ask upon earth. It would be angel’s food.

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Heighho! in my frenzied moods, I many a time wish I had never seen her, but in my lucid intervals, I am thankful for the heavenly faculty with which she has been the means of endowing me; for through her, I am acquainted with more of heaven, than aught else on earth could teach."

"There she sits, wilful as she can live, yet how loveable, how bewitching, in spite of all her whims, and saucy eccentricities. She has not appeared to me particularly happy this whole summer. She does not possess that calm, which perfect happiness bestows. Is she beginning to find out that her lover, is not the perfect being that, of course, her heart supposed him? Would that her eyes were opened. Latterly she is often silent and reserved, and I have known her shut herself up, and pace her room for hours; and my lady's spirit does not seem to rest at night too well, for when her mother taxed her with midnight vigils, the crimson blush covered her fair face, while she disclaimed, in a mocking tone, the allegation."

"I wonder of what she is thinking now?" said he, as he glanced in at the window. "It cannot be that she is really disappointed, in her ride with that simpleton,

Symington, for she takes no pains to conceal her contempt for him."

The ladies appeared at this time, and put an end to further speculations. Hoy came trotting round to the front door. Hinda rose, and soon joined the party, ready for the walk.

At the entrance to the avenue, a handsome gate had been erected, also a pretty picturesque cottage, as a lodge. The house had undergone alterations and repairs, and a conservatory, filled with rare and choice plants, had been added to the south side, opening into the parlors.

Hartley assisted Mrs. Judd to alight, and after having inspected everything, they all sat down in the library. Mrs. Judd drew from her pocket a parchment, and handed it to Mrs. Norman. It was the title deeds of the estate of Chestnuthill, which Mrs. Judd had purchased in Mrs. Norman's name, and presented to her as a memorial (as she expressed herself) for the great benefits she had received at her hands. And as it is impossible to own such a place without money to keep it up, she added to the gift of the estate, the sum of fifty thousand dollars.

Mrs. Norman expostulated.

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"Do you remember," inquired Mrs. Judd, interrupting her, "the night Hartley planned his house for you, Mrs. Judd's room was not forgotten ; neither will I forget you, dear friends. Through you, I have received heavenly blessings,—is it much to ask you to accept some of my superfluous, worldly possessions? I will soon go the way of all flesh,—I can take nothing with me—allow me, then, the privilege of doing one kind act before I go. I have not many recorded to my account—would that I had more. The realities of the world to come, and the evanescence of the present, are becoming plainly visible, even to my mortal eye ; and the plainer I see, and the more fully I comprehend, the more I am astonished at the mad career I have run—and only think of my miraculous escape. Thanks be to you, dear friends, through Jesus Christ, who hath given me the victory over sin ; for although I knew better, I acted as though I did not."

The family were all comfortably settled in —th Street, for the winter. It was still pleasant autumn weather. The sun was just setting in golden splendor, and tinging all it looked upon, with a smile of gladness.

Hinda had been watching its beams from the piazza, and called her mother to come and note the gilding of the church spires and chimney tops, and fiery burnishing of the upper windows of the opposite houses. Mrs. Judd requested Hartley to lead her out also. When seated, she called Hinda towards her. The young girl seated herself on a bench, at her grandmother's feet. The old lady's hand stroked and played with her glossy hair, and Hartley leaned on the back of her chair, looking at the graceful form before him. Suddenly she rested her hand on Hinda's head, and said in a solemn tone:

"Only child of my only son Antony—fear God, and walk in his ways. Seek him, and he will be found of thee, for he is not far from any one of us. He is always more ready to hear, than we to ask. Let your heart gush forth in affection towards your fellow beings, and fear not, but your reward will be, love for love. Be docile, humble, and gentle; and, if you trust in your Almighty Father, be assured, you will always have light shed on the path in which you ought to walk, and guidance in the darkest hour of difficulty. Walk with God, and by the way, talk to him. May his favor,

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which is life,—His loving-kindness, which is better than life, rest upon you all your life long."

"For you, my daughter," continued she, stretching out her left hand to the Senora, "you are already blessed, for you have blessed me; and through your instrumentality I have tasted a peace, which the world never did, never could give. Hartley, life is failing me; come hither." Hartley stepped from behind her chair. But the film was upon her eyes. "Where are you, my child? Give me your hand." She placed his hand in her right, with the hand of Hinda. She prayed in silence for a few moments, and then said in a hollow broken voice, "My race is run. I hear a voice calling me: Come up hither. Lift up your gates, Oh, ye heavens, and let the repentant sinner enter."

The stars were just beginning to twinkle in the clear, deep, autumn sky, when this immortal left its tenement of clay, and passed into the realms of everlasting day. The moon burst through a thin fleecy cloud, and shed her pale ghastly light, on the form and features, stilled and hallowed by death—whose visits, however much expected, always awe the living.

Her man of business was notified, and her will produced. After liberal donations to the public charities of the city, she divided her immense fortune between her daughter-in-law, her grand-daughter, and Hartley Norman. Hartley residuary legatee and guardian to her grand-daughter.

Her effects were examined, and the roll presented a catalogue of stocks and bonds, &c., that Peter Dick, with all his millions, could not be compared, to the wealth of which Hartley was now the inheritor. The reason Mrs. Judd gave for leaving Hartley joint heir with her daughter and grand-daughter, was, that she knew he would use, and not abuse, the gift the Almighty had put into his hands; that, instead of hoarding, as she had done, he would benefit humanity with the talent in every judicious manner.

Still no letter or intelligence from Senor Espagne, and Hartley became uneasy. The Senora said nothing, but she looked unhappy.

The Shavers had become more intimate than ever with Hinda, for Tom had now ascertained that she was heiress of immense wealth, which diminished nothing

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of the attraction which she already possessed in his eyes.

Hinda, on her part, seemed determined on estranging herself entirely from her family: she would spend whole days at the Shavers', and not unfrequently would remain all night also.

"Not going again, Hinda?" said Hartley, one wet morning.

"Certainly, I am."

"I shall have to pay the Shavers board for you."

"I suppose I can pay for myself, Mr. Norman. That puts me in mind, I want a thousand dollars."

"May I ask for what you want it?"

"No, you may not, for I won't tell you. How I do hate guardians. Give me the money, that is all you have to do."

"Excuse me, I ought to know what you intend to do with so much money."

"You shall not know, then," and she haughtily left the room.

"Senora di Vinci," said Hartley, "what is Hinda going to do with a thousand dollars?"

"Give presents to those Shavers; pray do not give it her, Mr. Norman. I wish those people were a thousand miles off. I think you had better give her an allowance, and let her know she can have no more."

"Mr. Norman, I want that money by to-morrow morning," said Hinda, as she appeared before him, dressed for the opera, the same evening.

"You are not going out such an awful night as this, Hinda, you have a cold already; pray do not think of going to-night."

"I must go, I am expected; they could not get along without me. Remember the money, Mr. Norman, if you please," and she turned to go.

"I cannot give you that money, Hinda, it is beyond your allowance."

"I must have it, I tell you. What a mistake it was to make you my guardian. I wish there were no such creatures in existence—I hate them."

"You hate me, then?"

"Yes, I do, heartily." As she repeated the last word, she emphasized it as if she meant it.

"Mother," said Hartley, the morning after this scene,

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as he walked into her room, "I must go south for a few months. I have already waited too long for letters from the Senor. It is time something was done, to bring him and his daughter together; besides, I must absent myself from Hinda for a time, until I can learn to look with composure, upon the headlong course she is pursuing."

"I do not believe she loves either Shaver or Symington, Hartley."

"Nor I either; but with intuitive perception, which I believe is a gift peculiar to your sex, mother, she knows so well how to madden and torment me, that, in order to keep master of myself, I must flee her presence; I must show her I will not be trifled with; for, although I would willingly barter my whole wealth for the free, spontaneous affection of that too-lovely girl, yet the passion I have conceived for her, is of such a nature that it will not brook the shadow of a rival, nor the least shade of indifference. A husband could have no peace with Hinda until she is cured of these vexatious airs. I could not stand such a headstrong and imperious beauty. A term of absence is as healthy a prescription as I know of, and the sooner it is put into execution the better

for me, for I cannot trust myself any longer in her presence. She is at the same time so defiant and yet so enticing.

"Besides, mother, I will only fulfil my duty towards the Senor; for it is evident my letters have never reached him, and he is in trouble somewhere."

Mrs. Norman acquiesced with Hartley in his views, and fully concurred in its expediency, however much it grieved her to part with him, and be deprived of his society.

"There is a steamer to Aspinwall to-morrow," said he, "I will run down town after breakfast, and take a berth. In the meantime you can explain my intentions to the Senora, that I am anxious about the welfare of her father and brothers, and am going south to ascertain the difficulties of their situation.

"Did not Hinda send a message this morning, to say that she would not return from the Shavers till to-morrow?"

"Yes, but we will send for her."

"I would rather you did not; I do not wish her informed of my intended departure; and to-morrow, when she returns, I will be gone—that will be best, as I

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am afraid I shall do some foolish thing if I see her again."

Next morning, after breakfast, Hartley's trunk was brought down stairs, and placed in the hall. Soon after Hinda entered, and saw it as she passed along. She turned towards it, and read the address—"Hartley Norman, Esq., Aspinwall, Central America: per steamer Golden Gate."

The color forsook her face—the truth flashed across her mind. At that moment Hartley came out of the parlor.

"Good morning, Hinda," and he held out his hand to her.

"Are you going away?" she asked in a voice which she strove in vain to steady.

"I am," said he, drawing her gently into the parlor, and shutting the door.

"When will you return?" she continued, entirely off her guard.

"I do not know. That will depend upon circumstances."

"For what are you going?" she questioned again.

"For two reasons; one is, to relieve Senor Espagne from his present difficulties, and the second, to recover my peace of mind."

"Who has deprived you of that?"

"Your conduct, which has been beyond all endurance."

"What have I done to you?"

"You have deprived me of my heart, and then shun my presence, and set me at defiance in every possible way."

"I never knew my sin before. I only showed you that I did not like your patronizing guardianship authority. Stay, do not go," said she gently.

He placed his arm around her, and led her to the sofa. "Hinda, you perhaps do not know how dearly I have loved you; for four long years, I have only lived when you were present; when absent from my sight, I have only endured existence. I have never dared to tell you what I have felt, as no man in his senses would think of placing his happiness in the keeping of such an imperious flirt as you are." She struggled to free herself from his arm, but he drew her closer to him. "I think it is neces-

sary to absent myself for a time, until I can look with calmness on your indifference, which I know will be never; or until some change in your conduct, will justify me in placing my happiness in your hands." Another struggle. "Be still, I will speak my mind now; I may never have another opportunity. This alone would have determined me to undergo a temporary absence: but there is another reason urgent enough; Senor Espagne, who you must know is your mother's father, is evidently in difficulty, as his silence too plainly indicates. The disturbed state of the mails is no excuse for his long and determined silence; ways and means could be procured, for evading the vigilance of the lawless and reckless filibusters, by whom the country is overrun. Your mother is consequently very uneasy on account of your grandfather and his sons. They have been separated for several years, and now it is desirable for all parties that they should meet."

"Why was I not told all this before? I do hate so much secresy and reserve."

"It is a melancholy story; when I am gone, ask my mother to tell it you. Do not ask your own mother

—that would only open wounds that are better kept bound.

“And now, Hinda, will you tell me, that you love me truly and affectionately, and me alone? I feel I shall never love but you; and only think, how unkindly you have used me—had I been your enemy, you could not have treated me with greater coldness.”

She raised her beautiful eyes to his. They told the tale he wanted to know. Her head rested on his shoulder, and he dared to press his lips to hers, again and again. What a moment! too bright to last. Neither spoke for some time. He sought her eyes; they knew his wish, and willingly responded to it. He could have gazed his soul away. “My darling,” he murmured, “my sweetest, my long-loved.”

The carriage drove up to the door.

“Oh, Hartley, do not go away; stay, do stay, dear Hartley.”

“We must part for a short time, Hinda. Will you write to me, dearest?”

“Stay, do not go.”

He disengaged himself from her, rose, and looked at

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her. She was very pale, and he feared she was going to faint. But nothing so good happened to her; she felt, and felt keenly, the whole misery of her situation. She loved devotedly, and was going to be forsaken,—and not the least of the anguish she suffered, was the conviction that she had brought all on herself. She, too, might have known better, and did know better.

Hartley turned when he reached the door—another embrace—it was his last. He hastily bade adieu to his mother and the Senora, who were standing in the hall, and sprang into the carriage that conveyed him to the ship.

Strange to say, the young man was far from being miserable,—indeed he had not felt so happy for many long months, nay years. There was a laughing demon in his eye, that would have been anything but complimentary to “the girl he left behind him.” In truth, the short, unexpected, and happy explanation that had taken place between him and Hinda, had dispersed clouds of long gathering from his heart, and shed a glorious halo of happiness over his whole man. The soft musical voice was always sweet to him, even when saying sharp

and unkind things; but the tremulous—"Stay, do not go, dear Hartley," rang perpetually in his ravished ear. Her eyes, whose every glance he treasured, courted, longed for, and for which he often watched in vain, had rested upon him, with a loving, trusting, but melancholy beam. Her very breath still lingered fresh around him, like sweetest incense.

Hartley was wandering in Elysium. If there is a foretaste of heaven experienced by mortals on earth, it is when true love breathes the secret of its passion, in the loved one's willing ear,—when the flashing eye reveals to the enraptured lover what the tongue is ashamed to tell. These few fond words, those unwilling involuntary glances, shed a rapture on the heart. Man is in ecstasy for a brief space—oh, how brief. The stray spark from heaven, comes but once in a lifetime; if it came oftener, and stayed longer, we could not endure life without it, and die—for very longing.

This feeling of exquisite happiness, lasted for some time after he had lost sight of the city. But though he was hourly hastening further from all that was dear to him on earth, still the bright vision would not be

dimmed, nor the sweet conviction that he was loved, leave his heart. Her form was for ever before him; he had watched her every movement with incessant vigilance, and knew them all by heart. If, at any time she raised her large sparkling eyes to his,—how he hated their withdrawal,—he could have basked in their beams for ever. She had faults, but they were such as tended to provoke the affections, not blunt them. She teased—but time would cure all that nonsense: she had been flattered and spoiled—but her warm affections and good judgment, would ultimately counteract all evil effects, occasioned by the world's caresses. He knew that if she once took a stand against her present associates, he had then nothing to fear, for she was pretty decided, and her fidelity he could trust implicitly. On he went, buoyed above earth by his loving, trusting, and devoted affections.

CHAPTER XXV.

"HINDA FEASTS HER FANCY."

WE left Miss Hinda, more dead than alive on the sofa, with the last fond kiss of the truest love, man ever felt for woman, still warm on her lips. "This my boasted firmness, which no longer than yesterday I vowed to exercise. I can remember the very words: If I die, I shall never own what I feel, in word or look. He, like others, must flatter and sue. And now, all is confessed, almost unasked. He is gone. Oh! what shall I do without him? I am very miserable. Gladly would I now sue for one glance of his eye, one approving smile.

"He told me some unpleasant truths though, and called me some hard names; and yet, so far from resenting, I liked him the better for his courage; rather an odd way of wooing though. I suppose conscience made a coward of me, for I could not answer one word.

"No man in his senses would trust his peace of mind with such an imperious, self-willed person as I was. I believe he has all along been aware of the power he had over me, and has taken this plan of bringing me to terms. For all that, I could die for thee, Hartley Norman. Gone for months, perhaps for ever; well, I deserve all I am suffering. I know I have not used him well, and he told me so.

"What shall I do without him? How I shall miss his eager, anxious morning look, when I entered the room. If I was cheerful or talkative, he was sure to start subjects, that drew out any smartness that I might possess, and lead me on; so that I actually appeared talented, when all the time I was only revolving round him, and basking in the mental light that emanated from him. How I shall miss him by me at table, who seemed to anticipate my every wish. How we shall miss him in the evening, to talk and read to us.

"I may walk in and out of the room now, as often as I please; nobody will look happier when I come in, or sadder when I go. I may attend all the parties and operas in Christendom; nobody will care whether I

go or stay, or what I do or say. How tiresome it will be to live, and have nobody to watch and care for me; that is, nobody that I care for; for all men are perfect noodles compared with him. There is some comfort in that thought, since one has to succumb. It is as well that the object of our love be one that a woman can be proud of. How horrible it would be to swear homage to a fool like Mr. Dick, or a bore like Tom Shaver, or some such disgusting, conceited man as Mr. Symington.

"I believe that the struggle I have had to combat my love, has but deepened the impression, and made it grow into my very soul. How happy I might have been all this time, if I had never treated him so; he might never have gone away. Now, I have only tasted the cup, and then it was dashed from my lips. Oh, I might have known better."

Warm tears flowed down her cheeks. "Oh, I shall die! I shall die! Come back! Oh, come back, dear Hartley. I shall never vex you any more."

She clasped her small white hands closely together over her heaving bosom, and fixing her tearful eyes on the opposite side of the room, sat gazing, as if her fate

was there depicted, and she could read the hand-writing of condemnation on the wall. After a long gaze, her agony gave place to rapt attention and astonishment, and suddenly she became comparatively calm. Her mother and Mrs. Norman soon after entered the room, and were surprised to find her quiet and gentle. There was a subdued air about her, never before observed in her demeanor, and which struck both ladies as something extraordinary, as, from her passionate nature, they anticipated an outburst; both being conscious, that although she tormented Hartley, she still had a warm affection for him, and would allow no one to abuse him except herself. With such a disposition as hers, it was all-engrossing, passionate love, or unfeigned indifference. No medium course.

Weeks and months flew past. A change had come over the hitherto gay and wilful girl; the light careless laugh for ever left her heart, and a calm, dignified sedateness, a spirituelle expression of countenance marked her whole deportment. If "trifles light as air make up the sum of human things," we must not be surprised to hear, that an airy nothing, produced the sooth-

ing effect, which we have noticed, on Hinda's mind; transforming her, almost instantaneously, from a state of despair, into calm, contemplative satisfaction, if not positive enjoyment.

What a grand organ is imagination, when properly kept in tune, when the stops can be modulated by Reason, and the keys touched with the fingers of Prudence. We have no idea of giving her the reins; no, no. Keep her in with bit and bridle, and she will become a good servant, and contribute to our comfort and happiness; but cultivate her acquaintance, indulge her, let her become mistress, and she will soon bring us into a tight fix, or a tighter jacket.

It was very evident that Miss Hinda had food to eat, unknown to any except herself, furnished by that same fairy organ, imagination, which, by the by, is as good a caterer to the little god, as any music we know; and the sly girl eat her morsel in secret too, and let nobody partake of the dainty dish. I suppose she thought the ambrosia would not suit every-day palates, who would perhaps be wanting to make an Olla Podrida, or Hotch Potch, or Pot Pourri, of the angel food, on which she

solely lived. It must be confessed, that old, and all unimaginative persons, are too apt to treat the whimsicalities of youth, with too much severity, instead of allowing the surfeit to come naturally, and of its own accord, throw in handfuls of salt, until an imaginary Lot's wife is formed in the mind, who is continually putting her foot into even our purest pleasures, and seasoning them with gall and bitterness.

Although Mrs. Norman and the Senora were surprised at Hinda's quiet, subdued happiness, they prudently did not interfere in her whims and caprices. She would sit for hours alone in the parlor, exactly on the spot where Hartley had left her, with a book in her hand, or some work in her fingers; but her eyes would stray to the opposite wall, and long and ardently would scan the patterned paper.

The day before Hartley went away, he bought a beautiful little black horse, which arrived a few hours after he left, with a note for Hinda, requesting her acceptance of the gift, and enclosing a check for a thousand dollars, and begging her to think of him sometimes. The animal was docile and gentle as a child; she visited him twice a

day, and he fed out of her hand; and she petted and patted him so much, that he used to give a little doleful whine, whenever she left the stable, which she always did with reluctance. The society of the Shavers had become distasteful to her, and she evidently wished to withdraw herself from their acquaintance; but Tom was not to be shaken off so unceremoniously; he waylaid her, when she went out to walk, and he contrived to be constantly at her side, when she rode out—her favorite exercise. To accomplish this, he had recourse to Mrs. Norman's coachman, an old jockey of the Long Island race-course, and a *ci-devant* intimate acquaintance. Through his means he managed to be informed when his young lady was going to ride.

Day after day Miss di Vinci and Tom Shaver would be seen on horseback. Hinda was annoyed, and changed the hour, but it was all the same; Tom would meet her, no matter where she rode.

"How funny! I think there is a Providence in our meeting, Miss di Vinci," said Tom.

"It is a very impudent and annoying Providence, then," she retorted.

"I shall cross the ferry, and ride in New Jersey to-day, Hugh," she said one morning.

"Very well, ma'am."

There was Tom Shaver at the Christopher street ferry, ready to cross.

She tried Brooklyn and Williamsburg, but with no better success. Tom was like her evil genius. Their friends seeing them always together, naturally supposed they were engaged and the matter settled; the Shavers encouraged the rumor in every way, direct or indirect, and received the congratulations of their acquaintance.

"Miss di Vinci," said Tom one day, while riding by her side, "Dick and I have a bet, that his mare will beat your horse; in a two mile gallop I want you to let me have him, to try him for a couple of hours."

"Not for one second shall I ever lend this dear animal to you or anybody, except one." Tom bit his lip, for he was acquainted with the one she excepted, and cursed him in his heart.

Hinda's reserved manners, fairly puzzled Peter Dick—it was beyond his comprehension; and as his uppermost thought was generally expressed, he exclaimed—

"How changed Miss di Vinci is—there is no approaching her now,—she has such a keep your distance air about her—perfectly intolerable—nothing but airs."

Tom saw deeper into the cause, scowled, and left the room. He repaired to Mrs. Norman's stable, which was close by theirs, and had a long, confidential talk with Hugh, in a very low tone; nevertheless the horses heard it; they snorted and stared and stamped—we presume with astonishment, at the nature of the new moral code just promulgated, in the conversation they had listened to. Hinda's little horse caught Tom by the shoulder, between his teeth, as he was leaving the stable. Tom turned and hit the animal a blow; but the horse was satisfied for the time, as he had torn Tom's coat, and made him feel the edge of his teeth; by-and-by he would pay him off—so he intimated—as plainly as a horse could speak.

CHAPTER XXVI.

HARTLEY'S RETURN.

ONE morning Emma Shaver called for Hinda to go to the sewing society. The Shavers had lost their father and had put on fancy mourning.

"We can attend Mrs. Jones's funeral, Hinda, after we leave the sewing club. What a bore it is to be in mourning! I do not see why people will be so disagreeable as to compel a whole household to put on mourning, and stay in the house, and shut your door against company, and refuse all agreeable invitations. There is nothing left but sewing societies, and funerals, and picture galleries for excitement. It is awful. Oh, Hinda, I believe I have forgotten my thimble."

"I can lend you one."

"Pshaw! that is a silver thimble. Do you think I would be seen at a sewing society with a silver thimble?"

No, machère, nothing but gold for me in a place like that, particularly where one's surroundings alone bespeak one's rank."

"I am sorry that I cannot accommodate you with a gold one."

"We will have time enough to go to Ball & Black's and buy one."

"Hinda, what do you think of taking a class in the Sunday School? It will help to while away the time, you know."

"Do you think you are fit to teach? I am sure I am not," answered Hinda.

"Tut, child, what a matter of fact goose you are. We will go to-morrow. Mr. Allen leads the class in the absence of the rector. Do not you think he is very handsome? Quite an eligible match, and of an unexceptionable family."

"I will go with you, but you may look out for the eligible match, and the unexceptionable family—I care nothing for either."

"From the way you talk, one would suppose you were engaged; I suppose Tom has thrown dust in your eyes."

"Tom indeed!" said Hinda, with an old-fashioned toss of the head.

Hinda took a class in the Sunday school, and soon became deeply interested in her work—she found that while teaching others, she herself was instructed, and what had begun in levity, soon became a labor of love. Miss Emma became tired of her task, on her second visit, and absented herself.

Hartley had written frequently; he was in Grenada, or San Juan del Sur. Senor Espagne was in the south, and Hartley was waiting for a chance to join him there, but Walker's fillibusters had stopped all communication between the States. Then a long silence ensued. At last a letter arrived. He complained that he heard from home so seldom—he had received only three letters from his mother, and only one from Hinda since he left. "I have written to both at least a dozen times."

"Everything is upside down in the States. The fillibusters are spreading ruin and devastation wherever they go: but I will brave everything, and cross the country, rather than remain longer inactive."

"For pity's sake, write me, dear mother, and tell me

you are all well. It was perhaps too much to ask Hinda to write: I only judged of her feelings by my own. I am very miserable, but I think if I heard you were all well, I would feel happier. Address Panama."

This letter caused great astonishment to the family, as both Mrs. Norman and Hinda had written regularly every two weeks. While Mrs. Norman and her mother were discussing the matter, Hinda remained silent for some time.

"Mrs. Norman," said she, "I will walk down town to-morrow morning, and post our letters myself. I think we have trusted Hugh long enough. I may be wrong in my suspicions,—if I am, I will make ample amends,—but I have good reasons for supposing he is not a true man."

Hinda obeyed the dictates of her heart, and wrote a long and affectionate letter to Hartley. She gave a synopsis of the doings of the family during the winter and spring; and hoped they would all be reunited ere the summer was ended. "We are preparing to remove to Chesnuthill next week," continued she, "perhaps you had better address your next there. I am sorry so

much precious stuff has been lost—particularly as it contributed to your happiness: but be happy, whether you hear from us or not.”

Summer passed away, no more letters from Hartley. Autumn came and lingered long into winter. The weather was delightful, mornings and evenings sharp and frosty, but dry and clear. The Senora and Hinda requested to remain at Chesnuthill as long as possible.

“We must have a few fires in the house, then, in order to make ourselves comfortable,” said Mrs. Norman.

The three ladies had taken more than ordinary interest in the parish church and school—and as Christmas drew on, they contributed liberally towards the clothing society and the children's Christmas tree. It was well they had some object of interest to divert their minds, as their anxiety, on account of their friends in Central America, had become intense.

Christmas-Eve at length arrived, and the ladies and Rachel, accompanied by John the waiter, with a lantern in his hand, for there was no moon, and the stars gave but a faint light, set off through the avenue towards the village.

Upwards of fifty children had assembled in the school-house. The clergyman and his family were present, and several of his parishioners, who either lived the whole year in the country, or who, like Mrs. Norman, had been tempted to remain from the beauty of the weather, and the sociability of the neighborhood. A happier group had never assembled under that roof. On the entrance of Hinda, all the young girls who composed her class, rose to meet her, and wished her a merry Christmas. It was spontaneous heart homage, and Hinda shook hands kindly with them, and returned the compliment.

When all were seated, the tree was lighted up, and a beautiful sight it was, even to the initiated. Toys, bonbons, and fruit hung in glittering array, dolls swung in the branches, looking like fairies—babies of these fairy dolls rocked in cradles from the tree tops, and boats and steam-boats hung in mid air like floating spectre ships. Noah's arks, baby-houses, stables, kitchens and tea-sets, lay in grand confusion at the root.

Hinda's ten girls received each a new dress, a book, and a work-box: and she did not forget the other classes.

While she was busy distributing the prizes, which

she presented with an appropriate remark to each, she thought she saw strange faces at the window near which she stood. "How like that head was to Hartley's," thought she, but she knew her failing—yielding too much to her imagination.

She was painfully aware of the tricks it had often played her. Had she not seen Hartley in a thousand different men? Had he not stolen secretly back from Central America to watch her? Had she not seen him in church almost every Sunday, trying to hide himself behind a pillar? Had he not been at the opera, and turned away, when she looked in his direction? Did she ever go out without seeing him, and he trying to elude her?

"I *will* banish this hateful state of feeling: but how much I wish he had been here to-night," thought she, as the tree was being stript. His image seemed to fill her mind to the exclusion of all outward objects. She thought she heard him call her name, and turned round; there was nobody. She sat close by a window, and it was pitch dark without.

"How uncomfortably I feel—I cannot divest myself

of the idea that he is near me. I fancy I feel his breath upon my cheek. What is the matter with me to-night? I must banish this nonsense." She rose and crossed the room to speak to the clergyman's wife. Several gentlemen stood in the doorway, hat in hand, looking on the interesting scene—she bowed as she passed the group, some of whom she knew, and others she did not. In conversing with Mrs. Temple, she forgot her fancies. Suddenly looking up, her eye caught a face looking close into the window nearest her; and then it quickly withdrew.

"If ever I beheld Hartley Norman on earth, I have now seen him," thought she. "Am I in my senses? or has the sickening of hope deferred, made me mad." She looked towards his mother; she, too, appeared excited—then towards her own mother—her dark eyes sparkled with unwonted brilliancy, and her cheeks were flushed with unnatural color.

As the evening advanced, the children dispersed to their respective homes. John made his appearance with the lantern, and Rachel by his side. An elderly gentleman held the gate open till Hinda passed through, and

kept by her side, talking over the events of the evening. Another attached himself to the Senora, and the clergyman walked on her other side; two more walked with Mrs. Norman, and all went along gaily talking. The clergyman said, "good night," and others dropt off at their respective homes.

The ladies supposed that those who still adhered to them were neighbors, who had been thawed out of their natural reserve, by the celebration of the evening; and were now doing the agreeable. The party reached the gate. The elder stranger turned, and said to Mrs. Norman,

"Suppose you allow us the pleasure of walking up the avenue with you, Mrs. Norman."

"I shall be most happy, if we do not take you out of your way," answered Mrs. Norman.

"Not at all. The night is pleasant, and we enjoy our walk."

"Your company is pleasant also," thought the ladies.

As they approached the hall door, Mrs. Norman said, "Gentlemen, since you have done us the favor of seeing us home, I request that you come in, and drink a glass

of wine to our better acquaintance, on this Christmas Eve."

"With all my heart," said the elder stranger, and they followed the ladies into the parlor.

Mrs. Norman rang for refreshments. The Senora threw off her hood and fur cloak, and took hold of the poker to make the fire blaze brighter. "Be seated, gentlemen," said Mrs. Norman, as she turned on the gas. The room was now in a cheerful warm blaze, from both fire and gas. The elder gentleman stationed himself immediately under the chandelier.

Hinda, after uncloaking herself, thought of making the strangers comfortable. "Take off your great-coats, gentlemen, and come near the fire," said she, gently urging the two that hung back, by pointing to a sofa.

The Senora looked up, and fixed her eyes on the smaller and elder of the two, who stood nearest her. There was a strange twinge in the corners of her mouth—with the quickness of thought, she directed her glance to the taller one near her—whose eyes were riveted on her face. Her eyes became distended, and she recoiled a step or two. The old gentleman stepped towards her, and put his

arm around her, while her eyes never left his face. "My father," she murmured. He had clasped her to his heart.

Mrs. Norman looked round on the group for an explanation, and caught a glimpse of one she thought, she, as a mother, ought to remember. In an instant, Hartley and she were in each other's arms.

Hinda no sooner became aware that Hartley had arrived, than she thought, "Well! everybody seems to be embracing everybody. I think it would be proper to absent one's self, on such occasions," and was actually in the act of retreating, when Hartley, divining her design, caught her in the hall.

"Will you dare run from me, after such a long absence?" said he, as he led her into the library, which was lighted from the hall. "Will you dare run from me," he whispered, "when I have been so long away."

"That was none of my doing," said Hinda, whose sauciness seemed to return with his presence.

"No, saucy one, but I will not be scolded to-night, I won't."

"It is mean to steal a march on us in this way. It is positively cowardly."

"Once more reunited, Hinda, darling," said Hartley, as he clasped her to his bosom.

"Well, you need not make such a fuss about it, for, to my certain knowledge, you have been prowling about these three hours."

In a short time, she and Hartley repaired to the parlor, arm in arm, and she was formally introduced to her grandfather, her uncles, and the Senor Zicatto, her mother's uncle.

"The heart knoweth its own bitterness, and with its joy a stranger doth not intermeddle." Let us, therefore, draw a curtain over the scene that followed, depicting the purest happiness Heaven vouchsafes to man on earth—loving—and the consciousness of being loved.

"Hartley," said the Senor, "get Hinda's consent to be married next week, and let us go to Washington together. (He had been appointed to negotiate important state affairs, and stipulate terms of a treaty in Washington.) I cannot bear to leave one of you behind; and our affairs are urgent." "It seems to me," continued the kind-hearted old gentleman, "that the more one has to love, the more room they seem to have in their hearts. I have found

my daughter through your instrumentality, and she has given me her daughter—and there is your mother whom I have long respected—you, I have had for some time, my dear son. Ah, Hartley, if a few hundreds such as you would come among us, and steal our daughters, and our sons come among yours for your daughters—annexation would be a labor of love, and not a matter of dollars and cents, or far worse, of hateful and hating fillibustering.”



CONCLUSION.

"It is a man's *Will*, makes his Fortune."

THE day previous to the removal of the family into town, a servant arrived from the city to say, that Miss di Vinci's black horse had been taken from the stable the previous morning; that towards evening he made his appearance, his sides all lacerated and bleeding, and the coachman was nowhere to be found.

Hartley immediately went to the city to attend to matters, saying as he left, "I shall expect to see you all in town to-morrow afternoon."

The first thing Hartley did on his arrival was to visit Hugh's quarters above the stable. Everything belonging to him was gone, which proved, that his absence was premeditated. A small old trunk lay in the corner, which, on being opened, disclosed a number of un-

opened letters, addressed to himself, in his mother's and Hinda's handwriting, of which he took immediate possession, and busied himself during the rest of the evening with their perusal.

It was long after midnight ere he had finished; he paced the room for an hour afterwards, in deep thought; the more he reflected on the subject, the more he was convinced that there was complicity in the affair, and he mentally resolved to probe the matter to the bottom.

Next morning he was up, and out early; but returned in time to receive the family. Immediately on their arrival, Hartley beckoned Hinda into the parlor.

"Hinda," said he, "I have miraculously recovered all the missing letters, which you and my mother had written me. To what do you allude, dearest, when you speak of conversing with my image, which seemed sent to you from heaven?"

"I will not tell you anything about it, Hartley, for I know you will only laugh at me for my folly."

"I must know, Hinda. And then I have something to tell you, that will surprise you."

"Tell me to what you allude to, first, and then I shall

try and screw my courage up, to open your eyes to the foolish and fanciful personage to whom you have entrusted your happiness."

"Come, Hinda, you will trust me. I cannot bear that you should have one thought from me. I am jealous of your thoughts, you see."

"But, Hartley, it was so foolish. I know you will only laugh at the idol I set up."

"You must learn to know me better, Hinda; nothing that concerns you can be indifferent to me; and in order to avoid further heartburnings, the sooner perfect confidence is established between us the better. Now, Hinda."

"Well, I suppose I must tell you, since I have alluded to it in my letters. But indeed, Hartley, it has been a source of great comfort to me. I do not know how I should have got along without you, if I had not discovered it, at the time I did—I believe I should have died."

"Discovered what, dear Hinda; for pity's sake, tell me what you mean."

She was seated in her favorite corner of the sofa. She raised her eyes to the wall, near the door. "Do not you

see what I mean, on the paper of that wall? I wonder at your blindness."

"On the wall! how can I tell what you mean, when you have not yet told me what it is? I see the wall, yes, and the paper."

"But do you not see your perfect likeness on that paper, just between that bunch of flowers and that pillar?" She disengaged herself from his arm, and rising, walked towards the spot. "There is your nose, and there is your mouth; you are smiling, you see; and your head is encircled by that bunch of flowers. The likeness is as plain to me, as if you were photographed."

Hartley opened his eyes, but he did not laugh. "And has that fancy been a source of consolation to you in my absence? Poor child," said he, compassionately, again encircling her waist with his arm, and seating her on the sofa. "Poor comfort, I should think."

"It broke upon my lonely heart, like a beam of light from heaven. Hartley, you cannot know, I never can tell you, what that fancied representation has been to me. I am aware, that the whole affair is foolish, stupid, simple. There is no name too silly for the notion or conceit.

But I could not part with it. It was all I had. And then it came so suddenly in my distress, I have blessed it many a time. Despise me, if you will."

"Despise you! Never, my dearest and loveliest. But, Hinda, I must get my portrait taken immediately, to leave it with you when I go away, so that you may not have to depend upon an imaginary likeness."

"You are not going away again, surely."

"Yes, love, in two weeks; but there is one alternative; you can accompany me as my wife."

"How you do talk, Hartley," and Hinda endeavored to rise from her seat.

"Well, I will go and sit for my portrait to-morrow, Hinda; there is no other way. You will not consent to go with me, then?"

"Where are you going? Cannot you stay at home?"

"No. It is impossible; I have urgent business in Washington, I ought to go next week; but will postpone my departure till the week after, if you will go with me."

"Wait for a month; and I will try and make up my mind. Remember, I do not promise, but I will think of it."

"The business cannot be put off, Hinda; that is impossible. Do you dislike to go with me, dear?"

"Why no, but"—

"Come, tell me at once that you will accompany me, and make me perfectly happy; and then I have something else to talk to you about. You will go, will you not?"

"Well, perhaps. Yes, Hartley, I will go with you."

He clasped her to his heart, kissed her, and thanked her, and kissed her again.

"Tell me what you wanted to say to me, Hartley."

"Oh yes; I was so happy that I had almost forgotten all about it. After finding your letters, and those of my mother, deposited in Hugh's box, I came to the conclusion, that the fellow had been bribed to withhold these letters, for some purpose or other. I therefore informed the police this morning of the whole transaction, and, a short time before you arrived, I received intelligence that Hugh is in safe custody. I have seen the presiding Judge of the District Court, and given him a few hints on the case. To-morrow morning, Judge Playfair will take him to task, and, more than probable, something

will be elicited, that will criminate another party or parties. At least we will frighten the fellow, and perhaps deter him from committing such pranks in future."

"Serious accident,"—read Hartley, from the evening papers.—"As Mr. T. Shaver was riding on the Long Island racecourse, in company with another gentleman, they urged their horses into a gallop. The race apparently became exciting, for Mr. Shaver used whip and spur freely, which so maddened the high-spirited little animal on which he was mounted, that it suddenly stopped, sprang six or eight feet from the ground, and writhed and bolted so violently, that he threw his rider against the fence with tremendous force. The enraged animal then made off towards Brooklyn at a brisk pace, which he slackened as he approached the city, and gently trotted on board a ferry boat, then ready to start; but eluded all attempts to catch him on the New York side, and made off towards the upper part of the city. Mr. Shaver was conveyed to the nearest house, and a physician was sent for, who, on examination, ascertained that both legs were fractured and several ribs broken. He has not been able to be removed."

Next morning, Hartley, accompanied by Senor Espagne and his two sons, repaired early to the court-house, to hear what Hugh had to say for himself. On their arrival, Hartley was informed that the prisoner wished to see him, previous to his being brought into court. He immediately repaired to his apartment, accompanied by Judge Playfair.

"Hugh, I am sorry you have been so weak as to bring yourself into such a plight. What could have tempted you?" said Hartley.

"Well, sir, I don't know, unless it be that I could not say 'no,' loud enough."

"Hugh," said the Judge, "if you make a clean breast of it, and tell all you know concerning this business, it will be all in your favor. You know you have committed a State's prison offence, and it is not agreeable, to spend the pleasantest part of one's life in a gaol, not to mention the disgrace of the affair. I know you can enlighten us, if you will, and you had better make up your mind pretty quickly, as time is short."

"Well, Mr. Norman, if you will stop all proceedings in this affair, and allow matters to go no further, I will tell you all I know about it."

"Let me hear what you have to say, and then I will consider the matter."

"You have Central American friends with you at present, Mr. Norman, who are delegated to transact important business with the Government. They will be too late, for money was sent on to Washington yesterday, to thwart their efforts at an adjustment of difficulties, or redress of grievances. That money is now in the hands of —— and ——"

"What proof can you give of what you say?" said Judge Playfair, sternly.

"I took the money myself to —— . There is the receipt, which Mr. Shaver would have received yesterday afternoon, if he had not been smashed by Miss di Vinci's horse. If the receipt can do you any good, Mr. Norman, take it. Remember, sir, your friends have no time to spare in New York; they should be in Washington at this moment. Mr. Shaver has always had a great dislike to you, Mr. Norman, for two reasons; first, because he favors Walker's expedition—and they say you have wrought considerable damage to the cause. Mr. Shaver has impoverished himself, to supply funds for the

enterprise, in hopes that large grants of land, will be given him of the conquered territory—that was the stipulation of the party, and he promised me great things when put in possession. The other cause of his dislike is his desire of securing Miss di Vinci, which has become a passion from the moment he ascertained that she was a great heiress. He is the more anxious on this point, as his own finances are much embarrassed by bad speculations, as well as fillibustering. That is all I know of the matter.”

“Why did you not destroy the letters?” said the Judge.

“Well, to tell you the truth, I was not sure of Mr. Shaver, and I thought I might as well keep them, in case he bolted in his bargain; but I forgot all about them, when I took my clothes away. Now, Mr. Norman, what are you going to do with me?”

“I will not appear against you this morning, Hugh, therefore you will be discharged. As soon as you are at liberty, come to me, and I will tell you what I will do for you.”

“Thank you, Mr. Norman, sir, many thanks to you,” and tears stood in his eyes. “But I would rather not

come up to the house, sir, I would not like to face the ladies."

"Come to the stable, then, and I will meet you there; but I must go now."

"This is a pretty piece of business that has just come to light, Judge," said Hartley, as they passed through the hall.

"Foul, most foul conspiracy," replied Judge Playfair. "Your friends will, of course, leave this afternoon for Washington. Come to me, Mr. Norman, during recess, about twelve o'clock, and I will give you a letter to Judge ——, in Washington; he will direct your friends how to show up Messrs. —— & —— in proper style."

That afternoon, Senors Espagne and Zicatto were seated in the express train for Washington, with a certain receipt carefully wrapped up in an inner pocket: they said it was worth a Jew's eye. Success to their undertaking! Hartley, Hinda, the Senora, Mrs. Norman, and the two young Senors, were to follow next day. Hinda said it. Benbow and Rachel were to take care of the house till their return.

The Shaver family is broken up ; the place that once knew them, knows them no more. Their house now belongs to others, who have altered and improved it, so as scarcely to be recognised. Mrs. Shaver is dead : Tom is wandering, a vagabond on the earth ; he dares no longer show his face in New York society. Ellen and Emma live with Mrs. Rosin, their married sister. The latter still hopes Mr. Dick will propose, and make her mistress of the finest house in Fifth Avenue.

THE END.





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